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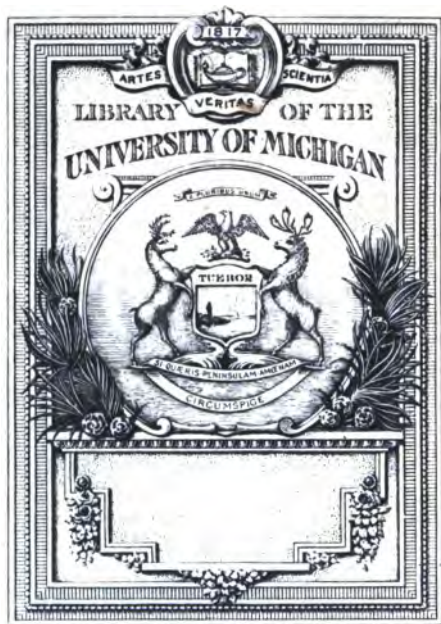
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THE
NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY
MAGAZINE;

COMPREHENDING
LITERATURE, MORALS.

AND
AMUSEMENT.

*Inter cuncta leges, et percunsiabere doctos,
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum.*

Horace. Epist. 8. Lid. I.

NUMBER II.

For JULY, AUGUST & SEPTEMBER.

BOSTON:

Printed for the proprietors, by Hosea Sprague, No. 44 Marlboro'
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1802.

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FROM the repeated enquiries for the Second Number of the New England Quarterly Magazine, the Editors feel it a duty to offer some apology to the public for its apparently tardy appearance.

It must be obvious to every one's consideration, that an Octavo volume of 288 pages cannot be printed in a day ; and also that the volume, as it is dated through a quarter of a year, ought not to be put to the Press, until that quarter has nearly expired.

These considerations, it is hoped, will excuse the late appearance of the publication.

The Editors are extremely sorry to inform the public, that the unfortunate indisposition of one or two of their fellow labourers has prevented the BOSTON REVIEW from assuming that proportion of pages in this publication, which it is designed to hold in future Numbers. They are, however, happy to add that from the additional assistance of several Literary Gentlemen they will hereafter be enabled to present to their readers more original communications, and

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to render their numbers more pleasing and satisfactory.

It would be extremely ungrateful to omit offering their sincere thanks to the Public for the encouragement their infant publication has received. They assure them that no exertion shall be wanting on their part to deserve future favors.

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THE
NEW-ENGLAND
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. II.

July, August & September, 1802.

PHILOSOPHY.

A NEW PLANET !

AN important circumstance in Astronomy has just occurred, no less than the Discovery of ANOTHER NEW PLANET ! ! ! This celestial phenomenon moves between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and is an intermediate Planet between them. It was discovered by M. PIAZZI, an Italian Astronomer, on the 1st of January, 1801. He concealed the discovery, to preserve all the honour and observations to himself, till after six weeks close watching, he fell ill. It is a small Planet, ranking only as a Star of the eighth magnitude, and therefore not visible to the naked eye. Its motion is nearly parallel to the ecliptic, at present about $4\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ to the north of it, and nearly entering the sign Leo. The distance from the Sun is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ times that of the earth, and the periodical time nearly four years and two months.

But to be more particular ; The celebrated Astronomer M. Von Zach, has communicated to Dr. Olbers, of Bremen, M. Piazz's observations of the 1st and 23d of January, 1801 ; and on the 30th of May received from him a calculation of new elements of the planet's orbit. These elements, however, could not be determined with any great exactness, as the observations are only twenty-two days distant from one-another, and are only given in minutes. Dr. Olbers found, however, from all the data then known, the Diameter of the orbit 2,947,465—Longitude of the ascending node, $28^{\circ} 21' 55'' 10''$ —Inclination of the orbit, $7^{\circ} 54' 38''$ —Heliocentric longitude on the 1st of January, 1801, $28.7^{\circ} 40' 36''$ —Sidereal Revolution, 1841.24 days = 5,040.96 years—Diurnal heliocentric motion, $11' 43'', 87$ —Annual motion, 71°

24' 57", 6—With these elements it would have been difficult to calculate before-hand the course of the planet, so as to be able to find it again on its re-appearing in the morning in August, if it be not at first sight distinguishable from a star of the 8th magnitude; "for, probably, (says Dr. Olbers) it has a considerable excentricity. In opposition it may, perhaps increase in luminousness, so as to equal a star of the 6th magnitude. I have little doubt that it will be found in La Lande's Catalogue."

On the 16th of May Professor Bode writes to M. Von Zach, "That it gave him great pleasure to find, that M. Von Zach agreed with him in opinion respecting the Piazzian comet, and that Oriani and Piazzzi himself incline towards the same opinion.—How often (continues he) have I wished that I might live to witness this discovery—I have been several times laughed at by others about my ideas of the harmonic progression in the distances of the planets.***** Adopting 2,75 for the distance, I find the heliocentric difference of longitude, betwixt the 1st and 23d of Jan. very well corresponding with the observations; the planet goes to its node, which I placed in 8° : its inclination must exceed 6° ; and this I think was one of the causes why it was not sooner discovered."

Till towards the end of May M. Von Zach received no farther accounts relative to this star. He had communicated to his friends the Parisian astronomers the observations and elements calculated: and, not doubting that La Lande, to whom Piazzzi had sent the first account of the discovery of the comet, had likewise been made acquainted with the subsequent observations and conjectures, he requested him to send to him an account of all the particulars that had come to his knowledge relative to the new planet.

But to his no small surprise he received, in the beginning of June several letters from Paris; one from the Senator La Place, dated the 29th of May; from La Lande and Burckhardt, of the 26th of May; from De Lambre, of the 24th of May; from Méchain, of the 26th of May; from Henry, of the 28 of May; in which none of these *six* astronomers, who had communicated several important observations and new discoveries, writes even a single syllable about the new planet! Méchain only makes mention of Piazzzi's comet;—from which it appears, that so late as the end of May they knew nothing of the conjecture of its being a planet; although the astronomers in Germany had been made acquainted therewith by Professor Bode already in the month of March.—Méchain in his letter to M. Von Zach, of the 26th of May, merely says "Have you seen the comet, which the journals announce to have been discovered at Palermo last January? No one here has yet found it. Our astronomers have not discovered any since that of the month of December, 1795. I sometimes look out for them; but without success."

On the 10th of June, M. Von Zach received another letter from professor Bode, in which he says, "Piazzi's first letter I received on the 20th of March, and, on the next post-day, the 23d, I answered it. But he did not wait for my reply; and—conceive my joy and at the same time my vexation!—I received a second letter from Piazzi, in which I found only the following few words relative to the newly-discovered planet: 'I wrote to you in January, informing you that I had discovered a comet in Taurus, which comet I continued to observe till the 11th of February, when I was attacked by a dangerous disease, from which I have not entirely recovered. As soon as the state of my health will permit, I shall calculate elements for it, and send them to you. In the mean time I have communicated my observations to M. La Lande.'—It is remarkable that he still calls the star a comet as in his *first letter*."

On the 18th of June, M. Von Zach received a letter from Dr. Burckhardt, in Paris, from which we learn the following particulars: La Lande had received Piazzi's observation on the 31st of May, when Dr. Burckhardt immediately began to calculate its orbit. Two days later they received Von Zach's and Oriani's investigations, which gave them cause to hope that the supposed comet would prove to be a planet. Dr. Burckhardt had already found that the arc described by it was not considerable. The small geocentric and heliocentric motion of the comet gave him a great deal of trouble in calculating its orbit. He had first chosen for this purpose the observations of the 14th, 21st, and 28th of January: but from this circumstance found himself under the necessity of selecting the observations most distant in time from one another, viz. those of the 1st and 21st of January, and of the 11th of February. During these 42 days the geocentric longitude of the comet varied only 3° , and the heliocentric longitude only $10\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. On attempting to correct, by La Place's methods, the parabola found by his method, he discovered that nothing in this respect could be effected by the conditional equations. He then tried La Place's method of approximation, but with as little success: the unavoidable errors of observation having too great an influence on the difference of the geocentric longitudes and latitudes. He now proved eight hypotheses by means of La Place's method of correction, but without approximating nearer to the truth. He then calculated the following orbit which agrees with the three observations to within $\pm 2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes:

Diameter of the orbit, 2,74—Epoch, 1801, 2s 8° 16' 20".—Ascending Node, 2s 20° 15'.—Inclination of the orbit, 11° 21'.—Period of revolution, $4\frac{1}{2}$ years.

However various the trials that had been made; yet, as it did not thence follow, that it was impossible to find a parabola for these observations, he determined to apply a method, which had often proved successful, when all other methods of interpolation

Discovery of a New Planet,

failed.***** Putting the logarithm of the distance from the sun equal 0,378, the smallest error was $\pm 8'$; then putting the logarithm of the distance 0,378, the smallest error was ± 4 . It was therefore necessary still more to diminish the distance; and after 20 hypotheses he found the following parabola:

Place of the ascending node, $2s\ 20^\circ\ 50'$.—Inclination of the orbit, $9^\circ\ 41'$.—Place of the perihelium, $4s\ 8^\circ\ 38'\ 25''$.—Smallest distance from the sun, 2,21883, its log. 0,3461250.—Logarithm of the diurnal motion, 9,4409408.—Time of the passage through the perihelium, 1801, 30th June, 19h. 1'.

Dr. Burckhardt is of opinion, that there is no other parabola that more nearly agrees with these three observations. The errors in the longitude are on the 14th and 28th of January— $1' 47''$ and $+38$. But Piazzi had not mentioned any thing respecting the accuracy with which he was able to observe the comet.

On the 21st of June M. Von Zach received the promised continuation of Dr. Burckhardt's researches. He had calculated an ellipsis for the comet, although the arc it had run through was too small for us to expect great accuracy, but he thought he should thereby facilitate the finding of the star.

Place of the ascending node, $2s\ 20^\circ\ 58'\ 30''$.—Inclination of the path, $10^\circ\ 47'\ 0''$.—Place of the aphelium, $2s\ 8^\circ\ 59'\ 37''$.—Time of the passage through the aphelium, January, 1801, 1,3328.—Excentricity, 0,0364.—Logarithm of half the great axis, 0,4106586.—Period of sidereal circumvolution, 4,13 years.

This ellipsis represents, within a few seconds, the longitudes and latitudes of five observations. It would have been easy to obtain a greater degree of accuracy, but he thought it quite superfluous, as the arc run through is so small." The above ellipsis gave Dr. Burckhardt the following

Places of the Planet discovered by PIAZZI.

1801.	Medium Time.	Geocentr. Long.	Geocentr. Lat.
20th June -	13h 4'	$101^\circ\ 45'$	$30^\circ\ 26'\ N.$
17th July -	1 43	113 3	4 6
12th August -	10 54	124 21	4 51
7th September	16 19	135 28	5 41
12th ———	22 —	137 40	5 52
18th ———	3 —	139 50	6 3
23d ———	8 —	141 58	6 15
28th ———	13 —	144 5	6 27
3d October	17 41	146 9	6 40
8th ———	22 —	148 12	6 53
14th ———	3 —	150 12	7 8
19th ———	7 —	152 11	7 22
24th ———	11 —	154 8	7 37
29th ———	14 45	156 3	7 53
3d November	18 —	157 56	8 9
8th ———	22 —	159 48	8 26

It was to be expected, that there would be various opinions respecting the name that should be given to the new planet.—A Correspondent of the Allg. Liter. Anzeig. No. 72, proposes the name of *Vulcan*. He thinks it would not be improper to assign to the god who fabricated the arms of Achilles a place in the heavens, near the God of war—to the husband of Venus a place near her paramour. Nor could Vulcan murmur that it was so late before this honour was done him, and a planet of so small luminosity called after his name, since he himself, on account of his unfortunate lameness, is not very swift of foot, or stately in his appearance. Vulcan too, he says, being the son of Jupiter, is one of the family, and in this respect, likewise, had a well-founded claim to the honour intended him.

Professor Reimarus, of Hamburg, is of opinion that it should be called *Cupid*. It being an established custom to name the planets after the deities of antiquity; there is, he thinks, sufficient reason for adopting that of Cupid, for he would be the nearest (reckoning downwards from Venus) to Mars, the lover of Venus. Others think that the name of Cupid would, therefore, be proper, because it conveys an idea of blindness; for the new planet has the appearance of a star of only the 8th magnitude, and cannot be seen by the unassisted eyes of man. But on this point, if the right of the newly-discovered star to be admitted among the number of the planets be confirmed, the plurality of voices, or perhaps only accident, will decide. It is, likewise, possible, that, as it happened with respect to Uranus, there will be no general agreement among astronomers. In Italy it will, perhaps, retain the name of *Ferdinandum Sidus*, in France that of *Planète Piazzi*, till time and circumstances shall have otherwise decided.

It has long been customary to express the order of the planets in Latin verses, that they might the more easily be committed to memory; as for instance, in the old well-known distich:—

Saturni atque Jovis sidus, Mars, Sol, Venus alma,
Mercurius, claudit ultima Luna chorum.

When Herschel discovered the new planet beyond Saturn, Poinssient Desivry wished to have it named after Cybele, the wife of Saturn; and gives us the order of the seven planets in the following verses:—

Ambit Solem Hermes, Venus hunc, mox Terra, Diana,
Mars sequitur. Pergit Rex Jupiter. Hunc Saturnus;
Omnes hos orbes amplectitur alma Cubelle.

A friend of M. Von Zach expresses the order of the now eight planets, in the following lines:—

*Mercurius primus; Venus altera; Terra deinde;
Mars posthac; quintam sedem sibi vindicat Hera.
Jupiter hanc ultra est. Sequitur Saturnus; at illum
Uranus egreditur, non ausim dicere summus.*

Or,

Present State of Galvanism.

Mercurius Solem comitatur proximus. Illum Insequitur
Venus, hanc *Tellus*, *Luna* comitante ;
Mars posthac ; Martem prohibet Jovis esse sequacem.
Hera latens frustra, et melioribus obvia vitris.
Saturnum extrema proavi statione locabant,
Nos aliter. Supremam cœli nunc *Uranus* arcem
Usurpat, poenas aut fortasse daturus.

Present State of the New Science of Galvanism, being the Report of a late Commission of the National Institute, by C. CUVIER.

ACCIDENT, the parent of most discoveries, has lately favoured the philosophical world in a manner which will render the present period remarkable in the history of the sciences. Some pieces of metal brought into contact have manifested phenomena which no sagacity could foresee, and a new field has been opened as vast as it is fertile in important applications. The influence of these phenomena becomes more and more extended. Being at first confined, according to every appearance, to the animal œconomy, it seems now to act an important part in chemistry. It was to the genius of VOLTA, that we were indebted for this new discovery. His opinion, that galvanism was only an application of electricity to the animal œconomy, having been confirmed by several men of science, he endeavoured to find out the means of increasing its effects, so far as to render the real nature of them evident to every body. He found that, by multiplying the pairs of metals, disposing them always alternately, and keeping them moist—certain attractions, repulsions, and commotions, perfectly similar to those occasioned by the electrical jar, are produced ; and that, in general, a pile, formed of pieces of silver, zinc, and moistened pasteboard, placed alternately, one above the other, immediately manifested all the appearances of positive electricity at the extremity where the silver is, and of the negative electricity at that end where the zinc is placed. There was however, this difference, that a Leyden phial, once discharged, exhibits no further effects, unless it be charged again ; whereas Volta's pile constantly charges itself, and its effects are continually renewed ; it is only by discharging it with very large conductors that its effect can be diminished even for a single moment. The Leyden phial always discharges, if there be the least moisture in continuity between its two surfaces ; but if the pasteboard pieces of Volta's pile are impregnated with ever so much water, its effects lose none of their intensity : the phenomena do not cease till the pile is entirely immersed in water. These differences have excited some doubts respecting the perfect identity of galvanism with electricity ; and other phenomena, still more extraordinary, have increased these doubts.

If the ends of two metallic wires be immersed in water, one of which communicates with the resinous or negative extremity of

the pile, and the other with the vitreous or positive; and if they be kept at a little distance from each other, there are disengaged from the extremity of the former bubbles of hydrogen gas, and from that of the other oxygen gas, which becomes fixed in the metal when the latter is oxydable, or, if it be not so, rises in bubbles; and this action continues as long as the apparatus remains in this state. But it is not in this that the great singularity of the phenomena consists, and it is here that galvanism begins to enter the province of chemistry. It would have been very natural to consider this gas as the product of the decomposition of water, if a particular circumstance had not excited doubts in regard to this explanation. That the disengagement may take place, the ends of the wires must be at a certain distance: if they touch, no bubbles are seen. How comes it that the oxygen and hydrogen, arising from the same molecule of water should appear at points so far distant? And why does each of them appear exclusively at the wire connected with one of the extremities of the pile, and never at the other?

Such was the knowledge respecting the phenomena of galvanism at the time of the report made to the Class in the last quarter. All the experiments made in France and other countries, arranged and confirmed by the commission, have tended to confirm the three following results:—1. An augmentation of intensity according to the number and extent of the metallic surfaces brought into contact:—2. A continued renewal of the action:—3. A production of the two gases by the communication of the two extremities of the pile through water.

During the last three months, philosophers have redoubled their efforts; their curiosity has been excited, above all, by the last phenomenon: some have imagined they could distinguish in it the foundation of a new system of chemistry; others, more prudent, have suspended their judgment, or have endeavoured to refer the facts to the theories already known. But, whatever might be their individual system, they ought all to have begun by a similar research—by trying to produce the two gases in separate quantities of water. If the two quantities of water are perfectly insulated, the gas does not appear: if they are made to communicate by a metallic wire, there is only a double production of gas; that is to say, each extremity of the intermediate wire acts in the portion of water in which it is immersed, as if the wire came immediately from the extremity of the pile opposed to that which communicates with that portion, so that each portion gives, at the same time, two gases. But if sulphuric acid be interposed between the two quantities of water, the gases manifest themselves each on its own side. The case is the same if a communication be established between the water by the means of a living body, such as the hand. Thus, the production of each gas in the separate quantities of water is completely proved.

It is evident that there are only three possible ways of explaining these facts: either the galvanic action tends in each quantity of water to take away one of its constituent parts, leaving the other in excess; or it decomposes the water, and, suffering one of the gases to be disengaged at the end of one of the wires, conducts the other, in an invisible manner, to the extremity of the others, to suffer it to be there disengaged; or, in the last place, the water is not decomposed, but its combination with some principle or other, emanating from the positive side of the pile, produces oxygen gas, and with that emanating from the negative side, hydrogen.

The two first opinions have been advanced in the Class by Monge, and the other in a Memoir by Fourcroy; the third belongs to some foreigners, and particularly Professor Richter, of Jena. It appears to be so much in contradiction with the whole of the other chemical phenomena, that it would have been impossible to admit it, even if the experiment in question could not have been satisfactorily explained in another manner.

The Memoir of Fourcroy is the result of very numerous experiments made by Vauquelin and Thenard; and he adds to a very ingenious explanation of the principal fact, a multitude of circumstances before unknown. These authors admit the existence of a peculiar fluid which they call the galvanic, and which circulates from the positive side of the pile towards the negative. According to them, this fluid, on issuing from the positive side, decomposes the water, and suffers the oxygen to escape in bubbles; but it combines with the hydrogen to form a liquid which traverses the water, or the sulphuric acid, or the human body, in order to reach the extremity of the negative wire, where the galvanism abandons its hydrogen, and in its turn, suffers it to escape in the form of gas, while it itself penetrates the wire. The following is the experiment by which the authors prove that such is the secret progress of the phenomenon:—If well washed oxide of silver be interposed between the two waters, the negative wire, near which the hydrogen gas ought to manifest itself, produces no effervescence, and the oxide is in part reduced on the positive side: the reason of this, say these authors, is, because the galvanic fluid, charged with hydrogen, loses it in traversing the oxide, the oxygen of which takes it up in re-forming the water.

CRUICKSHANK ON PHLOGISTON.

A MEMOIR, by Mr. Cruickshank, of Woolwith, is inserted in the last number of Mr. Nicholson's Journal, which for its importance, merits a particular analysis. Dr. Priestley's experiments, in his late work on the subject of Phlogiston, were attended with such unexpected results, and apparently so formidable

to the French theory of chemistry, that the philosophers of Europe seemed, as if by common consent, to have agreed to consider them as incorrect or unanswerable; Mr. C. however, to his own credit, and that of science, has repeated the most striking experiments, completely confirmed Dr. Priestley's accuracy, discovered a new gaseous substance, and has adduced fresh proofs of the truth of Lavoisier's system. Dr. Priestley, by heating together scales of iron (the grey oxyd) and charcoal, or the same oxyd and carbonate of barytes, obtained, besides carbonic acid a large quantity of inflammable gas. The inferences deducible from these experiments against the decomposition of water by hot iron, and in favour of the doctrine of phlogiston, are sufficiently obvious, and have occasioned considerable embarrassment to the supporters of the anti-phlogistic theory. Mr. Cruikshank, in consequence, instituted a series of experiments, in which, by heating together perfectly dried oxyd of iron and charcoal, he obtained, besides carbonic acid, a large quantity of inflammable gas; similar results were perceived, when oxyds of zinc, of copper, of lead, of manganese, were substituted for the iron. Hence he concludes, that all metallic oxyds, capable of enduring a red heat, will, when heated with charcoal, yield carbonic acid, and inflammable gas; that those oxyds, in which the affinity between their component parts is the strongest, yield the greatest quantity of inflammable gas; that the carbonic acid is disengaged principally at the beginning of the process, and the inflammable gas at the latter end. From experiments with metallic oxyds and charcoal, Mr. C. proceeded to examine the other source of the gas; here, by heating the carbonates of barytes and lime with iron, he obtained, as Dr. P. had done, carbonic acid and inflammable gas. For ascertaining whether this gas was the same with hydrogen, or any of the known hydrocarbons, the following proofs were made:—1. The specific gravity of the gas in question is, to that of atmospheric air, as 95 to 100; whereas, that of the heaviest hydro-carbonate amounts to no more than 67.—2. When mixed with common air it does not explode, but burns with a lambent blue flame.—3. The product of the combustion is carbonic acid, without any perceptible quantity of water.—4. For the conversion of this gas into carbonic acid, only 40 per cent. of oxygen is requisite.—Hence this gas is essentially different from the hydro-carbonates in the total absence of hydrogen; it consists of 21 oxygen, and about 9 carbon; may be properly called the gaseous oxyd of carbon, as it bears the same relation to carbonic acid as the gaseous oxyd of azot does to nitrous acid. The inferences of Dr. P. essentially depending on the supposed presence of hydrogen in this gas, are of consequence unfounded.

ON THE COMPOSITION OF EARTHS.

THE possibility of decomposing the earths and fixed alkalis has of late been particularly discussed, and the improvements which chemistry has gained by the zeal and genius of modern chemists, seems to entitle us to hope, that the earths are likely to be soon exploded from the catalogue of simple bodies or elements. The following facts and observations deserve to be attended to:—1. The caustic strontian earth, barytes, and lime, are decomposed in the strongest white heat, by combining them with carbon; the first is particularly attracted by coal, and forms azote, water, and carbonic-acid, during that process. The decomposition of those bodies also proceeds under the blow-pipe. 2. Earths possess much affinity for oxygen, which is proved by the excellent experiments of Humboldt, in decomposing the pure argillaceous earth by oxygen gas; and it appears from the following facts, how great the influence of oxygen is upon the earths. 3. The *fermentatio fossilis* of the porcelain earth, according to some mineralogists, is formed by the fossil fermentation of the fieldspar, but it continues to be in this way decomposed, when it is farther exposed to the action of the air, by which means it is also prepared for the intended use, losing thus its sandy particles, and becoming soft and fit for being worked. 4. The oxydated argillaceous earth is with more difficulty dissolved in acids, than the deoxydated. Pure argil, which he happened to keep in combination with oxygen gas and water for six months, was not perfectly soluble in sulphuric acid. The solution, however, proceeded, as soon as the earth, after being dissolved by caustic lyre in a silver crucible, was precipitated by acetous acid, by which it seems probable, that the caustic fixed alkali deprives the argillaceous earth of its oxygen in the glowfire. Hence it may be explained, why the sapphire is soluble in acids, after being burnt with alkali, &c. 5. It deserves to be attended to and proved by farther experiments, what the late Mr. Girtanner has conjectured of the oxydation of earths. 6. The earths are formed in plants and animals from elements, which they receive with their nutriment, and through the mediums with which they are surrounded. The interesting experiments of the ingenious Vauquelin on the formation of the calcareous earth in hens, are known to every chemist. The earths contained in plants are the same, even when they grow in different soils, from which, accordingly, they do not originate. 7. Earths are also formed in the atmosphere, which appears from the late observations of stony masses having fallen from the atmosphere. If we dare acknowledge the hydrogen, oxygen, and azote, as the elements of the earth, that phenomenon will be easily explained. From these remarks we may conclude, that very little is to be depended on the analyses, which have hitherto been made of terreous

Substances. Professor LAMPADIUS is at present much engaged in experiments to ascertain the nature of siliceous earth, which he conceives to be nothing but argillaceous earth in the highest degree of oxydation, and which is changed into argillaceous earth by treating it with deoxydant substances. It seems, therefore, probable that several fossils, which, according to their external or crytognostic signs appear to be siliceous, are changed in the hands of chemists into argillaceous earth ! Though conscious of the boldness of this assertion, the Professor observes, that in different analyses of the same substances he has sometimes obtained a greater, sometimes a less, quantity of argillaceous or of siliceous earths, which he ascribes to the above circumstance. On the whole he thinks, that earths, as well as fixed alkalis, are composed of azote, hydrogen, and oxygen.

ACCOUNT OF A SINGULAR INSTANCE OF ATMOSPHERIC REFRACTION. *In a Letter from WILLIAM LATHAM, Esq. F. R. S. and A. S. to the Rev. HENRY WHITFIELD, D. D. F. R. S. and A. S.*

HASTINGS, AUGUST 1, 1797.

DEAR SIR,

ON Wednesday July 26, about five o'clock in the afternoon, while I was sitting in my dining-room at this place, which is situated upon the Parade, close to the sea-shore, nearly fronting the south, my attention was excited by a number of people running down to the sea-side. Upon enquiring the reason, I was informed that the coast of France was plainly to be distinguished by the naked eye. I immediately went down to the shore, and was surprised to find that, even without the assistance of a telescope, I could very plainly see the cliffs on the opposite coast; which, at the nearest part, are between 40 and 50 miles distant, and are not to be discerned, from that low situation, by the aid of the best glasses. They appeared to be only a few miles off, and seemed to extend for some leagues along the coast. I pursued my walk along the shore eastward, close to the water's edge, conversing with the sailors and fishermen upon the subject. They, at first, could not be persuaded of the reality of the appearance; but they soon became so thoroughly convinced, by the cliffs gradually appearing more elevated, and approaching nearer, as it were, that they pointed out and named to me the different places they had been accustomed to visit; such as the Bay, the Old Head or Man, the Windmill, &c. at Boulogne; St. Vallery, and other places on the coast of Picardy; which they afterwards confirmed when they viewed them through their telescopes. Their observations were, that the places appeared as near as if they were sailing, at a small distance, into the harbours.

Having indulged my curiosity upon the shore for near an hour, during which the cliffs appeared to be at some times more

bright and near, at others more faint and at a greater distance, but never out of sight. I went upon the eastern cliff or hill, which is of a very considerable height, when a most beautiful scene presented itself to my view; for I could at once see Dengeness, Dover cliffs, and the French coast, all along from Calais, Boulogne, &c. to St. Vallery; and, as some of the fishermen affirmed, as far to the westward even as Dieppe. By the telescope, the French fishing-boats were plainly to be seen at anchor; and the different colours of the land upon the heights, together with the buildings, were perfectly discernible. This curious phenomenon continued in the highest splendour till past 8 o'clock, (although a black cloud totally obscured the face of the sun for some time,) when it gradually vanished.

Now, Sir, as I was assured, from every inquiry I could possibly make, that so remarkable an instance of atmospherical refraction had never been witnessed by the oldest inhabitant of Hastings, nor by any of the numerous visitors (it happened to be the day of the great annual fair, called Rockfair, which always attracts multitudes from the neighbouring places), I thought an account of it, however trifling, would be gratifying to you.

The day was extremely hot (68° at 12 A. M. 76° at 5 P. M.) I had no barometer with me, but suppose the mercury must have been high, as that and the three preceding days were remarkably fine and clear. To the best of my recollection it was high water at Hastings about two o'clock P. M. Not a breath of wind was stirring the whole of the day; but the small penguins at the mast-heads of the fishing-boats in the harbour were in the morning at all points of the compass.

I was a few days afterwards at Winchelsea, and at several places along the coast; where I was informed the above phenomenon had been equally visible.

ILLUMINATION OF ROTTEN WOOD.

THE illumination of rotten wood has been of late a subject of inquiry and discussion among naturalists. The late M. SPALLANZANI maintained that there is a perfect analogy between the illumination of rotten wood, and the artificial phosphorus; and he imagines, that in the putrid fermentation, the hydrogen and the carbon of the wood come more easily in contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, by which combination a slow combust-

* The cape of land called Dengeness, which extends nearly two miles into the sea, and is about sixteen miles distant from Hastings, in a right line, appeared as if quite close to it; as did the fishing-boats and other vessels which were sailing between the two places: they were likewise magnified to a great degree. I.

idea, and the illumination of the wood, is produced; and he at the same time thinks, that this process cannot proceed in the irrespirable kinds of gasses. Rotten wood also, in which the necessary quantity of hydrogen and carbon is not at the same time disengaged, does not obtain the property of illuminating. Mr. CORRADORI, however, objects to this theory, that the slow combustion does not take place according to the above theory, as the wood, at the time when it begins to illuminate, is mostly deprived of its resinous particles, and consequently contains but very little hydrogen and carbon; and it appears to him more probable, that the more a loss of combustible matter, the more it obtains the property of illuminating. There is, in short, he thinks, a very great difference between this natural and the artificial phosphorus. Mr. HUMBOLDT concludes from his experiments, that the illumination of rotten wood takes place only when it gets in contact with oxygen; and when it has lost the property of emitting light in irrespirable gasses, it recovers it again by exposing it to oxygen gas. Dr. GARTNER, however, is of opinion that according to his experiments, a certain degree of humidity is always requisite; and he thinks, that oxygen gas is not quite necessary, though the illumination is increased by it. This phenomenon, however, being so very different from all known processes of combustion, where light is disengaged, Dr. Gartner asks whether it is not more agreeing with the animal process of respiration, than with a true combustion, or whether the illumination of the wood is produced by phosphorus and carbon in a proportion hitherto unknown. Dr. Gartner is, on the whole, inclined to think, that it is at present impossible to give a satisfactory explanation of the all phenomena that occur in this process. Mr. BOECKMANN has made numerous observations and experiments on the illumination of rotten wood, in different gasses and fluids, in order to throw some light on the ideas of the above naturalists. The results of these experiments differ in some points from what the experiment of those gentlemen have shewn, which, however, Mr. Boeckmann ascribes to the nature of rotten wood, as a substance that is not always of the same kind, and has not always an equal degree of putrefaction and humidity. It seems to differ likewise materially from the artificial phosphorus by the following diagnostics. 1. It shines in oxygen gas at a very low temperature. 2. It emits light in all irrespirable gasses, at least for a short time. 3. In muriatic gas its light is suddenly extinguished. 4. It shines in a less degree in air, rarified by the air pump. 5. According to Mr. Corradori, it even shines in the toricellian vacuum. 6. Its illumination is extinguished in oxygen gas, as well as in other kinds of gasses, when they are heated. 7. By its illumination in oxygen gas, carbonic gas is produced. 8. One may suffer the rotten wood to be extinguished several times, one after another, in irrespirable gasses, without depriving them of the property of making new pieces of rotten wood shine again. 9. Humidity

greatly promotes the illumination, and seems even to be necessary in producing it. 10. The rotten wood continues to shine under water, oil, and other fluidities, and in some of them its light is even increased. All this seems to shew, that the extinction of rotten wood, in different media, does not immediately depend on a want of oxygen, but rather on a particular change, to which the wood itself has been exposed.

ON THE EFFECTS OF OXYGEN IN ACCELERATING GERMINATION.

MR. HUMBOLDT discovered, in 1793, that simple metallic substances are unfavourable to the germination of plants, and that metallic oxides favour it in proportion to their degrees of oxydation. This discovery induced him to search for a substance with which oxygen might be so weakly combined as to be easily separated, and he made choice of oxygenated muriatic acid gas mixed with water. Cresses (*lepidium sativum*) in the oxygenated muriatic acid shewed germs at the end of six hours, and in common water at the end of 32 hours. The action of the first fluid on the vegetable fibres is announced by an enormous quantity of air bubbles which cover the seeds, a phenomenon not exhibited by water till at the end of from 30 to 45 minutes. These experiments announced in Humboldt's *Flora Subterranea Fribergensis*, and in his Aphorisms on the chemical physiology of Plants, have been repeated by others.* They were made at a temperature of from 12 to 15 Reaumur. In the summer of 1796, Humboldt began a new series of experiments, and found that by joining the stimulus of caloric to that of oxygen he was enabled still more to accelerate the progress of vegetation. He took the seeds of garden cresses (*lepidium sativum*), peas (*pisum sativum*), French beans (*phaseolus vulgaris*), garden lettuce (*lactuca sativa*), mignonette (*reseda odorata*); equal quantities of which were thrown into pure water and the oxygenated muriatic acid at a temperature of 88° F. Cresses exhibited germs in three hours in the oxygenated muriatic acid, while none were seen in water till the end of 26 hours. In the muriatic nitric † or sulphuric acid, pure or

* See Ussler's Fragments of Phythology, Plenck's Physiology, Willdenow's Dendrology, and *Dictionnaire de Physique* par Gehler.

† The nitric acid, however, diluted with a great deal of water, accelerates germination also, according to the experiments of Candellet, a young naturalist, who has applied with great success to vegetable physiology. This phenomenon is the more interesting, as chemistry affords other analogies of the oxygenated muriatic acid and the nitric acid. Professor Pfaff, at Kiel, by pursuing Humboldt's experiments, has found that frogs suffocated in oxygenated muriatic acid gas increase in irritability, while those which perish in carbonic acid gas are less sensible of Galvanism.

mixed with water, there was no germ at all : the oxygen seemed there to be intimately united with bases of azot or sulphur, to be disengaged by the affinities presented by the fibres of the vegetable. The author announces that his discoveries may one day be of great benefit in the cultivation of plants. His experiments have been repeated with great industry and zeal by several distinguished philosophers. Professor Pohl at Dresden caused to germinate in oxygenated muriatic acid the seed of a new kind of *euphorbia* taken from Bocconi's collection of dried plants, 110 or 120 years old. Jacquin and Vander Schott at Vienna threw into oxygenated muriatic acid all the old seeds which had been kept 20 or 30 years at the botanical garden, every attempt to produce vegetation in which had been fruitless, and the greater part of them were stimulated with success. Even the hardest seeds yielded to this agent. Among those which germinated were the yellow bonduc or nickar tree (*guilandina bonduc*), the pigeon cytissus or pigeon pea (*cytissus cajan*), the *dodona angustifolia*, the climbing *mimosa* (*mimosa scandens*), and new kinds of the *homaa*.—There are now shewn at Vienna very valuable plants which are entirely owing to the oxygenated muriatic acid, and which are at present from five to eight inches in height. Humboldt caused to germinate the *chusia rosea*, the seeds of which had been brought from the Bahama islands by Boose, and which before had resisted every effort to make them vegetate. For this purpose he employed a new process, which seems likely to be much easier for gardeners who have not an opportunity of procuring the oxygenated muriatic acid : He formed a paste by mixing the seeds with the black oxyde of manganese, and then poured over it the muriatic acid diluted with water. Three cubic inches of water were mixed with half a cubic inch of the muriatic acid. The vessel which contains this mixture must be covered but not closely shut : else it might readily burst. At the temperature of 95° the muriatic acid becomes strongly oxydated ; the oxygenated muriatic gas which is disengaged passes through the seeds ; and it is during this passage that irritation of the vegetable fibres takes place.

HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY, FOR THE YEAR 1800, By JÉRÔME DE LELANDE, Delivered on his Entrance into the French College.

THE last century has produced many remarkable events in astronomy : telescopes indeed and Kepler's laws and attraction will place it before every other. Nothing was before achieved, and the century when astronomers began to labour should be that of discoveries. We have been furnished with twelve memorable epochs,—A new and principal planet, eight satellites discovered, the return of comets known and demonstrated, with sixty-eight new comets observed ; the aberration and nutation of the stars,

Venus's transit, with the precise distance of the sun and all the planets; the form of the earth with its irregularities; calculations as to inequalities produced by attraction, and principally with respect to Jupiter and Saturn, which have afforded correct tables of each planet, and its satellite; lunar tables, the most important, so precise as to ascertain its motion within a quarter of a minute; and lastly 50,000 stars observed: to these may be added, improvements on astronomical instruments: sectors, meridian telescopes, whole circles, reflecting circles, Short's and Herschel's telescopes, compensation-balances, and marine time keepers, all of which have assumed a new face during the last century.

The conclusion of the last century was remarkable on many accounts. Some days before the conclusion of 1799, C. Mechain made the discovery of a comet in Ophiuchus; Messier likewise observed it. Mechain and Burckhardt took an early opportunity of calculating its elements.

What was deemed difficult fifty years since, is now but the labor of a few hours. This comet was only perceivable for a few days, and to the naked eye appeared as a star of the fifth or sixth magnitude. This makes the 91st whose orbits have been calculated. Its calculation was also made in Germany by M. Olbers & M. De Wahl.

The arduous labour with regard to the stars, which commenced August 5, 1789, has been vigorously continued and happily terminated by Le François Lalande. He has determined the places of 50,000 stars, from the pole to two or three degrees below the tropic of Capricorn; and with Burckhardt has commenced a review of the zodiacal constellations, in the hope of discovering some new planets. Madame Le François having reduced 10,000 stars, has commenced the reduction of the whole number with unexampled spirit.

The close of the century has also been particularly distinguished by the theory of the moon.

June the 13th Laplace made known a new result of the theory, which is a nutation of the lunar orbit, the result of the earth's oblate form. By this inequality we may infer, that the lunar orbit, instead of moving with a constant inclination to the ecliptic, moves in a plane, and passes the equinoxes between the equator and ecliptic, inclining to the latter at an angle of six or seven seconds. He finds also an inequality of the moon, depending on the longitude of the node, which is six seconds.

The course of the moon for 1002 years was attended with a difficulty now removed. The observations of the Arabians in the 10th century were of the greatest importance in this respect.

The Institute proposed, as the subject of a prize, the comparison of numerous observations of the moon, with the tables to fix the epochs of the lunar longitude, of the apogee and the nodes. Burg and Bouvard, who shared the prize, have given new determinations of the moon's motion, so well founded, that there is reason to believe their tables will never vary more than fifteen or twenty seconds; viz. one half or a third less than Mason's, pub-

lished in England. Dr. Maskelyne made him undertake them by determining the co-efficients of twenty-four equations of Meyer's tables by comparison with Bradley's.

The equations discovered by De La Place, have brought them to greater perfection, and nothing now remains but the latitude.

Burg has made a calculation of 3233 of Maskelyne's observations, to certify the epoch of the moon. He also determined with more correctness Mason's twenty-four equations of the moon. Madame Lavoisier calculated upwards of 500 places of the moon for Bouvard's researches.

That able astronomer Burckhardt, calculated lunar tables, according to Burg's results, for the use of astronomers setting out on a distant expedition; as there may be situations when it will be important for them to have exact calculations of the longitude.

The French Board of Longitude has offered a prize of 250l for more perfect lunar tables, which will shortly be obtained. This branch, so important to astronomy and navigation, which has occupied full 100 years, is thus terminated in the most satisfactory manner.

Dr. Parceval has concluded the grand analytical theory of the moon, giving precise formulæ for more equations than are mentioned in the before quoted tables. De La Place is likewise occupied on the theory of the moon. He has finished a memoir of the satellites of Saturn and Herschel's planet. He proves that the satellite of Saturn has an inclination, and ascertains the motion of its nodes.

Vidal has sent the rarest observations on Mercury, made at Mirepoix. This astonishing observer, who has done more in this respect than all the astronomers in the known world, has forwarded upwards of 500 observations on Mercury. He has been appointed Director of the National Observatory at Toulouse.

Burckhardt has discovered a formula representing the magnetic needle's declinations, observed at Paris since 1580. It appears, its declination at Paris is 860 years; that the greatest declination west is $30^{\circ} 4'$ and takes place in 1878; the greatest eastern is only 23° .

The printing of tables of sines to thousandth parts of the circle has been completed. Delambre put the last hand to them.

Prony, at the Bureau du Cadastre, has also calculated more fully the decimal tables.

In the Ephemerides at Vienna, for 1800 and 1801, Triefnecker has made a collection of all the calculations of eclipses observed since 1747, from thence to deduce the longitudes of the European and American cities, and the errors in the tables. Never was so great a calculation of eclipses; this able astronomer has by this rendered government a most important service.

Goudin has by his Analysis fully determined the eclipse of 1847, the most considerable of the new century. Duvaucel, who has delineated eclipses for 30 years past, has likewise delineated

this for every country on the globe. By his diagram it appears that it will be annular in England, France, Turkey and even Cochin China.

Duvaucel has also delineated the eclipse of February 11th, 1804, which will be total and in some countries annular, according to the sun's altitude. It is supposed some voyages will be undertaken on this occasion for determining the differences of the sun's and moon's diameters, the irradiation and inflection.

In the Philosophical Transactions for 1799 there is a new method of discovering the longitude by two altitudes of the sun, and the interval of time elapsed, by Mr. Lax, Astronomical Professor at Cambridge. Also a fourth catalogue of stars, by Herschel, in order to ascertain their degree of light.

The Transactions for 1800 contain a very curious Memoir by Herschel, on the power which telescopes possess of penetrating into space; viz. rendering visible very remote and faint objects, which, by their want of light, would be imperceptible were it not for the assistance of instruments; useful remarks on the difference between that force of light and that of enlargement; on the several cases to which either may apply and the means of procuring a proper degree of light. Herschel likewise calculates the loss of light occasioned by mirrors. To him it appears that the greatest amplification does not exceed what is produced by a telescope of from 20 to 25 feet. The opinions of such a celebrated optician are worthy of credit. In the transactions for 1800, Herschel gives a paper on the different influence of solar rays; the yellow rays, he remarks, illuminate most, while the red communicate the greatest degree of heat.

PRESENT STATE OF CHEMISTRY IN GERMANY.

Extracted from a letter from Dr. Girtanner to Van Moes.

“THE system of chemistry in Germany has undergone a revolution. The existence of phlogiston is no longer defended, but by Gren (a man of distinguished talents, though obstinate,) Wetztrumb, Gmelin and Crell. The three last have declared eternal war against the anti-phlogistic doctrine. Their enthusiasm even proceeds so far that, if we still lived in the age of martyrdom, they would not hesitate to suffer themselves to be burnt, in order to prove the existence of phlogiston in their bodies. Trommsdorf, who has embraced the new doctrine, still adheres, however, in some small points to the old. Gottling defends his new hypothesis. Among our young chemists, Scherer of Jena promises great things. He is a zealous follower of the French chemistry, a good experimenter, and possessed of great knowledge; there is nothing but the *res angusta domi* which prevents him from labouring and making new discoveries. Professor Mayer at Erlangen is a man

of great talents, who to natural philosophy and chemistry unites a profound knowledge of the mathematics like Monge at Paris. Hermbstädt does every thing he can for the advancement of the new doctrine. The above is a faint sketch of the present state of chemistry in Germany.

"As my occupations have not permitted me to continue my experiments on phosphorus and alkalies, I am unwilling to communicate to you those I have made, until I repeat them: I will, however, venture to assure you, that phosphorus is a compound of azot and hydrogen. All phosphorus contains more or less carbon; but, in my opinion, that principle does not enter into its composition.

"I have proved that phosphorus may shine in azotic gas and carbonic acid gas by means of the water which these gases contain, and which the phosphorus decomposes; as is proved by the phosphorated hydrogen gas obtained in these experiments. I explain by this the experiments of Götting. I wait with impatience for the memoir you have announced, and in which you have professed that I was deceived in regard to the muriatic radical. I shall repeat the experiments; and whatever be the result, shall render homage to truth."

The following observations on the above letter have been published by Van Mons: "This letter might induce people to believe that the four chemists, of whom Girtanner speaks, still profess the principles of the theory of Stahl. On this subject, I ought to undeceive those who have been prevented by the war from being fully acquainted with the progress of the new chemistry in Germany. That country has ceased to have among its chemical writers any partizan of the unqualified system of phlogiston, since I convinced them of the presence of oxygen in the oxyd of red mercury. They have all adopted the new doctrine without restriction, or with restrictions of very little consequence. Cress, Westrumb, Wiegleb, Trommsdorf, Gmelin, Richter, Leonardi, &c. in endeavouring to unite the new theory with the existence of phlogiston in combustible bodies, all admit it in general and all its consequences. They wish only to save themselves from the appearance of a complete defeat. Those who still adhere to the preservation of that agent, consider it as the basis of light, or as dormant light. This basis, abundantly contained in inflammable substances, when it meets and combines itself with caloric, constitutes luminous fire; which explains why combustible substances require a certain degree of heat before they are inflamed. This system, and the applications of it which follow, are the only points in which they differ from us; in all other explanations they agree perfectly with our principles. We shall see how little influence these theories modified will have over the future progress of sound chemistry in Germany.

"Gren, as profound a philosopher as a chemist, a great mathematician and geometrician, no longer attaches any importance to

the admission of a particular inflammable matter. His Foundations of the New Chemistry, the first volume of which he has just published, are entirely written according to the principles of the French system. In his Manual of Chemistry, printed two years ago, he gave the theory of oxygen along with that of phlogiston. He did almost the same thing, the preceding year, in the second edition of The Grounds of Natural Philosophy. A third edition of that work is now printing, in which he will give an account of the phenomena of that science according to the pure system of Lavoisier. His Journal of Natural Philosophy, of which eleven volumes have appeared, has always admitted indiscriminately articles for and against both theories. That Gren should so long doubt, can astonish those only who are ignorant, that to think for oneself gives birth to scepticism and diversity of opinions.

"Gmelin is exclusively employed, as we may say, with historical and technical chemistry. In the second edition of his Manual of Chemistry, as applied to the Arts, which he has just finished, he gives the little theory required in such a work according to the old principles; but in addressing himself to beginners, ought he not to speak in language that is known and suited to their comprehension? His Introduction to General Chemistry gives an account of the state and progress of the science of both theories.

"Westrumb gives also many articles of technical chemistry, which he treats of with a knowledge and discernment which denote a chemist well versed in the practical part of his art. His writings on pharmacy evidently shew that they are the work of a man who has seen much and reflected well on an art where a great deal still remains to be done. In both these kinds of labour he prefers facts to reasoning.

"Crell is still the editor of the Chemical Annals; a valuable collection, which has tended much to promote the cultivation of chemistry in Germany; and in which he gives, with fidelity, not only the opinions, but even the language of the authors. He still finds it difficult to adopt our principles; but at the age of that respectable literary veteran it is not easy to abandon old ideas. Besides, Crell has among his subscribers and correspondents some disciples of Stahl, whose support he must endeavour to retain."

An Account of TOALDO's System respecting the Probability of a Change of Weather at the different Changes of the Moon. From Journal des Sciences Utiles.

WERE the sun the only cause of the variations of the weather, the regular course of that luminary, from year to year, would produce the same weather in the same seasons. The principal variations of the weather, however, depend upon some other cause not so uniform, the discovery of which has long given employment to philosophers; and as we find that the motion of

the sea seems to have an intimate connection with the motion of the moon, it has thence been believed, that the latter acts a principal part, not only in this phenomenon of the flux and reflux, but that it could not produce these variations on the earth, without having at the same time, a considerable influence on the atmosphere. The difference of the fluids which compose it, and, above all, the great elasticity of the air, can alter this effect, but not entirely destroy it.

It is well known that no philosopher has yet been able, from mere theory, to form any proper conclusion respecting these variations of the weather. To supply this deficiency, M. Toaldo called in the aid of experience, and compared the state of the atmosphere with the situation of the moon, where its activity appeared to be strongest and weakest. From observations made at Padua on this subject, during the course of fifty years, he at length found that good and bad weather have been always determined by certain situations of the moon; and this circumstance furnished him the means of foretelling, with some degree of certainty, the state of the atmosphere by the situation of that luminary deduced from astronomical calculations. He distinguishes ten situations of the moon, each of which is capable of producing a sensible effect on our atmosphere; and, in order to comprehend these, it must be observed, that the motion of the moon has three different relations, from which there arise the same number of revolutions, and that each of these has a particular duration, and at the same time certain situations, as expressed in the following table:

REVOLUTIONS.

SITUATIONS OF THE MOON.

1. *Synodical*, in regard to the sun; continues 29 days 12 hours 44 minutes.

New moon
First quarter
Full moon
Last quarter

2. *Anomalistic*, in regard to the moon's course; continues 27 days 13 hours 43 minutes.

Apogeeum
Perigeeum

3. *Periodical*, in regard to the moon's passing the equator; continues 27 days 7 hours 43 minutes.

Ascending equinoxes
Northern lunifices
Descending equinoxes
Southern lunifices

The situations of the moon which have a relation to the synodical revolution are well known. It may, however, be remarked, that new and full moon are called the *syzygies*, and the first and last quarter the *quadratures*. The *perigeeum* and *apogeeum* are comprehended under the term *apsides*.

On account of the difference in the periods of these three revolutions, the situations of the moon do not return in the same order, till after a long series of years; and in the difference of their coincidence, connected with the regular effect of the sun at

each season, lies the cause of the different variations of the weather. The following are the rules which M. Toaldo has deduced from his observations.

The probabilities that the weather will change at a certain period of the moon are in the following proportions :

New moon	- - - - -	6 : 1
First quarter	- - - - -	5 : 2
Full moon	- - - - -	5 : 2
Last quarter	- - - - -	5 : 4
Perigeum	- - - - -	7 : 1
Apogeeum	- - - - -	4 : 1
Ascending equinox	- - - - -	13 : 4
Northern lunifitice	- - - - -	11 : 4
Descending equinox	- - - - -	11 : 4
Southern lunifitice	- - - - -	3 : 1

That is to say, a person may bet six to one, that the new moon will bring with it a change of weather. Each situation of the moon alters that state of the atmosphere which has been occasioned by the preceding one ; and it seldom happens that any change in the weather takes place without a change in the lunar situations. These situations are combined, on account of the inequality of their revolutions, and the greatest effect is produced by the union of the syzgies with the apfides. The proportions of their power to produce variations are as follows :

New moon coinciding with the perigeum	33 : 1
Ditto - - - - with the apogeeum	7 : 1
Full moon - - - with the perigeum	10 : 1
Ditto - - - - with the apogeeum	8 : 1

The combination of these situations generally occasions storms and tempests ; and this perturbing power will always have the greater effect, the nearer these combined situations are to the moon's passage over the equator, particularly in the months of March and September. At the new and full moons, in the months of March and September, and even at the solstices, especially the winter solstice, the atmosphere assumes a certain character, by which it is distinguished for three, and, sometimes, six months. The new moons which produce no change in the weather, are those that happen at a distance from the apfides.

As it is perfectly true that each situation of the moon alters that state of the atmosphere which has been produced by another, it is however observed that many situations of the moon are favourable to good and others to bad weather. Those belonging to the latter class are the perigeum, new and full moon, passage of the equator, and the northern lunifitice. Those belonging to the former are the apogeeum, quadratures, and the southern lunifitice. Changes of the weather seldom take place on the very days of the moon's situations, but either precede or follow them. It has been found by observation, that the changes effected by the lunar situations in the six winter months precede, and in the six summer months follow them.

Besides the lunar situations to which the above observations refer, attention must be paid also to the fourth day before new and full moon, which are called the octants. At these times the weather is inclined to changes; and it may be easily seen, that these will follow at the next lunar situation. Virgil calls this fourth day a very sure prophet. If on that day the horns of the moon are clear and well defined, good weather may be expected; but if they are dull, and not clearly marked on the edges, it is a sign that bad weather will ensue. When the weather remains unchanged on the fourth, fifth and sixth day of the moon, we may conjecture that it will continue so till full moon, even sometimes till the next new moon; and in that case the lunar situations have only a very weak effect. Many observers of nature have also remarked, that the approach of the lunar situations is somewhat critical for the sick.

Conjectures on the Periods of Rain.

The rising and setting of the moon, as well as its superior and inferior passage of the meridian, may serve as a rule for foretelling the times of rain. M. Toaldo calls these situations the moon's angles.

The times most exposed to rain are the rising and setting; those most favourable to good weather, the passage of the meridian. It has been remarked that, during rainy days, bad weather is always a little interrupted about the time when the moon passes the meridian. We must, however, make an exception to this rule as often as the angle of the moon does not coincide with that of the sun. As these observations may be very easily made, by means of astronomical tables, in which the angles of the moon and sun are marked, they are exceedingly well calculated to prove the truth of this system. No one, for instance, will refuse assent to it, when the daily changes correspond with the angles of the moon; and when, independently of the effects of the moon's situation, the horizontal effect of the moon at rising and setting is different from that produced by its passage over the meridian.

It rains oftener in the day time than in the night, and oftener in the evening than in the morning.

Influence of the Moon in regard to extraordinary Years.

Bad years take place when the apsidal points of the moon fall in the four cardinal points of the zodiac. Their intervals, therefore, are as 4 to 5, 8 to 9, &c. or as the intervals of the passage of the apsidal points through the four cardinal points of the zodiac. Thus the year 1777 was, in general, a bad year; and in that year the apsidal points of the moon were in the equinoctial signs; and it is probable that the years in which the apsidal points fall in the signs Taurus, Leo, Virgo and Aquarius, will be good and moderate years, as the year 1776 really was; and in that year the apsidal points of the moon were in Taurus and Virgo.

Every eighteenth year must be similar. We, however, cannot depend upon a return altogether the same, on account of the three different revolutions of the moon; and therefore it may happen, that the epoch of this extraordinary year may be retarded a year or perhaps two. Though approximations only are here given, this does not prevent their being useful to farmers, if they only pay attention to circumstances. Besides, various exceptions must be made for different parts of the earth; and it is difficult to determine these beforehand, as what regards this system is applicable to the whole globe; but when the result of the system has been improved by local observations, the conjectures for each country will be attended with more certainty.

The fifty-fourth year must have a greater similarity to the first than to all the rest; because, at this period, the situations of the moon, in regard to the sun and the earth, are again found in the same points.

The quantity of the rain which falls in nine successive years is almost equal to that which falls in the next following nine. But this is not the case when we compare in like manner the quantity of rain which falls in six, eight or ten years.

Effects of the Moon on the Barometer.

The variations of the barometer are so intimately connected with changes of the weather, that there is reason to suppose that the moon has some influence on the state of that instrument. For the sake of more certainty, however, M. Tolado compared a diary of the state of the barometer, kept for many years, with the situations of the moon, and found the following result: 1st, That the barometer at the time of the moon's apogee rises the sixth part of a line higher than at the perigee; 2d, that at the time of the quadratures it stands a tenth of a line higher than at the time of the syzgies; and 3d, that it is a fourth of a line higher at the southern lunifice than the northern.

Thus far the comparison of the moon's situations with the state of the barometer agrees perfectly with meteorological observations. This, however, is not the case at the time of the moon's passage through her equinoctial points; for the heights of the barometer are then greater, chiefly when she passes in Libra: a circumstance which is contrary to meteorological observations, since these situations of the moon indicate bad weather. It must, however, be remarked, that in this contradiction the indications of the moon's situations are more to be depended on than those of the barometer.

It has a like connection with the coincidence of the equinoctial point and the perigee, which also gives heights considerably greater. The union of these points, however, is a sign of great irregularity. It must here be remarked that, according to De Luc, the rapid movement of the barometer indicates a storm of short duration, and that in such a case, even when it rises, bad weather is likely to follow.

M. Toaldo says, that the Europeans, when they first visited Mexico, found a singular custom prevalent in that country. When a new emperor was chosen, he was obliged to swear that, during his government, rain should fall according to the pleasure of his subjects; that no inundations should be occasioned, and that the fields should not be rendered unfruitful, &c. The multitude imagine that the meteorologist enters into an obligation of the like kind; but all that can be expected from him is confined merely to conjectural rules respecting changes of the weather; and even these prognostics, when determined for particular places, must not be considered as free from frequent error, as those causes which act upon the earth, in general, may be much changed by local causes in different districts.

THE PARACHUTE.

THE following extract from a letter from the celebrated Montgolfier, to one of his ærostatic friends, dated March 24th, 1789, and given in the last number of the *Annales de Chimie*, will shew that this ingenious philosopher was the first that constructed the *Parachute*, an instrument for descending from great heights, which is now brought to considerable perfection in France. "An idea has occurred to me, which I will immediately communicate to you, as perhaps you may derive some advantage from it in case of an accidental separation from your balloon, when in the air. It is to make a parachute, by means of which you may come down from any height without danger or inconvenience. The principle on which I reason is the following. A mass of matter, when at rest, cannot be moved without being struck by another mass in motion; and the motion acquired by the former, is at the expence of that of the latter. Thus, a hundred weight of matter, when at rest, if it is set in motion by an equal quantity of matter, moving at the rate of twenty feet in a second, the united masses will only move at the rate of ten feet in a second. If the body in motion only weighs ten pounds, the whole will proceed only at the rate of two feet in a second. Hence, if eight hundred weight of air be inclosed in a bag among the clouds, and the bag, with a man attached to it, only weigh two hundred weight, the fall of the whole will be retarded three-fourths of its velocity. If to this be added the resistance of the air against the falling body, you see that a man may descend very agreeably even from the clouds; and so, if you please, you may shower down an army into a town, as Mr. Brante and I did a few sheep, in the experiment which we made yesterday afternoon. For this purpose we made a silk bag, from seven to eight feet in diameter, and of the form of a hemisphere. We tied twelve cords, each seven feet long, to the margin of the bag, at equal distances from each other; and to the other end we fast-

tened a strong ozier basket, and beneath the basket, we fixed four hogs bladders by means of a napkin. A sheep was put in the basket and the whole apparatus thus loaded, weighed fifty pounds. We took this to the top of the highest tower in Avignon, which is about a hundred feet from the street, and I launched it off, with all my strength, to make it clear the wall. For the first fifty feet, the fall was very rapid; but the parachute being then fully expanded, the descent became very gradual, so that the crowd of spectators ran underneath to receive it. As soon as the basket touched the ground, the sheep took to his heels with all his might. He was brought back and made much of by the crowd, and taken up again to the tower, and made to descend again unhurt. This voyage was repeated six times, and the sheep was not in the least degree injured by any one of them. From this experiment it appears, that a hemisphere of silk, twenty feet in diameter, would enable a man to descend with safety from the clouds; and I would advise you to furnish your balloon with one of them. Seventy-five ells would be sufficient for this purpose, which, at fifty-five *sols* the ell, would not make the whole machine come to more than ten *louis*."

OF THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON ON OUR ATMOSPHERE.

CITIZEN LAMARCK, Member of the National Institute, has just published at Paris, a work on Meteorology, in which he attempts to solve the question so frequently discussed, "*Whether the moon has any specific influence on our atmosphere?*" After a long course of observations, LAMARCK is of opinion, that the principal cause of the changes in the atmosphere, is to be found in the ascension and declination of the moon above and below the equator. "It is well known," he observes, "that every time the moon traverses the equator, she remains for the space of fourteen days in a northern or southern hemisphere. In this manner every lunar month produces a revolution of the moon in the zodiac, which revolution may be divided into two distinct periods, and occasions two peculiar atmospherical constitutions, a northern and a southern. The winds which prevail during the first of these constitutions, are south-south-west, or westerly winds, as the moon at that time ascending towards the north, dislodges a portion of atmospheric air, and gives a direction from the south towards the north, and thus occasions southerly winds, which local circumstances generally direct towards the west. It is in this constitution that tempests prevail. During a southern constitution, the prevailing winds are generally north, or north-west, and frequently, especially in summer, north-east and easterly. In proportion as the moon declines below the equator, in her approach to the south pole, she carries with her a quantity of atmospheric air in the di-

rection of her declination from north to south. During this constitution, the weather is generally calm." LAMARCK admits that concurrent circumstances may increase or diminish the moon's influence in different declinations, such as the apogees and perigees of that planet, her opposition to and conjunction with the sun, the solstices, and above all the solar equinoxes. From a proper observation of the combination of these circumstances, he concludes that a probable expectation may be formed of the nature of the weather, which will prevail in any of the twenty-four atmospherical constitutions into which the year is divided.

NATURAL HISTORY,

OBSERVATIONS ON THE IRRITABILITY OF VEGETABLES. BY T. GARNETT, M. D. F. L. S.

THAT the different functions of animals and vegetables depend upon the action of certain powers upon their irritability, has been shewn several years ago by Dr. Brown, who presented to the world the first specimen of just reasoning on the philosophy of living matter. This subject has since been elucidated by Dr. Darwin in his *Zoonomia*, as well as in his *Phytologia*, and by several other philosophers. I shall not here enter into the consideration of the principles of this doctrine, since that has been done at some length in my lecture on the Preservation of Health, which is now before the public; all that I intend here, is to mention a fact that fell under my observation this last summer, and which appears to admit of an easy explanation by the laws of irritability.

In the month of May last, the blossom on the gooseberry trees in the neighbourhood of Kirkby Lonsdale in Westmorland, was very luxuriant, and seemed to promise abundance of fruit; about the middle of that month however, a frosty night, succeeded by a very fine warm morning, frustrated all those promising prospects. In a few days the trees assumed the appearance of having been blighted, the blossoms dropt off, and very few gooseberries arrived at maturity. In this instance, the subtraction of heat had allowed the irritability of the vegetables to accumulate, and the heat in the morning, acting upon this morbidly accumulated irritability, had overpowered it, bringing on a state of exhausted irritability, with gangrene or blight in several parts of the plant. This may perhaps be made more clear by an analogous instance which is better known. If a person, whose hands are benumbed with cold, and whose irritability is consequently

accumulated by the subduction of the heat, bring the frigid limbs near a fire, the heat will act so powerfully on their accumulated irritability, that a violent inflammation and sometimes mortification will follow ; whereas, if they had been exposed to warmth by degrees, the superabundant irritability would have been gradually exhausted, and no bad effects would have ensued.

That the effects produced on the gooseberry-trees must be explained in a similar manner, will appear from the following fact. My father's house is at the foot of a steep mountain, at the distance of about four miles from Kirkby Lonsdale. This mountain is to the eastward of the house, and intercepts the rays of the sun in such a manner that they do not shine on the garden for more than an hour after they have illuminated the town of Kirkby Lonsdale and the surrounded country. Though from this situation being cold and exposed, there is seldom abundance of fruit : yet this year the blossoms on the gooseberry-trees were very promising, and, contrary to what happened in other parts of the country, they were succeeded by great plenty of fine fruit. The frost had here been as severe to the full, as in the immediate neighbourhood of Kirkby Lonsdale ; the situation of the house is high, and exposed ; and the irritability would be accumulated here by the subtraction of the stimulus of heat, to the full as much as in the other situations ; but then they were not immediately exposed to the direct rays of the sun ; the atmosphere had become in some degree warmed by the effect of the sun on the surrounding country ; the morbid irritability was then gradually worn off, and by the time that the sun's rays reached the garden, the vegetables were in a situation to bear their action without being overpowered.

A nearly similar effect took place with respect to the hazel ; the blossoms were very abundant, but the prospect of nuts was in a considerable degree destroyed by the same change of temperature in the atmosphere ; that night proved almost equally as destructive to the nuts as to the gooseberries ; yet in situations where the trees were shaded from the morning sun, this fruit was to be met with in the greatest abundance. In warm, sunny situations however, scarce a single nut was to be found, and before the end of August, the autumnal tints had begun to vary the scene ; a clear proof that a state of indirect debility, or exhausted irritability, had taken place. In short, I am pretty well convinced, not only from a number of facts which I have myself observed, and which I have stated fully in my lectures, but also from the observations of Ussler, that blight is almost always a species of gangrene or mortification, brought on by the action of the rays of the sun in the spring, on the morbidly accumulated irritability which had been produced by a considerable subtraction of heat during the night. A frosty night succeeded by a cloudy or misty morning is never attended with these effects, which almost certainly follow, if when the spring is considerably advanced, a frost should be succeeded by a fine, warm morning.

ON THE BREAD-FRUIT-TREE.

CITIZEN DESFONTAINES has communicated to the public some interesting details on the culture of the bread-fruit-tree. This valuable tree, *Artocarpus incisa*, belongs to the family of *urtica*, and has much affinity with the genus of mulberry-tree. Its organs of fructification are well-known, and have been accurately described by FORSTER and other botanists. It is to Citizens LABILLARDIERE and LAHAYE, in the colonies, that France is indebted for them. On their return from the voyage in search of La Peyrouse, they deposited several live shoots of it in the Isle of France, which they had brought from the Friendly Islands; and we have lately learned, by a letter from Citizen MARTIN, director of the colonial nurseries in French Guiana, that the plant sent thither from France three years ago, succeeds perfectly well, that it has multiplied, and is on the point of flowering, and that, in all probability, it will produce fruit in the course of this year. We must not confound the bread-tree of the Friendly Islands with the wild species that grows in the Moluccas, and which we have already possessed for some time in many of our colonies, although the one be only a variety of the other. Every full grown plant of the wild bread-fruit-tree seldom bears above thirty or forty fruits, which are, at the same time, much smaller, less succulent, filled with large kernels, and difficult to digest. The variety in the Friendly Islands produces from three to four hundred, which succeed one another on the same tree during eight months of the year. They are of an oval form, and are about three decimetres in length, by two in breadth. The seeds, which all prove abortive, are replaced by a savory and very nourishing pulp. This abortion is, doubtless, owing to the practice which they have had from time immemorial, in the Friendly Islands, of multiplying these trees by shoots, which equally happens to many other plants, such as the ananas, the banana tree, &c. which they propagate in the same manner. The fruit of the bread-tree is the principal food of the inhabitants of the Friendly Islands, and of many other tribes in the South Sea Islands. It is eaten, baked under the ashes, and in water. According to Citizen Labillardiere, it is much preferable to the *ignames*, or yams, and this naturalist assures us that the crews of the two vessels sent in search of La Peyrouse, voluntarily gave up the biscuit, and a small portion of good fresh bread, which was distributed to them every day, to live on the apples of the bread-fruit-tree, during a month of their stopping at the Friendly Islands. The English government has so well known the importance of this tree, that it has ordered two successive expeditions for the sole purpose of procuring it to enrich their colonies with it. The bread-fruit-tree might be cultivated to advantage in Egypt, and perhaps it would be possible to naturalize it in Corsica and in our southern departments; it grows under the same latitude as the paper mulberry tree (*murier à papier*) which resists the rigour of our winter.

ON THE MISLETOE.

THE mistletoe is well known to be a parasitical plant, growing equally on several trees, and in every direction. Decandolle has made the following experiments on this singular vegetable :—

1. To prove that the mistletoe draws its nourishment from the plant on which it grows, he dipped in water, coloured red by cochineal, a branch of an apple-tree bearing a mistletoe. The coloured water penetrated the wood and inner bark of the apple and passed into the mistletoe, where its colour was even more intense than in the former. It does not appear, however, that there is a true anastomosis between the fibres of the mistletoe and those of the apple ; but the base of the parasitical plant is surrounded with a kind of cellular substance in which the fibres of the apple-tree appear to deposit the sap, and from which those of the mistletoe absorb it. The pith of this plant is green in the young shoots, and an inspection of a transverse section of the stem amply confirms the opinion of C. Desfontaines that the cellular tissue is an exterior pith or medulla, rendered green by the light.

2. C. Decandolle took a branch of apple bearing a mistletoe, and dipped the latter in the coloured water. The leaves began soon to fall, and shewed a red cicatrice. The injection followed the woody fibres of the mistletoe, descended to its insertion in the apple branch, passed into the wood of the latter, and descended quite into its roots.

3. Having taken two apple branches loaded with two mistletoe plants of equal size, having stripped the leaves off both the apple-stalks, and one of the mistletoes, introduced the basis of each of the branches into cylindrical tubes, hermetically sealed, and filled with water, and inverted these tubes in a trough of mercury, he found the mistletoe that had kept its leaves to raise the mercury 119 millimetres in nine hours, and the stripped mistletoe only 32 hereby shewing that the leaves of this plant perform the same functions to the apple-tree as the true leaves of this tree do.

4. Having taken two mistletoe-branches with their leaves on, one of them planted on an apple stock, the other dipping directly into the water, and having disposed them as in the preceding experiment, the first raised the mercury 115 millimetres, and the second raised it a single time to 11 millimetres, and another time did not raise it at all. This singular experiment shews that the mistletoe of itself is almost entirely unable to raise the sap.

C. Decandolle remarks, on this occasion, that the property of raising the sap by means of a root is intimately connected with a perpendicularity of direction. Therefore plants, relative to their nutrition, may be divided into two classes ; the first draw nutriment from their whole surface, and live in a single medium only, which, in the lichens is air, in the sea-weed water ; and earth in the truffle. These vegetables have no tendency to perpendicu-

larity. The plants of the second class derive nutriment at a determinate part which is called the root, and these exist in several mediums at once, the potamogetons, for instance, in earth and water; the stratiotes, in water and air; the oak, in earth and air; the nymphæa, in earth, water, and air: all this class point more or less to the zenith.

INFLUENCE OF SOLAR LIGHT ON THE GERMINATION OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

ALTHOUGH the influence of solar-light is so essential to the well-being of plants and animals, yet some late experiments of Dr. MICHELOTTI, of Turin, seem to prove that the sun's rays are a stimulus too strong to be supported, for any considerable length of time, by vegetables and insects in their embryo state. Having collected moth's eggs, in December, (the *Phalena dispar*. Linn.) he put a few into two bottles coated with black-wax, and an equal number into two transparent bottles; a pair of each, viz. an opaque and a transparent one, were placed on the outside of a window, exposed to the full sun; and the other pair was so situated in a northern aspect, as only to receive the light by reflection. On the 21st of April, the eggs in the first opaque-bottle were mostly hatched, and the little caterpillars had crawled to the top of the bottle, while on the same day only one of the eggs in the transparent-bottle had hatched—as this was the first so it was also the last. On the next day a few caterpillars made their appearance in the opaque-bottle exposed to the north, and it was five days after before any eggs were hatched in the transparent one: the next year a similar experiment was tried with four more bottles, of which one was covered with black-varnish, another with red, a third with white, and the other was left transparent; into each of these some moth's-eggs were put and the bottles were exposed to the sun. Those in the black-bottle were first hatched, then those in the red and lastly those in the white one; all the eggs in the transparent-bottle perished. Similar experiments were tried with corresponding results on the seeds of vegetables; those selected for the purpose were the lupin, kidney-bean, and chick-pea: these were kept moistened with water till the process of germination commenced; their cotyledons were then stripped of their opaque skin, and some of each were put in thin tubes with wet cotton, of which some were transparent and others coated with thin lead; all the tubes were then put in the same bottle of water and exposed to the sun. The process of germination went on at first rapidly in all the tubes, and the cotyledons assumed a yellow colour; at this period all those in the transparent tubes died, whereas those in opaque ones became green, and vegetated vigorously till they had filled the tubes.

ON THE PHOCA.

From a foreign Journal for July, 1801.

THE *Phoca*, that singular amphibious animal, which seems to be the model according to which the ancients represented the Tritons, the Syrens, &c. is only common in the Northern seas, and is very rarely seen in the Southern seas, and especially in the Mediterranean. The fact we are going to relate, must be, therefore, interesting to naturalists. A woodcutter, being at his labour, in the month of last Pluviose, in the environs of Bastia, discovered on the shore an animal which he did not know, and the sight of which excited in him a small degree of trepidation. It was a *phoca*, which lay asleep on the sand. The woodcutter called some neighbours; the animal was taken, and put in a large tub full of water. The following is a description of it. It was about four feet long, had a round head, which was about 6 inches in diameter, and pretty much like that of a calf; but in lieu of ears nothing was to be seen but very narrow apertures, almost entirely concealed by hairs. Its skin, very thick and hard, was also covered with a smooth, short and oily hair. It was a female. Its eyes were pretty much like those of an ox; it had a confident look, and yet an air of mistrust. From its flat nostrils there ran down without ceasing, especially when it was out of the water, a mucus of the most fetid odour. The neck was big, but much less than the head. Very near the neck issued out the arms or rather membranous hands, very close to the body. Each claw had four phalanges, the nails were near six lines in length. At the first view these hands appeared without hair; but the hair was only shorter on them than on the other parts. The hind legs, which were nearly a foot in length, in a manner touched one another, and were laid in the direction of the tail. This tail terminated in a round point, and might be about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by 12 or 14 lines in width. It proceeded from the middle of the two feet or hind fins. Such was nearly the figure of this animal, which they could only keep four and twenty days, although sufficient care was taken of it. But it would not eat. Its appetite failed it as soon as it came into the hands of men. It refused small fish, fresh meat, fresh grass, bread, wine, &c. The sixth day they gave it a preparation of treacle in cow's milk. It swallowed it very heartily, but refused a second dose. They then thought of letting it plunge into the sea, after securing it by a collar to which a long cord was attached. It plunged very deep, and remained a long time buried under the water. It was not without some trouble that they forced it to mount again to the top. There is reason to think, that in these immersions, which they repeated pretty often, because it appeared to desire them, that it fed on certain fish. It was endowed with a tolerable degree of intelligence. For example, it took a pleasure in being caressed near the neck, and testified its gratitude by small cries and by the winking of its eyes. When the man, to the keep-

ing of whom it was intrusted, and who had given him the name of Moro, said, "Give me your hand, poor Moro," it raised the fore part, stretched out its hand, and bending the phalanges, really interlocked it with the hand presented to it. Although its conformation did not permit it to be very agile, it walked or rather crept with some degree of celerity. One day that its keeper, thinking it asleep, had left the door of its chamber open, the animal got out and descended seven or eight steps to find again its keeper who was taking the air on an esplanade. It was remarked that it had not deviated a line, (the 12th part of an inch) from the way by which the person it was seeking had passed more than an hour before. We should have some difficulty to believe these facts, say the authors of the *Decade Philosophique*, if they did not make part of a relation sent by the prefect of Golo, who was himself occasionally a witness of it: it was in contemplation to send it to Paris, but it was not long before it was found to be wasting away. The net to which it was restrained, was, perhaps, less the cause than a wound it had received on the right foot, it was not known how, and which every day grew worse and worse.

LIONS IN FRANCE.

ONE of the lionesses of the Botanical Garden at Paris whelped during the night between the 18th and 19th Brumaire (year 9) three young ones, alive and at the full time. This is the same lioness, which, having become pregnant, for the first time last year, hurt herself and miscarried on the 17th Messidor. On the day of her whelping she appeared languishing, and would not eat. She whelped her first young-one at ten o'clock at night, the second at eleven o'clock within a quarter, and a third at two o'clock in the morning. She uttered no cry, and was as gentle to her keeper as usual. These young lions, all three males, were at their birth about as big as adult cats, but they had a bigger head and their eyes were open; they crawled along the ground, and their cries were like the very loud mewings of a cat when exasperated. Their heads were void of mane and their whole bodies covered with a reddish hair, spotted with points and blackish bands; their tails were marked with black rings on a ground of tawny colour. These three young lions are well in health and grow stronger every day. The mother cherishes them with the greatest care. This is not the first time that lions have produced in Europe. An example of this is quoted in the *Ami de la Nature*, or *Gboix d'Observations sur divers objets de la Nature et de l'Art*, which the author has taken from an English book, intitled *London in Miniature*, and printed in that city in 1755. "Entering the Tower of London, we were conducted to some iron-grated cells, in form of half-moons, inhabited by lionesses of different ages. The first shewn us was the Princess Dido, then in all the vigour

of youth, about six years old, and handsome in every respect. The second was named Jenny; we were told she was about forty years old. This was the oldest lioness ever seen in the Tower, although for five hundred years this kind of animal has been kept there. She has been mother of nine young lions, all begotten by a lion named *Marco*, now dead. These nine young lions died in rearing, with the exception of *Nero*, who died about two years ago, having lived to be ten years old; and of *Nancy*, who lived double that age. It was not without extreme care that they could preserve these two last young lions, for no animals are more difficult to rear, on account of the convulsions which they are subject to at the period of dentition. They were kept for the first year in a warm chamber, and fed with milk. They were as gentle as sheep, but their natural ferocity was quickly developed with their growing strength."

HORSE WITHOUT HAIR.

THE French journals make mention of a horse without hair, which is stated to have been bought at Vienna ten years ago. He is about twenty years old, eats the same food, and in the same quantity, as ordinary horses; is lean, and very sensible to cold. Over his whole body he has no other hair than one at the lower eye-lid. The skin is black, approaching to grey, with some white spots about the groin, soft to touch, shining, and rather unctuous. The skin of the nose, of all the nostrils, and of the lips, is like that of the rest of the body. The bones of the nose are depressed, which embarrasses his respiration, and makes him utter a noise whenever he takes or respires breath. Citizen LAFAYETTE, by whom this notice is given, is of opinion, that this horse forms a variety in the species, and that its state is neither the effect of art, nor of disease.

A CHILD WITH TWO HEADS.

IN the 80th volume of the Philosophical Transactions there is a paper by E. Home Esq. giving an account of a child with a double head. The child had been born in India, where he died when he was upwards of four years old; his double skull was sent to England, and was exhibited at a meeting of the Royal Society. Mr. Dent, the gentleman who had transmitted the above mentioned skull from India, returning not long ago to England, furnished Mr. Home with further particulars relative to the double-headed child; and likewise two portraits of him; namely, a front view and a profile of the double head, taken whilst the child was living, by a Mr. Devis, an artist of considerable merit. Two copper-plate engravings of the por-

traits are annexed to the paper. The additional remarks, which were furnished by Mr. Dent are as follows :

The child was a male.

The mother had had three other children naturally formed. She could assign no imaginary or accidental cause during her pregnancy, that might have been productive of the monstrous child.

The body of the child was uncommonly thin.

"The neck of the superior head was about four inches long ; and the upper part of it terminated in a hard, round grissly tumour, nearly 4 inches in diamiter.

"The front teeth had cut the gums in the upper and lower jaw of both heads.

"When the child cried, the features of the superior head were not always affected ; and when it smiled, the features of the superior head did not sympathize in that action.

"The dura mater belonging to each brain was continued across, at the part where the two skulls joined, so that each brain was invested in the usual way, by its own proper coverings ; but the dura mater, which covered the cerebrum of the upper brain, adhered firmly to the dura mater of the lower brain."

A number of large arteries and veins were found passing through the union of the duræ matres ; it was therefore through those blood-vessels that the upper brain received its nourishment.

ON THE ELEPHANT.

IT is a matter of wonder, that though elephants have been long sought after, employed, and admired, on account of their size, sagacity, and docility, yet the knowledge of their oeconomy, manners, &c. has been always involved in mystery and doubt. A residence of upwards of ten years in Tiperah, a province of Bengal, where herds of elephants are caught every season, afforded John Corfe Esq. opportunities sufficient to ascertain several interesting particulars, and enabled him to contradict many vulgar errors relative to those animals.

It has been repeatedly asserted, that elephants possess the sentiments of modesty in a high degree and that they are so much affected by the loss of their liberty, as to refuse to propagate the species whilst they remain in a state of captivity.

The usual size of those animals has likewise been much exaggerated.

It has been asserted, as an instance of their great sagacity, and retentive memory, that if an elephant once escapes, it is not possible to catch him again by any art.

Mr. Corfe's observations contradict those vulgar notions ; he reduces their size to the real standard, and ascertains several other particulars relative to these animals. We shall endeavour

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To condense the most remarkable particulars into the following paragraphs :

Several elephants, to Mr. Corle's certain knowledge, after having effected their escape, have been retaken, and often in a very easy manner.

In India, the height of female elephants is, in general, from seven to eight feet, and that of males from eight to ten, measured at the shoulder. One elephant only, amongst those that came within Mr. Corle's knowledge, exceeded the height of ten feet. The dimensions of this elephant were as follows :

	feet.	inches.
From foot to foot, over the shoulder	22	10½
From the top of the shoulder, perpendicular height	10	6
From the top of the head, when set up as he ought to march in state	12	2
From the front of the face to the insertion of the tail	15	11.

Tame elephants copulate without hesitation, provided the females are in a proper state ; and Mr. Corle, besides a great many other persons has been repeatedly spectator of the fact.

The females begin to give evident signs of impregnation within about three months from the time of their having been covered. Their usual time of gestation seems to be about 21 months, or 20 months and 18 days.

The elephant at the time of its birth, seldom exceeds the height of thirty-four inches ; and they generally obtain their full size, between the age of eighteen and twenty-four years.

The young elephants begin to nibble, and suck the breast soon after birth.

"Tame elephants," says Mr. Corle, "are never suffered to remain loose ; as instances occur of the mother leaving even her young, and escaping into the woods.

"Another circumstance deserves notice : if a wild elephant happens to be separated from her young, for only two days though giving suck, she never afterwards recognizes or acknowledges it. This separation sometimes happened unavoidably, when they were enticed separately into the outlet of the *Keddah*. I have been much mortified at such unnatural conduct in the mother ; particularly when it was evident the young elephant knew its dam, and by its plaintive cries and submissive approaches solicited her assistance."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE REGENERATION OF A FRUIT TREE.

From an English Publication.

THE following piece of natural history has been thought by many of my friends so curious as to be worthy of being communicated to the public. I therefore send it to you, that if you think it merits the notice of your readers, you may give it a place in your valuable miscellany :

About the middle of my garden stood an old plumb-tree, which had gone to decay, and lost most of its branches. As it produced little, if any fruit, and shaded the green-house, I ordered it to be cut down towards the end of the year 1793. The head and the root were cut off and burned, with a part of the trunk, the lower part of which, about eight or nine feet in length, lay on the ground all the winter.

In the spring of the year 1794, having occasion to make a boarded fence to screen the cucumber-bed, I ordered this old tree to be put in the ground as a post, merely to save the expence of a new one. As the spring advanced, I observed several leaves shoot forth toward the top of it, which I expected shortly to wither away: but they grew considerably in the summer; and the next spring, to my astonishment, they put forth again, and several blossoms appeared. In the course of that year these little shoots became vigorous branches, and the year following produced twelve or fourteen fine plumbs, much like a damson, but of a much larger size.

The body of the tree still appears old and decayed, but the branches have continued to grow more luxuriant than those of any young tree in the garden. The last year it was full of blossoms; but the sharp north-east wind cut them all off. At this time there is the appearance of a fine bloom.

As this tree stands at the entrance from the garden into the burying-ground, it has often reminded me of the striking contrast, so finely illustrated in the book of Job, between "a tree cut down, of which there is hope," and the bodies of men, which, when once laid in the dust, "rise not till the heavens be no more." See Job xiv. 7—12.

AGRICULTURAL

ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF FARM YARDS.

IF the making of good manure in large quantities be deserving of the particular regard of the practical farmer; the form and construction of the places in which it is to be made or preserved, surely still more powerfully claim his regard, as being not only the principal hinges on which his success must depend, but on which that of his whole system of husbandry must turn. It is however extremely common to see extensive farm-yards unprovided with the means of collecting and preserving the richest and most powerful manures, and farmers quite inattentive and regardless of their loss. In some instances there are neither drains for conveying the moisture from the places in which the animals are

kept, or reservoirs for receiving it ; in others it is designedly conducted away and lost, as if it were of no value. In general too, the solid part of the manure is by no means well managed, much of it being suffered to be scattered about and exposed to the action of the sun and wind, by which much of its virtue is dissipated and lost. In many cases indeed where dung is permitted to be thus exposed for a length of time, it becomes perfectly inert ; and three or four loads are required where one would have been fully sufficient. It is evident therefore that every farm-yard should not only be provided with convenient drains for conveying the excretions of animals, and proper reservoirs for containing them, but means should be taken for mixing and impregnating other substances with them, in order to augment and increase the quantity.

The quantity of manure of a farm may be considerably increased by proper attention to the mixture of other substances with the urine of animals, especially where all the different offices for cattle and other stock are so contrived as to discharge the liquid matters which they contain into a proper receptacle. In Sweden and many other countries particular regard is paid to this business, and a great variety of vegetable products as well as soils of different kinds are thus immersed, and even frequently placed under the cattle in the houses in which they stand. What proportion, in respect to strength and effect, manures thus prepared bear to that of fresh dung, has not yet perhaps been fully ascertained. There cannot however be any doubt of manures prepared by means of the process of fermentation being very efficacious in improving the condition of land, when properly applied.

The stall-feeding of cattle is likewise another advantageous mode of procuring manure, as well as of producing large profits of other kinds ; but it requires large capital, great attention, and much labour. It is well known that a piece of ground which in grass could not afford food for one animal, will supply four in the stall, provided its produce be cut at a suitable time and properly administered to them. Besides, double the quantity of manure is made from the same number of animals. The advantages in the way of milk and fattening are also much greater than in the common practice. This method of management is probably not yet sufficiently employed in many parts of the country.

In the Low Countries cattle are sometimes fed with coleseed cake, which is found to be a very wholesome and nutritious fodder. The expence of cultivation and preparation are however probably too great for such a practice being generally introduced with any prospect of advantage. Other similar substances may perhaps be employed with more success.

THE APPLICATION OF MANURES.

IT has been commonly supposed by farmers, that seeds and plants will degenerate, unless the ground on which they are planted be frequently changed. Some observations and experiments that have been lately made in this country, as well as in America, seem to render the truth of this supposition doubtful. It has been found here, that even potatoes may be constantly grown on the same piece of ground without any degeneration, provided the cuttings be always made from the finest potatoes, instead of the smallest and worst, which have actually been employed for this purpose; and in this country it has been shewn, by the actual experiments of Mr. COOPER, that the same thing happens with respect to the seeds of the long watery squash, early peas, potatoes, and several other kinds of vegetables. The same principle has, indeed, long ago been applied in the breeding of animals, by Mr. BAEWELL. It is generally known, that he improved his breeds by merely coupling those in which the properties he wished to produce were the most evident, not regarding consanguinity, or any other circumstance.

This is a matter of such extensive application and importance, that it ought more particularly to engage the attention and observation of the practical farmer as well as the horticulturist.

In the application of manures to lands, too little regard seems to have been paid both in respect to its nature, and the time of its being laid on. In regard to the last, it has been a common practice for farmers to apply manures to grass lands during the time of frost in the winter. This is certainly an improper practice, as during such periods, no advantage can be derived to the land from it, and, at the thaw, much of its virtues must be washed away, and its soluble parts be destroyed; the ground being, in this state, incapable of absorbing liquids. Many other reasons forbid this practice, which may be seen in an ingenious paper written by Dr. FENWICK. He conceives, that as the elastic fluids are the greatest supports of vegetation, manures ought to be applied under circumstances that favour their generation. These, he says, chiefly occur in spring, after the grass has, in some degree, covered the ground, by which the dung is shaded from the sun, or early in the autumn, after the hay-crop is removed. This last is unquestionably the most convenient, and least objectionable period for the purpose in question.

METHOD OF DESTROYING CATERPILLARS.

IN the *Prose Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society*, vol. i. is given a receipt for destroying caterpillars on gooseberry bushes, which has obtained a premium from the Society, after

due examination. It is as follows: Take one Scotch pint (two quarts English) of tobacco liquor, and mix with it one ounce of alum; when this is dissolved, dip a brush in the liquor, and as soon in the beginning of the season as you perceive the leaves of the bushes to be eaten by the grub, or covered with its eggs, which is generally on the under side, hold the leaf up, and draw your hand gently over the hairs of the brush, by which a small shower of drops of the liquor will fall on the leaf, and wherever they touch the egg it will be destroyed, or if the worm should be hatched, it will perish in a few minutes, and may be shaken off without injuring the leaf. The tobacco liquor here mentioned, is the superfluous moisture contained in the roll tobacco, which is pressed out, and mixed by the tobaccoists with four or five times its quantity of cold water, and sold in this state, as a liquor for destroying bugs. It is in fact, nothing more than a strong infusion of tobacco in water; and may be made equally well by adding water to any kind of tobacco.

MANUFACTURES.

ON BLEACHING COTTON.

THE manufacture at Passy, by Citizen BAWENS, for speedily bleaching cotton-cloth, in which the process invented by Citizen CHAPTAL is employed, is the first in France which has been carried on on a large scale. The success has surpassed expectation; and the proprietors of that establishment are proceeding to multiply them in many parts of the Republic, and especially in Belgium, where the manufacture of linen cloth is considerable. The bleaching of these last is much easier, and the process has been extremely simplified by the intelligence of Citizen BOURLIER, one of the manufacturers; two or three days suffice, at present, to give to the coarsest linen a degree of whiteness which the bleachers in general only obtain by long and expensive methods. The First Consul, accompanied by the Third Consul, and the Minister of Interior, went lately to visit this manufacture; he minutely inspected all the departments; traced the operation of combing, of spinning, and of weaving; and terminated his visit by examining the bleaching machine, executed on the model of that of Citizen Chaptal. He saw wrought in this machine, by a single operation, 2000 metres of cotton-cloth. Another very valuable experiment has been made, under the care of Citizen Chaptal, in the same manufacture, and its full success merits the greatest publicity: this is the ordinary washing of linen, proofs of which have been made, after many trials, on many hundred pairs of sheets, chosen among the dirtiest in the Hôtel Dieu at

Paris. The uniform result of these experiments is, that it scarcely requires half of the ordinary expence ; that two or three days are sufficient to terminate the operation ; that the linen is neither altered by the liquor, nor rent, nor worn, as it only passes once through the hands, and that there is no necessity to beat it ; and, lastly, that the alkaline liquor made use of, penetrating by the extreme heat of the apparatus, into the web of the linen, all the foreign materials attached to it, and all infectious *misma* introduced into it, are destroyed, which cannot be expected from ordinary lye, and which frequently become, especially in hospitals, the germ of dangerous maladies.

A NEW METHOD OF BLEACHING HOUSEHOLD LINEN.

AN account has already been given of the process recommended by Citizen Chaptal to bleach cotton, which consists in impregnating it with an alkaline lye, and exposing it, in that condition, to the vapour of boiling water. We have since made mention, after the same learned man, of the success which his process had obtained, and of the improvements made upon it in Ireland, where the public papers had carried the account of it ; at Paris, in the manufacture of Citizen Bawens ; and in many similar establishments, which this manufacturer has formed, in partnership with another distinguished artist, Citizen Bourlier, in different parts of France, simple machines have been contrived to turn the stuffs in the apparatus, and to present them on all sides to the vapour. It has been found, that linen requires only a weak lye ; but that, to bleach it completely, the action of the lye should operate alternately with that of the atmospheric air ; and, at length, they have been enabled to produce, in two or three days, a perfect whiteness on the coarsest linens, and for a price less, by half, than that of ordinary bleaching.

Citizen Chaptal, wishing to carry as far as possible the utility of his process, has made an experimental use of it for the washing of linen. Trials have been made on some hundred pair of sheets taken from the Hotel Dieu, at Paris, and selected from among the dirtiest ; and it is allowed that they have been perfectly washed in two days, at seven tenths only of the ordinary expence. Another advantage attends it, that from their not being submitted to beating, or the other operations of washer-women, they are much less worn away, and the extreme heat to which they are exposed, must totally destroy in them every contagious principle.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE ART OF MAKING PAPER.

CITIZEN SEGUIN, who has been employed, for five years past, in the art of making paper, has obtained for his first results the means of performing in some hours what before re-

quired a process of several months; he has, at length, succeeded, so far as to substitute straw for rags, in this manufacture; and he has presented to the class a number of specimens of paper formed with this substance. This paper is not yet as white as that made with well-sorted rags; but Citizen Seguin remarks, that this imperfection is owing to the little care taken in making it, and not to the nature of the first materials; and that in its present condition it may very well suffice for counting-house-writings, law-writings, and all printing of a common nature.

The author has not, as yet, communicated his process.

CHIMNEYS UNNECESSARY.

IT is known, that wood, on being burnt, yields one-sixth of its weight of coal and five-sixths of smoke, containing a considerable proportion of inflammable air, which is commonly wasted without use. For employing it to the purpose of heating and illuminating the room at the same time, an apparatus has been discovered by Citizen LEBON, engineer of bridges and roads, which he calls *thermolamp*, consisting of a box or vessel, in which the double advantage of heating and illuminating is united. The smoke rising out of it, freed from all vapours and soot, may be conducted through the smallest tubes, which may easily be concealed in the plaster of the walls or ceiling. They may be made of oiled silk, but the orifice must consist of metal to prevent the burning of the silk when the air takes fire at the contact with the atmospherical air. By this apparatus chimneys become quite needless, as the flame may be conducted in a moment from one apartment to another, without leaving either soot, ashes, or coals. The fire thus produced wants no particular care to be kept up, and has besides the advantage that its pure light may be formed into flowers, festoons, &c. or it may be made to emit its light from above in the purest brightness. The author of this curious discovery, who announced it to the National Institute in the year 7, is preparing for publication a full account of its nature and composition.

From the "DECADE PHILOSOPHIQUE."

MEMOIR OF A METHOD OF PAINTING WITH MILK.

By A. A. CADET-DE-VAUX, Member of the Academical Society of Sciences.

I Published, in the "*Feuille de Cultivateur*," but at a time when the thoughts of every one were absorbed by the public misfortunes, a singular economical process for painting, which the want of materials induced me to substitute instead of painting in distemper.

Take skimmed milk, one quart, (or one Paris pint)—fresh slacked lime, six ounces—oil of carraway, or linseed, or nut, four ounces—Spanish white, say whiting, five pounds.

Put the lime into a vessel of stone ware, and pour upon it a sufficient quantity of milk, to make a smooth mixture; then add the oil by degrees, stirring the mixture by a small wooden spatula, then add the remainder of the milk, and finally, the Spanish white. Skimmed milk in summer is often curdled, but this is of no consequence, as its fluidity is soon restored by its contact with the lime. It is, however, absolutely necessary that it should not be sour, for in that case it would form with the lime a kind of calcarious acetite, susceptible of attracting moisture.

The lime is slackened by plunging it into water, drawing it out, and laying it to fall to pieces in the air.

It is indifferent which of the three oils above mentioned we use; however, for painting white, the oil of carraways is to be preferred, as it is colorless. For painting with the ochres, the commonest lamp-oil may be used.

The oil, when mixed with the milk and lime, disappears, being entirely dissolved by the lime, with which it forms a calcarious soap.

The Spanish white must be crumbled, and gently spread upon the surface of the liquid, which it gradually imbibes, and at last sinks; it must then be stirred with a stick. This paint is coloured like distemper, with charcoal levigated in water, yellow ochre, &c. It is used in the same manner as distemper.

The quantity above mentioned is sufficient for painting the first layer of six toises.

One of the properties of my paint, which we may term *Milk Distemper Paint*, (*Peinture au lait de trempe*,) is, that it will keep for whole months, and requires neither time nor fire, nor even manipulation; in ten minutes we may prepare enough of it to paint a whole house.

One may sleep in a chamber the night after it has been painted.

A single coating is sufficient for places that have already been painted. It is not necessary to lay on two, unless where grease spots repel the first coating; these should be removed by washing them off with strong lime water, or a ley of soap, or scraped off.

New wood requires two coatings. One coating is sufficient for a stair-case, passage, or ceiling.


I have since given a greater degree of solidity to this method of painting, for it has been my aim, not only to substitute it in the place of painting in distemper, but also of oil paint.

Refinous Milk Painting.

For work out of doors I add to the Milk Distemper Painting—slacked lime, 2 ounces—oil, 2 oz.—white Burgundy pitch, 2 oz.

The pitch is to be melted in the oil by a gentle heat, and added to the smooth mixture of milk and oil. In cold weather the mixture should be warmed, to prevent its cooling the pitch too

suddenly, and to facilitate its union with the milk and lime. This painting has some analogy with that known by the name of encaustic.

[ There appears to be a mistake respecting the quantity of Milk, occasioned, no doubt, by the translator—two quarts of Milk are requisite for the materials mentioned, or they may be so far diluted as to spread conveniently with a brush.

The cheapness of the articles for this Paint, makes it an important object for those people that have large wooden houses and fences.

An experiment has been made with this Paint in this country, and it, at present, appears to answer perfectly the description of the inventor.]

BIOGRAPHY, and NOTICES of DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

TITUS LIVIUS, THE ROMAN HISTORIAN.

TITUS Livius may be ranked among the most celebrated historians that the world has ever produced. He composed a history of Rome from the foundation of the city, to the conclusion of the German war conducted by Drusus, in the time of the emperor Augustus. This great work consisted originally of one hundred and forty books; of which there now remain only thirty-five, viz. the first Decade, and the whole from book twenty-one to book forty-five, both inclusive. Of the other hundred and five books, nothing more has survived the ravages of time and barbarians than their general contents. In a perspicuous arrangement of his subject, in a full and circumstantial account of transactions, in the expression of characters and other objects of description, in justness and aptitude of sentiment, and an air of majesty pervading the whole composition, this author may be regarded as one of the best models extant of historical narrative. His style is splendid without meretricious ornament, and copious without being redundant; a fluency to which Quintilian gives the expressive appellation of *lattea ubertas*. Amongst the beauties which we admire in his writings, besides the animated speeches frequently interspersed, are those concise and peculiarly applicable eulogiums, with which he characterises every eminent person mentioned, at the close of their life. Of his industry in collating, and his judgment in deciding upon the preference due to dissentient authorities, in matters of testimony, the work affords numberless proofs. Of the freedom and impartiality, with which he treated even of the recent periods of history, there cannot be

more convincing evidence, than that he was rallied by Augustus as a favorer of Pompey ; and that, under the same emperor, he not only bestowed upon Cicero the tribute of warm approbation, but dared to ascribe, in an age when their names were obnoxious, even to Brutus and Cassius the virtues of consistency and patriotism. If in any thing the conduct of Livy violates our sentiments of historical dignity, it is the apparent complacency and reverence, with which he every where mentions the popular belief in omens and prodigies : but this was the general superstition of the times ; and totally to renounce the prejudices of superstitious education, is the last heroic sacrifice to philosophical scepticism. In general, however, the credulity of Livy appears to be rather affected than real ; and his account of the exit of Romulus, in the following passage, may be adduced as an instance in confirmation of this remark.

His immortalibus editis operibus, quum ad exercitum reconferendum concionem in campo ad Capræ paludem haberet, subita eorū tempestate cum magno fragore tonitribusque tam denso regem operuit nimbo, ut conspectum ejus concioni abstulerit : nec deinde in terris Romulus fuit. Romana pubes, sedato tandem pavore, postquam ex tam turbido die serena & tranquilla lux rediit, ubi vacuam sedem regiam vidit ; etsi satis credebatur Patribus, qui proximi steterant, sublimem raptum prodella ; tamen veluti orbitatis metu ista, mœstum aliquandiu silentium obtinuit. Deinde a paucis initio factō, Deum Deo natum, regem parentemque urbis Romane salvere universi Romulum jubent ; pacem precibus exposcunt, uti volens propitius suam semper sospitet progeniem. Fuisse credo tum quoque aliquos, qui disceptum regem Patrum manibus taciti arguerent ; manavit enim hæc quoque, & perobscura, fama. Illam alteram admiratio volui, & pavor præsens nobilitavit. Consilio etiam unius hominis addita rei decurrit fides : namque Proculus Julius sollicita civitate desiderio regis, & infensa Patribus, gravis, ut traditur, quamvis magna rei auctor, in concionem prodit. “ Romulus, inquit, Quirites, parens urbis hujus, prima hodierna luce cælo repente delapsus, se mihi obvium dedit : quum profusus horrere venerabundusque astissem, petens precibus, ut contra iniuceri fas esset ; Abi, nuncia, inquit, Romanis, Cælestes ita velle, ut mea Roma caput orbis terrarum sit : proinde rem militarem colant : sciantque, & ita posteris tradant, nullas opes humanas armis Romanis resistere posse. Hæc, inquit, locutus, sublimis abiit. Mirum, quantum illi viro nuncianti hæc fidei fuerit ; quamque desiderium Romuli apud plebem exercitumque, facta fide immortalitatis, lenitum sit.

Scarcely any incident in ancient history favors more of the marvellous than the account above delivered respecting the first Roman king : and amidst all the solemnity with which it is related, we may perceive that the historian was not the dupe of credulity. There is more implied than the author thought proper to avow, in the sentence, *Fuisse credo*, &c. In whatever light this anecdote be viewed, it is involved in perplexity. That Romulus affected a despotic power, is not only highly probable, from

his aspiring disposition, but seems to be confirmed by his recent appointment of the *Celeres*, as a guard to his person. He might therefore naturally incur the odium of the Patricians, whose importance was diminished, and their institution rendered abortive, by the encrease of his power. But that they should choose the opportunity of a military review, for the purpose of removing the tyrant by a violent death, seems not very consistent with the dictates even of common prudence; and it is the more incredible, as the circumstance which favored the execution of the plot, is represented to have been entirely a fortuitous occurrence. The tempest which is said to have happened, is not easily reconcilable with our knowledge of that phenomenon. Such a cloud, or mist, as could have enveloped Romulus from the eyes of the assembly, is not a natural concomitant of a thunder-storm. There is some reason to suspect, that both the noise and cloud, if they actually existed, were artificial; the former intended to divert the attention of the spectators, and the latter to conceal the transaction. The word *frago*, a noise or crash, appears to be an unnecessary addition where thunder is expressed, though sometimes so used by the poets; and may therefore imply such a noise from some other cause. If Romulus was killed by any pointed or sharp-edged weapon, his blood might have been discovered on the spot; or if by other means, still the body was equally an object of public ascertainment. If the people suspected the Patricians to be guilty of murder, why did they not endeavour to trace the fact by this evidence? and if the Patricians were really innocent, why did they not urge the examination? But the body, without doubt, was secreted to favor the imposture. The whole narrative is strongly marked with circumstances calculated to affect credulity with ideas of national importance; and to countenance the design, there is evidently a chasm in the Roman history immediately preceding this transaction, and intimately connected with it.

Livy was born at Patavium, and has been charged by Asinius Pollio and others with the provincial dialect of his country. The objections to his Patavinity, as it is called, relate chiefly to the spelling of some words; in which, however, there seems to be nothing so peculiar, as either to occasion any obscurity or merit reprehension.

Livy and Sallust being the only two existing rivals in Roman history, it may not be improper to draw a short comparison between them, in respect of their principal qualities, as writers. With regard to language, there is less apparent affectation in Livy than in Sallust. The narrative of both is distinguished by an elevation of style: the elevation of Sallust seems to be often supported by the dignity of assumed virtue; that of Livy by a majestic air of historical, and sometimes of national importance. In the drawing of characters, Sallust infuses more expression, and Livy more fullness into the features. In the speeches ascribed to

particular persons, these writers are equally elegant and animated.

So great was the fame of Livy in his own life-time, that people came from the extremity of Spain and Gaul, for the purpose only of beholding so celebrated a historian, who was regarded, for his abilities, as a prodigy. This affords a strong proof, not only of the literary taste which then prevailed over the most extensive of the Roman provinces, but of the extraordinary pains with which so great a work must have been propagated, when the art of printing was unknown. In the fifteenth century, upon the revival of learning in Europe, the name of this great writer recovered its ancient veneration; and Alphonsus of Arragon, with a superstition characteristic of that age, requested of the people of Padua, where Livy was born, and is said to have been buried, to be favored by them with the hand which had written so admirable a work.

JOHN WALLIS, D. D.

THE Originals of the following Letters, written by this great Mathematician, prove the vast power of abstraction which his strong and energetic mind possessed :

" December 22, 1669.

" In the dark night, in bed, without pen, ink, or paper, or any thing equivalent, I did, by memory, extract the square-root of 3,000 0000, 00000, 00000, 00000, 00000, 00000, 00000, 00000, which I found to be, 177205, 08075, 68077, 29353, *ferè*; and did the next day commit it to writing."

" February 18, 1670, *stylo Anglia.*

" Johannes Georgius Pellhower (Regiomontanus Borussus) giving me a visit, and desiring an example of the like (when I had for a long time been afflicted with a quartan ague) I did that night propose to myself (in bed by dark) without help to my memory, a number in fifty-three places.

" 2,4681, 3579, 1012, 1411, 1315, 1618, 2017, 1921, 2224, 2628, 3023, 2527, 2931, of which I extracted the square root of 27 places, viz.

" 157, 1030, 1687, 1482, 8058, 1715, 2171, *proximè*; which numbers (as well as the other) I did not commit to paper till he gave me another visit March following, when I did from my memory dictate them to him, who then wrote them from my mouth, and took them with him to examine.

" Yours,

" JOHN WALLIS."

" Oxford, Febr. 16, 1680.

" For Mr. Thomas Smith, B. D.

" Fellow of Magdalen College."

ISAAC BARROW, D. D.

THE precursor of Sir Isaac Newton in mathematics, a great scholar, and a most able Divine, was a very violent Cavalier; and on Charles the Second's return, nothing being done for him, he wrote this distich:

*Te magis optavit rediturum, Carole, nemo,
Et nemo sensit te rediisse minus.*

O how my breast did ever burn
To see my lawful King return!
Yet, whilst his happy fate I bless,
No one has felt its influence less.

Mr. Williams, in a Letter addressed to Archbishop Tillotson, which is prefixed to the folio edition of Dr. Barrow's Works, says, "His first schooling was at the Charter-house, London, for two or three years; when his greatest recreation was such sports as brought on fighting among the boys. In his after-time a very great courage remained, whereof many instances might be set down; yet he had perfectly subdued all inclination to quarrelling; but a negligence of cloaths did always continue with him. For his book he minded it not, and his father had little hopes of success in the profession of a scholar, to which he had designed him. Nay, there was then so little appearance of that comfort which his father afterward received from him, that he often solemnly wished, that if it pleased God to take away any of his children from him, it might be his son Isaac. So vain a thing is man's judgment, and our providence unfit to guide our own affairs!"

When Charles the Second made him Master of Trinity College in Cambridge, he said he had given that dignity to the best scholar in the kingdom.

His Biographer says, "For our Plays, he was an enemy to them, as a principal cause of the debauchery of the times (the other causes he thought to be the French education, and the ill examples of great persons.) He was very free in the use of tobacco, believing it did help to regulate his thinking."

In his person he was very thin and small, but had a mind of such courage, that "one morning going out of a friend's house, before a huge and fierce mastiff was chained up (as he used to be all the day,) the dog flew at him, and he had that present courage to take him by the throat, and, after much struggling, bore him to the ground, and held him there till the people could rise and part them, without any other hurt than the straining of his hands, which he felt some days after."

Charles the Second, who was a man of a most excellent understanding whenever he thought fit to exert it, used to say of Dr. Barrow, that he exhausted every subject which he treated. How well-founded this observation was, let the following quotation, containing a definition of Wit, evince. It is taken from his Sermon "Against Foolish Talking and Jestings."

"Wit is indeed," says this great Divine, "a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth on words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped up in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or smartly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart crony or in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense; sometimes a scencal representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture, passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, gives it being; sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange, sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose; often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roving of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by,) which, by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression, doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring it in some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a veracity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar, it seeming to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable, a notable skill that he can dextrously accommodate them to the purpose before him, together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination: whence, in Aristotle, such persons are called dextrous men, and men of facile and versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves. It also procureth delight by gratifying curiosity with its rareness, or semblance of difficulty (as monst'rs, not for their beauty but for their rarity, as juggling tricks, not for their use but for their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure,) by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts, by instilling gaiety and airyness of spirit, by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance, and by seasoning matters otherwise distasteful or insipid with an unusual and thence grateful tang."

The following Letter to Dr. John Mapletost, one of the Gresham Professors (and which is included in a series of several other fragments of some of the greatest literary Characters of the last century, published by a Grandson of Dr. Mapletost in the European Magazine,) will furnish the reader with a specimen of Dr. Barrow's epistolary talents :

DR. BARROW TO DR. MAPLESTOST.

"DEARE SIR,

"I doe heartily bid you welcome home, and receive your kind salutations most thankfully ; but your project concerning Mr. Davies I cannot admitt. Trinity College is, God be thanked, in peace (I wish all Christendome were so well,) and it is my duty, if I can, to keep uproars thence. I doe wish Mr. Davis heartily well, and would doe him any good I could ; but this I conceive neither faisible nor fitting. We shall discourse more of it when I come. I have severely admonished T. H. for his clownish poltrony in not daring to encountre the gentle Monsieur that saluted him from Blois. Pardon my grave avocations that I deferr saying more till I shall be so happy to see you. In the meane time (with my best wishes and services to you, your good Madam Comfortable, the good Doctor, and all our friends) I am,

Deare Sir,

Your most affectionate friend,

and obliged servant,

Trin. Col. July 19, 1673.

IS. BARROW."

DR. SYDENHAM.

THIS great observer of nature still keeps his well-earned and long-acknowledged medical fame, amidst the modern wildness of theory and singularity of practice. "*Opinionum commenta delet dies*," says Tully very beautifully, "*Natura judicium confirmat*."

Sydenham had a troop of horse when King Charles, the First had made a garrison town of Oxford, and studied medicine by accidentally falling into the company of Dr. Coxe, an eminent physician, who, finding him to be a man of great parts, recommended to him his own profession, and gave him directions for his method of pursuing his studies in that art. These he pursued with such success, that in a few years afterwards he became the chief physician of the metropolis.

Sir Richard Blackmore says of him. "that he built all his maxims and rules of practice upon repeated observations on the nature and properties of diseases, and on the power of remedies ; that he compiled so good a history of distempers, and so prevalent a method of cure, that he has advanced the healing art more than Dr. Wallis, with all his curious speculations and fanciful hypotheses."

In the Dedication of one of his Treatises to his friend Dr. Mapletost, Sydenham says, "that the medical art could not be learned so well, and so surely, as by use and experience; and that he who should pay the nicest and most accurate attention to the symptoms of distempers, would succeed best in finding out the true means of cure." He says afterwards, "that it was no small sanction to his method that it was approved by Mr. Locke, a common friend to them both, who had diligently considered it; than whom," adds he, "whether I consider his genius, or the acuteness and accuracy of his judgment, and his antient (that is the best) morals, I hardly think that I can find any one superior, certainly very few that are equal to him.*"

Sydenham had such confidence in exercise, on horseback; that in one of his medical Treatises he says, "that if any man were possessed of a remedy that would do equal service to the human constitution with riding gently on horseback twice a-day, he would be in possession of the Philosopher's Stone."

The very extraordinary case mentioned by this great Physician, of the cure of a most inveterate diarrhoea, in a learned Prelate, by slow journeys on horseback, was that of Seth Ward, the Bishop of Sarum, a great Mathematician, and one of the first Members of the Royal Society. It is mentioned in the Life of the Bishop by Dr. Walter Pope.

Sydenham died of the gout; and in the latter part of his life is described as visited with that dreadful disorder, and sitting near an open window, on the ground-floor of his house in St. James's-square, respiring the cool breeze on a summer's evening, and reflecting with a serene countenance, and great complacency, on the alleviation to human misery that his skill in his art had enabled him to give. While this divine man was enjoying one of these delicious reveries, a thief took away from the table near to which he was sitting, a silver tankard filled with his favorite beverage, small-beer in which a sprig of rosemary had been immersed, and ran off with it. Sydenham was too lame in his feet to ring his bell, and too feeble in his voice to give the alarm after him.

Sydenham has been accused of discouraging students in medicine from reading on their very complicated art. When Sir Richard Blackmore asked what books he should read on his profession, he replied, "Read Don Quixote; it is a very good book—I read it still." There might be many reasons given for this advice: at that time, perhaps, the art of medicine was not approaching so nearly to a science as it is at present. He, perhaps, discovered that Sir Richard had as little genius for medicine as he had for poetry; and he very well knew, that in a profession which peculiarly requires observation and discrimination, books alone cannot supply what Nature has denied.

* Mr. Locke appended a copy of Latin verses to Dr. Sydenham's "Treatise upon Fevers."

ROBERT NELSON, Esq.

THIS learned and pious Gentleman was peculiarly splendid in his dress and appearance. He was not willing to render the practice of piety more difficult than was necessary; and, to attract mankind to goodness, he submitted to embellish the charms of virtue by the graces of elegance; thinking, perhaps, with Virgil,

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus :
Virtue more pleasing in a pleasing form.

Dr. Johnson always supposed that Mr. Richardson had Mr. Nelson in his thoughts, when he delineated the character of Sir Charles Grandison.

BOERHAAVE.

FIFTY years are now elapsed," says the learned Baron Haller, "since I was the disciple of the immortal Boerhaave; but his image is continually present to my mind. I have always before my eyes the venerable simplicity of that great man, who possessed in an eminent degree the power of persuasion. How often have I heard him say, when he spoke of the precepts of the Gospel, that the Divine Teacher of it had much more knowledge of the human heart than Socrates! He particularly alluded to that sentence in the New Testament, "Whosoever looketh after a woman to lust after her, hath already committed adultery with her in his heart: for," added my illustrious master, "the first attacks of vice are always feeble; reason has then some power over the mind. It is then in the very moment that such thoughts occur as have a tendency to withdraw us from our duty, that if we with diligence suppress them, and turn our attention to something else, we may avoid the approaching danger, and not fall into the temptations of vice."

Boerhaave wrote in Latin a Commentary on his own Life, in which, in the third person, he takes notice of his opinions, of his studies, and of his pursuits. He there tells us, "that he was persuaded the Scriptures, as recorded in their originals, did instruct us in the way of salvation, and afford tranquility to the mind, when joined with obedience to Christ's precepts and example." He complains, however, that many of those who make the most unequivocal profession of our Saviour's doctrine, pay too little deference to his example recommended in one of his precepts—"Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart."

Not long before he died, he told his friends, that he had never doubted of the spiritual and immaterial nature of the soul; but that in a very severe illness with which he was afflicted, he had a

kind of experimental certainty of the distinction between corporeal and thinking substances, which mere reason and philosophy cannot supply, and had opportunities of contemplating the wonderful and inexplicable union of soul and body. "This," says Dr. Johnson in his exquisite Life of him, "he illustrated by the effects which the infirmities of his body had upon his faculties; which yet they did not so oppress or vanquish, but that his soul was always master of itself, and always resigned to the pleasure of its Author."

This great man, on all occasions, declared Sir Isaac Newton to have been a most accurate observer in chemistry, as well as in the other branches of natural philosophy. In his Lectures he constantly called the immortal Sydenham, the British Hippocrates.

Music and gardening were the constant amusements of Boerhaave. In the latter part of his life his great pleasure was to retire to his country seat near Leyden, where he had a garden of eight acres, enriched with all the exotic shrubs and plants which he could procure, that would live in that soil. "Thus," says Dr. Lobb, "the amusement of the youth and of the age of this great man was of the same kind—the cultivation of plants; an employment coeval with mankind, the first to which necessity compelled them, and the last to which, wearied with the tiresome round of vanities, they are fond of retreating, as to the most innocent and entertaining recreation."

Boerhaave is buried in the great Church of Leyden, under a large marble urn thus simply inscribed:

*Salutifero Boerhaavii Genio
Sacra.*

It has been mentioned, to the honour of Boerhaave, by one of his Biographers, that he received the visits of three crowned heads,—the Grand Duke of Tuscany, William the Third, and Peter the Great, the last of whom slept in his barge all night, over against the house of our illustrious Professor, that he might have two hours conversation with him before he gave his Lectures. These visits most assuredly did more honour to the Princes than to the Philosopher, whose power, like that of the Poets mentioned by Charles the Ninth in his Epistle to Ronfard, is exercised upon the minds, while that of the Sovereign is confined to the bodies of mankind.

SAMUEL CLARKE, D. D.

IN the opinion of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Samuel Clarke was the most complete literary character that England ever produced. Every one must be inclined to be of this opinion, when he considers what a good critical scholar, what an excellent philosopher, what an acute metaphysician he was. Amongst Dr.

Clarke's papers was found a letter from Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, offering him an Irish Bishoprick, which he refused; and a letter of that great Greek scholar Dr. Bentley to him, expressive of his concurrence of opinion with him upon the formation of the tenses of the Greek verbs, which he has so fully illustrated in a note on the first book of his edition of Homer.

This great man was so chary of his time, that he constantly took with him wherever he went some book or other in his pocket. This he used to pull out in company and read, and scratch under the remarkable passages with his nail.

Dr. Clarke has been censured by some idle and foolish persons for playing at cards, and for being occasionally a practical joker. Those who make this objection only to the perfection of the character of Dr. Clarke, do not consider that the most busy persons are in general the most easily amused. The Doctor's great and fervid mind, wearied with laborious and painful thinking, required mere respite and relaxation from toil, and did not exact either the delicacy or the violence of amusement which those persons demand whose great business is pleasure.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

AS Lucretius says of his great Philosopher,

*Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, & omnis
Præstrinxit, stellas exortus uti Ætherius Sol,*

Whose comprehensive energy of mind
Obscur'd the meaner talents of mankind,
As the ris'n Sun in radiant glory bright
Extinguishes the Star's diminish'd light,

says, with a noble modesty, in one of his letters to Dr. Bentley, "When I wrote my Treatise about our System, I had an eye upon such principles as might work with considering men for the belief of a Deity; and nothing can rejoice me more than to find it useful for that purpose: but if I have done the public any service this way, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought.*

"You sometimes," adds this great Philosopher, "speak of gravity as essential and inherent to matter. Pray do not ascribe that notion to me; for the cause of gravity is what I do not pretend to know, and therefore would take more time to consider it."

* "*Genie c'est le travail,*" says M. de Buffon, "Genius is the repeated effort of thinking; it comes not by inspiration, but is the working of a powerful mind applied to a particular subject." Sir Isaac Newton told Bishop Pearce, "that he had spent thirty years, at intervals, in reading over all the authors or parts of authors, which could furnish him with materials for his "*Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms*;" and that he had written that Work over sixteen times with his own hand."

"The hypothesis of matter's being at first evenly spread through the Heavens is, in my opinion, inconsistent with the hypothesis of innate gravity, without a supernatural power to assist them; and therefore it infers a Deity."

Dr. Johnson said, that he had been told by an acquaintance of Sir Isaac, that in early life he started as a clamorous infidel; but that, as he became more more informed on the subject, he was converted to Christianity, and became one of its most zealous defenders.

As Dr. Edmund Halley, the Astronomer, a man of very lively parts, was one day talking against Christianity before Sir Isaac, and saying that it wanted mathematical demonstration, Sir Isaac stopped him by saying, "Mun, you had better hold your tongue; you have never sufficiently considered the matter."

Sir Isaac bore his last illness, that of the stone, with great fortitude and resignation; "and though," as his Niece used to say, "his agony was so great, that large drops of sweat forced themselves through a double night-cap which he wore, he never complained or cried out."

Backgammon was a favourite recreation with him, at which he used to play with Mr. Flamstead. Fontenelle concludes his exquisite Eulogium upon this great man with saying, that he distinguished himself from other men by no kind of singularity whatever: a distinction but too often affected by many who, possessing no degree of Sir Isaac's talents or virtues, and having no claims to the indulgence of others, endeavour to procure celebrity to themselves by affectation. Sir Isaac, indeed, was in one respect but too like the common race of mortals: his desire of gain induced him to have some concern in the fatal bubble of the South Sea; by which (as his Niece used to say) he lost twenty thousand pounds. Of this, however, he never much liked to hear; nor, perhaps, should it ever be mentioned, but to warn mankind against the indulgence of a passion which rendered the character of this wonder of humanity imperfect, and which has too often entailed disgrace and ruin on those who have improvidently suffered themselves to be governed by it.

AUGUSTUS LAFONTAINE.

THE celebrated Lafontaine, whose Clara Dupleffis and Count St. Julien have met with more than common applause in the world, being frequently confounded with his French namesake, the celebrated author of Fables and other Poems; we deem it our duty to rectify this error, and to inform our readers, that he was born of German parents, whose ancestors were French refugees, and at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes settled in Prussia. His father, who, if we be not misinformed, is minister of one of the numerous French colonies, to which

Prussia is indebted for a great part of her present polish and wealth, spared neither expense nor diligence to give him an excellent education, and to store his mind with practical knowledge. He inspired him with an ardent love of Greek and Roman literature; and the close application with which he studied the classics of these celebrated ancient nations, together with a practical acquaintance with the best English, French, and Italian authors, whom he was early taught to read in the original language, gave his mind a high degree of polish, and a keenness of judgment, which enabled him to steer clear of those prejudices which but too generally check the growth of the ablest geniuses, and infect them with an illiberality highly detrimental to the progress of truth and humanity. He commenced his academical career at a period when professor Kant of Königsberg, began to revive again the long neglected study of Metaphysics; and the works of that philosopher had a powerful influence on the turn which his genius took. Having finished his academical studies, he attended a young nobleman, as tutor, on his travels through France, Italy, Switzerland, and a great part of Germany, which contributed very much to enlarge his knowledge of men and manners, and to acquire that eminent degree of elegance and urbanity which he displays in all his writings. He at present, is chaplain to the regiment of Rhadden, which is in garrison at Halle in Prussia, where he divides his time between a familiar intercourse with the principal learned men, who grace that university, and his literary compositions. Germany gratefully acknowledges his great merits in polite literature; and he has obtained more popularity than any one of his most eminent predecessors ever enjoyed, and his sovereign has taken the most honourable notice of his successful attempts to reform the frivolous taste of his contemporaries, which produced the most monstrous compositions in the novel line, that have inundated the continent since the invention of the art of printing. Quintus Heymeran von Fleming, a novel, in four volumes, in which he lashes the servile followers of systems, and the intolerance and illiberality of thinking to which they are liable, was the first elaborate work with which he opened his career, under the fictitious name of GUSTAV FREYER. This first product of his elegant muse, which abounds with a profound knowledge of the human heart, and of principles which cannot spread without being attended with the most salutary consequences, established his credit so much at the first outset, that he soon after ventured to appear without disguise on the stage of polite literature, and published his ROMULUS, GORGUS and ARISTOMENES, and RUDOLPH of WERDENBERG; three detached Legendary Tales, in which he successfully attempted to correct certain favourite erroneous notions of our times, which have been, and still are productive of incalculable mischief. Amongst his later publications, CLARA DUPLESSIS, St. JULIEN, the history of the Family of HALDEN, the SONDERLING (the EXCENTRIC,)

the NATURMENSCH (the Pupil of Nature,) the GEWALT der LIEBE (the Power of Love;) and, last of all, HERMANN LANGE, deserve particular notice, as they breathe the most amiable spirit of truth, justice, and humanity, and are principally calculated to animate the reader with an ardent zeal of rendering his fellow-men wiser and happier.

JOHN PAUL FRED. RICHTER,

WHO has lately been appointed Secretary of Legation by the Duke of Hilburghausen. This Celebrated poet with two heads, one of which has the physiognomy of a Cherub, and the other that of a Satyr, has but lately joined the poetic hand who stray among the fertile and tuneful meads and groves of Weimar. The free and charming Muse of that place seems to have allured him from the noise and bustle of commercial Leipzig, where he before resided. Richter was born at Hoff, in the Marquisate of Bayreuth, where in his earlier years he was employed as a domestic tutor, and where his genius was gradually developed under circumstances not the most favorable, till at last he rose with the flight of an eagle before the wondering eyes of the literary world. The work in which his talents first shone forth and attracted applause and admiration, was a humorous romance, in three volumes, entitled *Hesperus*. His preceeding publications are possessed of very inferior merit, and he himself considers his *Hesperus* to be his master-piece. When Wieland first read this work, he exclaimed, "There comes one with one of Shakespeare's wings!"

The most lively sprightliness, and a mien which notices whatever is ridiculous, are depicted in his expressive countenance. In his ever-moving eye glows that sublime ideal fire and life—that intoxication of soul, which seizes us in perusing his works. He is indeed all soul. His conversation as well as his writings abounds with wit and humour. It may be remarked of him, as it was of Voltaire, that he never opened his mouth without saying something witty. His literary celebrity paved him the way to the court of the Duchess Amelia, mother of the present Duke of Weimar, and to many other select circles, of which he became the soul and delight. His studies are a delicious feast to his mind, from which he tears himself with the greatest reluctance. So great is his thirst of knowledge, that he has studied every science methodically; and even yet he daily reads whatever falls in his way, from Göthe and Swift, his idol, down to the Leipzig Address-Calendar, with great attention, and from them makes excerpts, of which from early youth he has collected whole piles. There is nothing in the world which he hates more than the Kantian Philosophers, because to him they seem to wish to banish love from among mankind. He even goes so far as to propose in his writ-

ings the employing of rat's-bane to destroy that sect; and has lately written a bitter book against Fichte, entitled *Clavis Fichtiana*. Herder and Jacobi are at present the authors he most esteems. Herder entertains an equal esteem for him. Not so completely does Wieland harmonize with our poet. The irregular fancy of the latter offends the fine Grecian regularity of the former. Wieland however does justice to the genius of John Paul. In particular he admires the beautiful and sublime ideality of the characters in the *Hesperus*; and is of opinion, that so pure and heavenly a character, as Chlotild's, never before emanated from the imagination of a poet. Richter does not confine himself to books; he likewise with great diligence and interest studies mankind. For this purpose he often seeks the crowded scenes of busy life, frequents public places, at merry-makings and on other festive occasions mixes among the common people, and silently observes their ways and doings with a penetrating attentive eye.

He was lately on the point of marriage with a young lady of Hilburghausen, who is said to possess a soul congenial with his own: but he broke off the treaty, being of opinion that he could not make her so happy as she deserved. He loves the whole female sex, and zealously preaches against their oppression and subjugation by tyrant man.

The latest production of Richter is entitled *Titan*; where in a high romantic flight he attacks the cold egotism of the present age. To this work he prefixed a masterly poetic dedication to the Queen of Prussia and her three sisters. The Queen invited him last summer to visit her at Sans-souci, where he frequently had the honour to dine and converse with that beautiful and universally adored princess. This winter likewise he passes sometime at Berlin: but, notwithstanding the flattering reception he there met with, he has fixed upon Weimar as his usual place of residence. Richter's Romances have all the humour of the witty Sterne, whom chiefly he has chosen for his pattern, united with the pathos of Rousseau. But he often heaps too many metaphors and similes together, so as to become tedious and even unintelligible. On the whole, indeed, his style cannot stand the test of strict criticism. He has created for himself a peculiar rhetoric. When he shall have learned to confine within due bounds his exuberant fancy, and to give to his works a more pleasing form, he will rank as the first romance-writer of his country. He is not translatable into any other language; but it is worth the while to learn German on his account alone.

CHATTERTON.

THOMAS CHATTERTON, one of the most extraordinary personages that has appeared in the present century, was born at Bristol, Nov. 20, 1752. His predilection for antiquities

was excited in his childhood. He seems, likewise, when almost an infant, to have imbibed a passion for fame, and a thirst for distinction. Traces of this were visible in his earliest intercourse.

He always ambitiously sought the post of pre-eminence among his play-fellows. He was not willing to consider them as his equals, he would have them his servants. How often might the dawn of character be observed in the sports and amusements of youth?

In the mind of young Chatterton, the love of pre-eminence was an impetuous and ruling passion. It imparted an unwearied activity to the energies of his mind; and inspired him with vigour, to resist that lassitude, which arises from incessant exertion. In his meals, he used an almost ascetic abstinence; and he slept but little. The greater part of every night he devoted to the multifarious occupations of genius; his unquenchable passion for fame almost enabled him to counteract the ordinary calls of nature for repose; and without a considerable portion of which common mortals would soon expire.

To the early thirst of Chatterton for distinction, and which, more fortunately for the world than for himself, took a literary direction, I attribute his forgery of the poems attributed to Rowley. He well knew that any poems, appearing in his own name, and as the productions of a parish boy, would have excited but little attention; and he certainly could not hope that they would cause his reputation to emerge from the bosom of obscurity. But he knew that the publication of poems, said to have been written in the fifteenth century, and with all the harmony of numbers which is perceptible in the writers of the eighteenth, would be a literary phenomenon, well calculated to excite general curiosity. Even in Bristol, where the heart is too usually dormant to any emotions, but to those of gain or of voluptuousness, a few sparks of curiosity and of interest were elicited; and Chatterton found the shadow of patronage (alas it was but the shadow!) in a surgeon and a pewterer.

Another motive, which operated to the production of this wonderful forgery, was the desire of the young author to gratify his vanity, by imposing on the learned world. This he did most effectually. The garb of antiquity, which he assumed, seems to have deceived some of the most profound antiquaries; and the genuineness of the poems might, to this day, have remained a matter of ambiguity, if the forgery of Chatterton had not been indisputably established by the taste of Warton, and the precise and penetrating erudition of Tyrwhitt.

The most remarkable circumstance in the life of Chatterton is the early maturity of his mind. His intellect, unlike the intellect of most men, does not seem to have attained its greatness by a slow and gradual, but a rapid and almost instantaneous expansion. Of that taste, whose divine irradiations are dispensed to none but the man of genius—of that taste, which is a subtle and deli-

cate emanation from a sound judgment, quick perceptions, and a vigorous intelligence, and which bestows the power of discerning beauties that are invisible to vulgar apprehensions, and of forming combinations which strike universally by their justness, or dazzle by their splendour—Chatterton possessed a more than common share, at a premature period.

At the age of sixteen he produced the tragedy of *Ella*; in which there are the marks of a mind vigorous in pursuit, powerful in combination, and delicate in selection. In the perusal of *Ella*, who, that can sympathise with the varied agitations of the human breast, can refrain from experiencing alternate emotions of softness and of magnanimity—now melted by the tenderness of *Birtha*, now elevated by the heroism of *Ella*? In the parting scene, which is ably managed, the spirit of the warrior predominates over that of the lover; while *Birtha*, an exquisitely winning portrait of female frailty, is carried resistlessly down the stream of her sensations. The song of the minstrel is remarkable for its simplicity, its sweetness and pathos.

“Come with a corne-coppe and thorne,
 Drayne mie heartys blodde awaie;
 Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
 Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
 My love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 All under the willow tree, &c. &c.”

In “the Fragment of *Godwin*,” the chorus of *Freedom* would not have disgraced the lyre of *Gray*. In the battle of *Hastings*, amid a profusion of similes and metaphors, the exuberance of a juvenile imagination, there are examples of the true sublime. “The Ballad of *Charity*” cannot be read without tender emotions; for imagination instantly suggests that the wretchedness of the poet was signified in that of the pilgrim.

To form a true estimate of the genius of Chatterton, we must not forget that the beauties of his poetry are less resplendent than they otherwise would be, from the perverted and antiquated diction, and the often barbarous and incongruous idiom by which they are obscured. Many of the words used by Chatterton, were the coinage of his own fancy; others are distorted from their common and regular acceptation in ancient writers; and the elegance of modern phraseology is blended with the fictitious incrustations of antiquity.

The sensations which we experience in perusing some of the best of our ancient poets, are not unlike those which will be felt by a man of a cultivated sensibility, who walks in a gothic aisle; when the rays of the moon are gleaming on the chambers of the dead; but those which we imbibe from the poetry of Chatterton, though they have less solemnity, have something more of softness, as if we were sitting in an ancient choir, and were now inspired by the grandeur of the scene—now melted by the sweet-

ness of the harmony. The genuine poet is known by the degree of energy with which he can influence our sensations, and make them respond to his master volition; who powerfully touches the chords of our hearts, and deprives us of the possession of ourselves. A second rate poet only plays about the heart; but a poet of the first order, like Shakespear in many passages, like Chatterton in a few, storms every avenue of the soul, and makes us glow with enthusiasm, or sadden with despair.

The genius of Chatterton languished in the atmosphere of Bristol; his productions were not to the taste of the merchants, who were wallowing in the luxury of wealth: while the poet was suffered to feel the piercing anguish of penury and of scorn. He, accordingly, accepted the offers of some London booksellers, who invited him to the metropolis. In April, 1770, he left his native city, glowing, probably, with those gay illusions of fame and fortune, with which hope is continually cheating the burning fancy of youth. But the fond expectations of poor Chatterton were never realized; and distracted with the recollection of past neglect, and the prospect of future misery, he took poison on the evening of the 24th of August, 1770, of which he expired the next morning, when he wanted almost three months to complete his eighteenth year.

Far be it from me to become the apologist of self-murder: but I must say, that when distressed genius (genius, whose sensations are so tremblingly delicate, and which feels misery with ten times the poignancy of ordinary mortals) in the bitterness of anguish, shuts out the hope of mercy, by becoming its own destroyer, those ought, in some measure, to share the guilt of the crime, who refused the patronage by which it might have been prevented. Horatio! though too art descended to the dust of thy fathers, or I should be tempted to say that which would awaken thy remorse!!

Mr. Warton has observed, that Chaucer is like a genial day, in an English spring; but Chatterton appears to resemble a meteor seen in a summer sky, which passes away too soon for all its deviations to be noted, or all its lustre to be ascertained.

To this I shall only add, that, in the year 1790, I saw the mother and sister of Chatterton. The mother was very infirm and sickly; the sister kept a day school, and had, I think, one little daughter. They were in indigent circumstances.

SCHROTER.

RARE indeed is the phenomenon of a private individual expending a considerable part of his property in the purchase of valuable instruments; not for show, and as learned furniture for his house; but which he applies with unwearied perseverance, and the happiest effects, to useful celestial observations, and the discovery of new truths, which immediately lead to the promotion of cosmography. Such a man, however, now lives in Germany;

and with justice may his country be proud of him. Though astronomy be not his peculiar vocation, though he be not salaried for the purpose; all the leisure that he can spare from the laborious duties of his office, which he performs with the greatest conscientiousness, he applies, in a manner the most conducive to the progress of the sciences, to the most difficult observations of remarkable appearances of the heavens, to observe which few astronomers have either inclination or opportunity.

John Jerome Schröter, Doctor of Laws, Grand Bailiff of a Province in the Electorate of Hanover, Member of the Royal Societies and Academies of Sciences of London, Göttingen, Stockholm, &c. &c. was born at Erfurt in Thuringia, on the 30th of August, 1745. In his youth, he had neither opportunity nor leisure to study mathematics, much less astronomy; while at the university, being chiefly engaged in the study of the law, he had only, with much predilection and zeal, attended lectures on physical astronomy, as a part of natural philosophy; and had likewise enjoyed the instructions of Kästner in abstract mathematics. Soon after, he was so overwhelmed with official law affairs, that he was obliged to labour day and night, sacrificing his health in the conscientious performance of his duty. When he had been some years Reporter in the Exchequer Chamber at Hanover, his natural genius for natural philosophy and astronomy again awoke; and he began, in 1778, to study the latter science with extraordinary ardour, and without the assistance of any master. His progress at first was small, and his difficulties were increased by the want of necessary instruments. But his genius and perseverance soon triumphed over every obstacle; and in 1779, already was he able to make, with an achromatic telescope, three feet in length, good observations on the planet Venus. So rapid and promising were the first steps of a man, who was destined to pursue paths before untrodden, which led to new developments of the construction of the universe, and to more daring prospects into the great workshop of nature. His first observations he made in 1779 and 1780, on the atmosphere of Venus, which have been inserted in his *Aphroditic Fragments*, of the sun, and of all the planets. To enumerate them all, it would require a volume; nor indeed is it necessary; for who, in his native country, or among foreigners, is ignorant of the important services Schröter has rendered to astronomy? What astronomer, what lover of astronomy, what man, in fine, of a cultivated understanding, is a stranger to the ever memorable treasures, which in so short a space of time he has revealed to us by means of his gigantic telescope, which himself had created. The names of *Herschel* and *Schröter* will, like *Castor* and *Pollox*, shine resplendent stars in the heavens, as long as succeeding generations shall not sink into the lowest ebb of humanity, and no longer honour that which constitutes its greatest dignity.

JAMES THOMSON,

THOUGH a man of an active mind, was oppressed with a heavy and sluggish body, and was extremely inactive and indolent. Dr. Burney, the learned and ingenious author of the "History of Music," visiting him one day at two o'clock in the afternoon, found him in bed, with the curtains closed and the windows shut; and, asking him why he remained so long in bed, was answered by him in the Scottish accent, "Why, Men, I had no motive to rise."

Quin one day told Thomson, that he believed him so completely idle, that he supposed he would let him chew his meat for him. "That indeed I would not, my good friend," replied Thomson; "for I should be afraid that you would afterwards swallow it."

Thomson lived in Kew-lane, Richmond, in the house occupied since his time by Mr. Rois, which is now called Rosedale, and is in the possession of a Lady, who, from her love of Nature and taste in rural decoration, is, with peculiar propriety, destined to retrace the footsteps of the refined and elegant Author of the "Seasons."

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE colour of many a man's life has taken its tinge from accident. Sir William Jones, perhaps, was indebted to the following circumstance for that variety of learning and compass of knowledge by which he was so eminently distinguished.

He was naturally of a very lively disposition. On sitting one day under a pear-tree in the yard of the boarding-house at Harrow, where he was at school, some of the fruit fell off, and there was a general scramble of the boys that were near the tree for it; poor young Jones had his thigh broken in the press, and was directly conveyed to bed, where he lay for a long time, and contracted a love of reading from the books that were brought to amuse him.*

Sir William was the founder of a Society in India for the Investigation of the Antiquities and of the Literature of that extensive region, to which he was a very liberal contributor. One of his most curious papers is "A Defence of the Chronology of Moses against the wild extravagant systems of the Eastern Astronomers." It is preserved in one of the volumes of the "Asiatic Researches."

The last act of Sir William Jones's useful and valuable life was an act of homage to the Supreme Being, who, in kindness to mankind, has afforded them a dispensation of his will, and brought life and immortality to light. He died in a kneeling attitude in

* A similar circumstance happened to Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Order of the Jesuits.

his closet, with his hands clasped together, and his eyes turned toward Heaven.

Sir William Jones's opinion of the Bible, was written on the last leaf of one belonging to him, in these strong terms :*

"I have regularly and attentively read these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed."

• In Sir William Jones, India has lost its greatest ornament; the Commentator of its Poetry, the Investigator of its History, and the Elucidator of its Antiquities, its Laws, its Manners, and its Opinions. His loss may be considered as a public one; and the East-India Company, to whom he was so valuable and so honourable a servant, have wisely and liberally come to a resolution to erect a statue to him in the Cathedral of the Metropolis of the British Empire.

LORD CHATHAM.

LORD CHATHAM was educated at Eton, and in no very particular manner distinguished himself at that celebrated seminary. Virgil in early life was his favourite Author. He was by no means a good Greek scholar; and though he occasionally copied the arrangement and the expressions of Demosthenes with great success in his speeches, he perhaps drew them from the Collana translation of that admirable Orator (that book having been frequently seen in his room by a great Lawyer some time deceased.) The sermons of the great Dr. Barrow and of Abernethy were favourite books with him; and of the sermons of the late Mr. Mudge of Plymouth he always spoke very highly. He once declared in the House of Commons, that no book had ever been perused by him with equal instruction with the Lives of Plutarch.†

Lord Chatham was an extremely fine reader of Tragedy; and a Lady of rank and taste, now living, declares with what satisfaction she has heard him read some of Shakespeare's Historical Plays, particularly those of Henry the Fourth and Fifth. She however uniformly observed, that when he came to the comic or buffoon parts of those plays, he always gave the book to one of his relations, and when they were gone through, he took the book again.

* Men of learning and of erudition have in general been believers in revealed religion; as Usher, Huet, Bochart, Chillingworth, &c. Men of wit and of fancy have but too often been infidels. It is indeed much easier to make objections than to solve them, and he that cannot build a house may pull down a temple.

† Lord Monboddo on the Origin of Language.

Dr. Johnson says acutely, that no man is a hypocrite in his amusements; and those of Lord Chatham seem always to have borne the stamp of greatness about them. His taste in laying out grounds was exquisite. One scene in the gardens of South Lodge on Enfield Chase (which was designed by him,) that of the Temple of Pan and its accompaniments, is mentioned by Mr. Whately, in his "Observations on Modern Gardening," as one of the happiest efforts of well-directed and appropriate decoration.

Endued with an elegant, an ardent, and an exalted understanding, he took no delight in that minuteness of detail which occupies the mind without enlarging it. He was not a man of much various and general knowledge; but the powers of his mind, like the soul of the Dervise in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, seem to have been entirely under the command of his will: he could throw them into whatever subject it was necessary they should embrace. This sublime faculty induced Mr. Cummings, the celebrated American Quaker, to say of him, "The first time I come to Mr. Pitt upon any business, I find him extremely ignorant; the second time I come to him, I find him completely informed upon it."

The energy of mind of this great man (that distinguishing feature of his character) appeared even in little things. He was once, whilst he was Secretary of State, directing the improvements in the grounds of a friend of his near London, and was called to that city sooner than he expected, on the arrival of some important dispatches. On receiving the summons in the evening, he immediately sallied out, attended by all the servants he could get together, with lanterns, and planted stakes in the different places for which he intended clumps and trees.

His Lordship had in early life a very elegant turn for poetry, which occupations of greater moment prevented him from cultivating.

Soon after Sir Robert Walpole had taken away his Cornet's commission from this extraordinary man, he used to drive himself about the country in a one-horse chaise, without a servant. At each town to which he came, the people gathered round about his carriage, and received him with the loudest acclamations.

Lord Chatham thought very highly of the effects of dress and of dignity of manner upon mankind. He was never seen on business without a full-dress coat and a tye-wig, and he never permitted his Under-Secretaries to sit down before him.

A General Officer was once asked by Lord Chatham, How many men he should require for a certain expedition? "Ten thousand," was the answer. "You shall have twelve thousand," said the Minister; "and then if you do not succeed, it is your fault."

The original of the character of Praxiteles, in Mr. Greville's very entertaining book of Maxims, is said to have been Lord Chatham.

The late King of Prussia, in his History of the Seven Years War, thus describes his Lordship: "*L'éloquence et la genie de M. Pitt avoient rendu l'idole de la Nation, c'étoit la meilleure tête d'Angleterre. Il avoit subjugué la Chambre Basse par la force de la parole. Il y regnoit, il en étoit, pour ainsi dire, l'ame. Parvenu au timon des affaires, il applique toute l'étendue de son genie à rendre à sa patrie la domination des mers; et pensant en grande homme, il fut indigné de la Convention de Closter Seven, qu'il regardoit comme l'opprobre des Anglois.*"

This great Minister was never so unfortunate as to engage his Country in that most fatal of all calamities, a war with a formidable enemy.* He, indeed, on coming into Administration, found his country under the pressure of that dreadful evil, which he carried on with a sagacity of plan, and an energy of execution,† which would have ensured a glorious and an honourable peace; such a peace as a conquering can ever dictate to a conquered Nation; such a peace as a people still fresh in resources, and animated with that ardour of enterprize which success never fails to inspire, can enforce upon a people exhausted with various misery,

* "Incident to this point, *The Greatness of Kingdoms* (says Lord Bacon) is for a State to have those Laws and Customs which may reach forth unto them just occasions (as may be pretended) of war. For there is that justice imprinted in the nature of men, that they enter not upon wars (whereof so many calamities do ensue) but upon some, at the least, specious grounds and quarrels."

* * * * *

"As for the wars which were antiently made on the behalf of a kind of party, or tacit conformity of estate, I do not see how they may be well justified. As when the Lacedæmonians and Athenians made wars to set up or pull down democracies or oligarchies, or when wars were made by foreigners, under the pretence of justice or oppression, to deliver the subjects of others from tyranny and oppression, and the like." *Essay on the Greatness of Kingdoms.*

† During the Administration of Lord Chatham, Sir Charles Frederick, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, was ordered one day to attend him, at that time confined to his bed with a severe fit of the gout. Mr. Pitt said, "The battering train in the Tower must beat Portsmouth on the morning of the next day at seven o'clock." Sir Charles attempted to shew the impossibility of executing this order. Mr. Pitt interrupting him replied, "At your peril, Sir, let it be done;" and it was done accordingly. Sir C. Frederick left him at seven o'clock in the evening. Mr. Pitt received an express from every stage the train reached in its passage to Portsmouth.

and dispirited by continual defeats. Of his Commanders both by land and by sea, he was certain: he gave them his confidence, and he had theirs in return. He never suffered the success of his measures, his own honour, and the safety of his country, to be endangered by permitting persons to be imposed upon him as defenders of them, who were not under a necessity of looking up to him for their protection and support.

As an Administrator of a commercial country, Lord Chatham was obliged to call in to its aid the mercenary troops of other Nations: these, indeed, he subsidised with a liberal, but with a prudent hand. He treated those traffickers in human blood in the same manner as a wise keeper of wild beasts treats those animals from whose well-regulated exertions he draws his means of living. The remuneration in one case, like the piece of raw flesh in the other, was not dispensed till the necessary service was performed; till the animals had performed their gambols; till the foldiers had finished the task of devastation and of slaughter for which they were hired. He never so completely saturated stipendiarian rapacity, that, in actual violation of the eternal law of attraction, it appeared to forego its affinity with gold itself, its best-beloved and most congenial metal; that metal which, from time immemorial, had inspired its efforts, had made it mock at peril, at danger, and despise even death itself.

Though imposed upon his Sovereign George the Second as Minister, Lord Chatham ever treated him with that respect which gratified the Monarch, and did honour to himself. No infirmity occasioned by disease, nor even the solicitation of the Sovereign, could prevail upon him to be seated in his presence. When he was not able to stand, he received his commands kneeling upon a stool; and with this elegant and flattering mark of respect the King expressed himself highly pleased to one of his attendants, after the first audience he ever afforded to the Minister not chosen by himself.

LORD MONBODDO.

JAMES Burnet, Lord Monboddo, was a descendant from an ancient family in the shire of Kincardine. He received his education at a Scottish university, at a time when an undistinguishing enthusiasm for all that bore the name of the classical literature of Greece and Rome, was much more predominant than it is at present in Scotland. Choosing to embrace the profession of a lawyer, he passed successfully through the ordinary course of preliminary, juridical studies; and was, in due time, received a member of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. From early youth, his application to his literary and juridical studies, was severely diligent. In the year 1767, he obtained a judges' seat, on the bench of the Scottish Court of Session; and

discharged the duties of that high office with an assiduity, a patience, a clear intelligence, and an uprightness, which do honour even to justice herself. The course of his studies led him to attempt the composition of a work, which might raise his name to distinction among men of letters. He resolved that his first work should afford, to the confusion and astonishment of the moderns, a complete vindication of the wisdom and eloquence of his admired ancients. The first volumes of his *Origin and Progress of Language*, were, in consequence of this resolution, at length given to the public. These volumes were perused by critics with sentiments of mingled respect, ridicule and indignation. With the philosophical history of language, his plan necessarily involved that of civility and knowledge.

Those critics who were partial to modern literature, on account of their ignorance of that of antiquity, or who, though not unacquainted with the more popular of the ancient authors, were, however, strangers to the deeper mysteries of Greek erudition, condemned Lord Monboddo's work with bitter and contemptuous censure. The Scottish literati, almost to a man, declared it to be unworthy of perusal with any other view, than to be amused by its ridiculous absurdity. Nothing it was said, but the strange absurdity of his opinions, could have hindered his book from falling dead-born from the press. In England, however, its reception was somewhat less unpropitious to the author's hopes. In the late Mr. Harris, of Malmesbury, he found an admirer and literary friend, who was himself deeply versant in Grecian learning and philosophy, and was exceedingly delighted to meet with one that had cultivated these studies with equal ardour, and worshipped the excellence of the ancient Greeks, as far above all other excellence. His private life was spent in the practice of all the social virtues, and in the enjoyment of much domestic felicity. He married Miss Farquharson, a very amiable woman, by whom he had a son and two daughters. Although rigidly temperate in his habits of life, he, however, delighted much in the convivial society of his friends : and among these he could number almost all the most eminent of those who were distinguished in Scotland for virtue, literature, or genuine elegance of conversation and manners. One of those who esteemed him the most highly, was the late Lord Gardenstone ; a man who, though his propensities to sensual pleasure, and his habits of dissipation, were very different from the sanctity of the manners of Monboddo, possessed, however, no mean portion of the same overflowing benignity of disposition, the same unimpeachable integrity as a judge, the same partial fondness for literature and for the fine arts. His son, a very promising boy, in whose education he took great delight, was, indeed, snatched away from his affections by a premature death : but, when it was too late for sorrow and anxiety to avail, the afflicted father stifled the emotions of nature in his breast, and wound up the energies of his soul to the firmest tone of Stoical fortitude. He was, in like manner, bereaved of his

excellent lady, the object of his dearest tenderness; and he endeared the loss with a similar firmness, fitted to do honour either to philosophy or to religion.

In addition to his office, as a judge in the supreme Civil Court, in Scotland, an offer was made to him of a seat in the Court of Justiciary, the supreme criminal court. But, though the emoluments of this place would have made a convenient addition to his income, he refused to accept it; lest its business should too much detach him from the pursuit of his favourite studies. His patrimonial estate was small, not affording a revenue of more than 300*l.* a year. Yet he would not raise the rents; would never dismiss a poor old tenant for the sake of any augmentation of emolument offered by a richer stranger; and, indeed, shewed no particular solicitude to accomplish any improvement upon his lands,—save that of having the number of persons who should reside upon them, as tenants, and be there sustained by their produce,—to be, if possible, superior to the population of any equal portion of the lands of his neighbours.

The vacations of the Court of Session afforded him leisure to retire every year, in spring and in autumn, to the country; and he used then to dress in a style of simplicity, as if he had been only a plain farmer, and to live among the people upon his estate with all the kind familiarity and attention of an aged father among his grown-up children. It was there he had the pleasure of receiving Dr. Samuel Johnson, with his friend James Boswell, at the time when these two gentlemen were upon their well-known journey through the Highlands of Scotland. Johnson admired nothing in literature so much as the display of a keen discrimination of human character, a just apprehension of the principles of moral action, and that vigorous common sense which is the most happily applicable to the ordinary conduct of life. Monboddo delighted in the refinements, the subtleties, the abstractions, the affectations of literature; and in comparison with these, despised the grossness of modern taste, and of common affairs. Johnson thought learning and science to be little valuable, except so far as they could be made subservient to the purposes of living usefully and happily with the world upon its own terms. Monboddo's favourite science taught him to look down with contempt upon all sublunary, and especially upon all modern things; and to fit life to literature and philosophy, not literature and philosophy to life. James Boswell, therefore, in carrying Johnson to visit Monboddo, probably thought of *putting* them one against another, as two game-cocks, and promised himself much sport from the colloquial contest which he expected to ensue between them. But Monboddo was too hospitable and courteous to enter into keen contention with a stranger in his own house. There was much talk between them, but no angry controversy, no exasperation of that dislike for each others well-known peculiarities with which they had met. Johnson, it is true, still

continued to think Lord Monboddo, what he called a *prig* in literature.

To unfold and to vindicate the principles of the Grecian philosophy more fully than could be conveniently done in his book on the *Origin and Progress of Language*, Lord Monboddo engaged in the composition of a work under the title of *Ancient Metaphysics*. On his visits to London, Lord Monboddo met with so many more men of profound erudition than he had opportunity to converse with at the places of his ordinary residence, that a journey to the capital became a very favourite amusement of his periods of vacation from the business of the court to which he belonged. For a while, he accustomed himself to make this journey once a year. A carriage, a vehicle that was not in common use among the ancients, he considered as an engine of effeminacy and sloth, which it was disgraceful for a man to make use of in travelling. To be dragged at the tail of a horse, instead of mounting upon his back,—seemed, in his eyes, to be a truly ludicrous degradation of the genuine dignity of human nature. In all his journeys, therefore, between Edinburgh and London, he was wont to ride on horseback, with a single servant attending him. He continued this practice, without finding it too fatiguing for his strength, till he was between eighty and ninety years of age. Within these few years, on his return from a last visit, which he made on purpose to take leave before his death of all his old friends in London, he became exceedingly ill upon the road, was unable to proceed and had he not been overtaken by a Scottish friend, who prevailed with him to travel for the remainder of the way in a carriage, he might perhaps have actually perished by the way side, or breathed his last in some dirty inn. From that time he never again attempted an equestrian journey to London.

A constitution of body naturally framed to wear well and last long, was strengthened to Lord Monboddo by exercise, guarded by temperance, and by a tenor of mind too firm to be deeply broken in upon by those passions which consume the principles of life. In the country he always used the exercise of walking in the open air and of riding. The cold bath is a mean of preserving the health, to which he had recourse in all his seasons, amid every severity of the weather, under every inconvenience of indisposition or business, with a perseverance invincible. He was accustomed, alike in winter and in summer, to rise from bed at a very early hour in the morning, and, without loss of time, to betake himself to study or wholesome exercise. It is said, that he has even found the use of what he calls the *air-bath*, or the practice of *occasionally walking about, for some minutes, naked, in a room filled with fresh and cool air*, to be highly salutary.

His eldest daughter became, many years since, the wife of Kirkpatrick Wilkinson, Esq. a gentleman who holds a respectable office in the Court of Session. His second daughter, a most amiable and beautiful young lady, died about six years since of a consumption, a disease that, in Scotland, proves too often fatal to

the loveliest and most promising among the fair and the young. Neither his philosophy, nor the necessary torpor of the feelings of extreme old age, could hinder Lord Monboddo from being very deeply afflicted by so grievous a loss. From that time he began to droop exceedingly in his health and spirits to the period of his death.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

LITERATURE has lately sustained a severe loss by the death of GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A. whom a fever carried off on September the 9th, in the 46th year of his age, to the unspeakable regret of his family and friends. A person in various respects so distinguished, is a proper subject for the contemplation of survivors; and he had deserved too well of the public not to be entitled to honourable and affectionate commemoration.

Mr. Wakefield, in "Memoirs of his own Life," published in 1792, has informed the world of all the circumstances attending his education and passage through life down to that period, with a minuteness and frankness which render his work a very curious and entertaining piece of biography. I shall not make any transcripts from it, but, confining myself to a slight sketch of the leading events, shall take that view of his character and conduct which suggests itself to the reflexion of a friendly but not a prejudiced bystander.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD was born on February 22, 1756, at Nottingham, of which town his father was one of the parochial clergy. An uncommon solidity and seriousness of disposition marked him from infancy, together with a power of application, and thirst after knowledge, which accelerated his progress in juvenile studies. In his grammatical course he passed under the tuition of several masters, the last and most respectable of whom was the Rev. Mr. Wooddeson, of Kingston-upon-Thames, to which parish his father was then removed. He was used, however, to lament that he had not possessed the advantages of an uniform education at one of those public schools, which undoubtedly, whatever may be their dangers and deficiencies, effect the point at which they exclusively aim, that of laying a solid foundation for classical erudition in its most exact form. In 1772 he was entered as a scholar of Jesus-college, Cambridge; and it was ever a topic of thankfulness to him, that he became a member of *that* university in which the love of truth met with some encouragement from a spirit of liberal inquiry, rather than of *that* which was devoted either to supine indolence, or to the passive inculcation of opinions sanctioned by authority. During the first years, his attention was chiefly fixed upon classical studies, always his favourites; and he was excited only by emulation and academical requisitions to aim at that proficiency in mathematical knowledge which bears so high a value at Cambridge. Yet while he

confesses himself destitute of a genuine taste for speculations of this kind, he scruples not to declare the infinite superiority, in point of grandeur and sublimity, of mathematical philosophy to classical lucubrations. In 1776 he took his degree of B. A. on which occasion he was nominated to the second post among seventy-five candidates; and soon after, he was elected to a fellowship of his college. In the same year he published a small collection of Latin poems, with a few critical notes on Homer, at the university-press. If not highly excellent, they were sufficient to establish the claim of a young man to more than ordinary acquaintance with the elegancies of literature. He had already obtained a knowledge of the Hebrew language, as preparatory to those theological studies which now became his most serious occupation; and it may safely be affirmed that no man ever commenced them with a mind more determined upon the unbiassed search after truth, and the open assertion of it when discovered. The foundation which he laid for his enquiries was an accurate knowledge of the phraseology of the Scriptures, acquired by means of attention to the idiom in which they were written. As at this time some of his most esteemed academical friends manifested their dissatisfaction with the articles of the church of England by a conscientious refusal of subscription, it cannot be doubted that scruples on this point had already taken possession of his mind; and so far had his convictions proceeded, that he has stigmatized his compliance with the forms requisite for obtaining deacon's orders, which he received in 1778, as "the most disingenuous action of his whole life." If, indeed, he could receive consolation from the practice of others, there were several of his intimate associates, who, by a superiority to such scruples, have since risen to opulence and distinction in the church, without betraying any uneasiness for a similar acquiescence.

Mr. Wakefield left college after ordination, and engaged in a curacy at Stockport, in Cheshire, whence he afterwards removed to a similar situation in Liverpool. He performed the duties of his office with seriousness and punctuality; but his dissatisfaction with the doctrine and worship of the church continuing to increase, he probably considered his connection with it as not likely to be durable. The disgust he felt at what he saw of the practice of privateering, and the slave-trade, in the latter place of his residence, also awakened in his mind that humane interest in the rights and happiness of his fellow-creatures, which has made so conspicuous a part of his character. The American war did not tend to augment his attachment to the political administration of his country: in short, he became altogether unfit to make one of that body, the principal business of which, in the opinion of many, seems to be, acting as the satellites of existing authority, however exerted. His marriage, in 1779, to Miss Watson, niece of the rector of Stockport, was soon followed by an invitation to undertake the post of classical tutor at the dissenting academy at Warrington, with which he complied. That he was regarded as a

very valuable acquisition to this institution—that he was exemplary in the discharge of his duty, and equally gained the attachment of his pupils and the friendship and esteem of his colleagues—the writer of this account can from his own knowledge attest. Being now freed from all clerical shackles, he began his career as a theological controversialist, and, it must be confessed, with an acrimony of style which was lamented by his friends, and which laid him open to the reproach of his enemies. It is not here intended to vindicate what the writer himself cannot but disapprove; but the real and substantial kindness of Mr. Wakefield's temper, and the benevolence of his heart, were such, that this apparent contradiction must be solved by his warmth of zeal in what he thought the cause of truth, and perhaps by a familiarity with scholastic debates, which rendered him in some measure callous to the use, or rather abuse, of vituperative expressions from the press. In disputations by word of mouth no man was more calm and gentle, more patient in hearing, or more placid in replying; and if, in his writings, he has without hesitation or delicacy bestowed his censures, he has been equally liberal and decided in his praise. His applauses evidently came from the heart, free and unstinted, for envy did not possess a single particle in his composition; nor has he withheld them when he thought them deserved by particular laudable qualities, even in characters which he could not regard with general approbation. No man, perhaps, ever more fully gave way to the openness of his disposition in speaking *the whole truth* concerning men and things, unmoved by common considerations; whence it is not to be wondered at, that he frequently rendered himself more obnoxious to antagonists than the case essentially required, and roused prejudices which a more guarded conduct would have left dormant. A sentence which, in his Memoirs, he has quoted from Asgill, expresses (as it was probably meant to do) the spirit with which he wrote. “A blunt author in pursuit of truth, *knows no man after the flesh, till his chace is over*. For a man to *think* what he *writes*, may bespeak his *prudence*: but to *write* what he *thinks*, best opens his principles.”

We shall not, in this sketch, attempt to give an account of all his publications, many of them small in bulk and temporary in their application. The most important of his theological labours will be allowed to be those in which he employs his singular erudition in the explanation of Scripture. Of these, the first was “A New Translation of the First Epistle of Paul, the Apostle, to the Thessalonians,” printed in 1781. It was followed in the next year by “A New Translation of St. Matthew, with Notes, critical, philological, and explanatory,” 4to. a work which obtained much applause, and amply displayed the extent of his reading, and the facility with which his memory called up its repositied stores for the purpose of illustration or parallelism. At this time he likewise augmented his fund for Scripture interpretation by the acquisition of various Oriental dialects. After quitting War-

rington, at the dissolution of the academy, he took up his residence successively at Bramcote in Nottinghamshire, at Richmond, and at Nottingham, upon the plan of taking a few pupils, and pursuing at his leisure those studies to which he became continually more attached. While in the first of these situations, he published the first volume of "An Enquiry into the Opinions of the Christian Writers of the three first Centuries concerning the Person of Jesus Christ," a learned and elaborate performance, but which did not meet with encouragement sufficient to induce him to proceed in the design. A painful disorder in his left shoulder, with which he was attacked in 1786, and which harassed him for two years, interrupted the course of his employments; and he could do no more for letters during that period, than alleviate his sufferings by drawing up some remarks upon the Georgics of Virgil and the Poems of Gray, which he published with editions of those delightful compositions. As his health returned, his theological pursuits were resumed, and he again engaged in the field of controversy. He also, in 1789, made a commencement of a work, which promised much, as well for his reputation, as for the advantage of sacred literature. It was "an Union of Theological and Classical Learning, illustrating the Scriptures by Light borrowed from the Philology of Greece and Rome." Under the title of "Silva Critica" three parts of this performance have issued from the university press of Cambridge.

The formation of a dissenting college at Hackney, which, it was hoped, by the powerful aid of the metropolis, would become both more considerable and more permanent than former institutions of a like kind, produced an invitation to Mr. Wakefield to undertake the classical professorship. With this he thought proper to comply, and accordingly, in 1790, he quitted his abode at Nottingham, and removed to Hackney upon the plan of joining with public tuition the instruction of private pupils. He has himself informed the public that "both of these anchors failed him, and left his little bark again afloat on the ocean of life." It is neither necessary nor desirable to revive the memory of differences between persons really respectable and well intentioned, but under the influence of different habits and views of things. We shall confine ourselves to a remark or two.

Mr. Wakefield was a person who derived his opinions entirely from the source of his own reason and reflection, and it will not be easy to name a man who stood more single and insulated in this respect throughout life than he. Although his principles had induced him to renounce his clerical office in the church of England, and he had become a *dissenter* from her doctrine and worship, yet he was far from uniting with any particular class of those who are usually denominated *dissenters*. He had an insuperable repugnance to their mode of performing divine service; and he held in no high estimation the theological and philosophical knowledge which it has been the principal object of their seminaries of education to

communicate. It has already been observed, that the basis of his own divinity was philology: Classical literature, therefore, as containing the true rudiments of all other science, was that on which he thought the greatest stress should be laid, in a system of liberal education. This point he inculcated with an earnestness which probably appeared somewhat dictatorial to the conductors of the institution.

Further, in the progress of his speculations, he had been led to form notions concerning the expediency and propriety of public worship, extremely different from those of every body of Christians, whether in sects or establishments; and as he was incapable of thinking one thing and practising another, he had sufficiently made known, his sentiments on this subject, as well in conversation, as by abstaining from attendance upon every place of religious assembly. They who were well acquainted with him, knew that in his own breast piety was one of the most predominant affections; but the assembling for social worship had for so many ages been regarded as the most powerful instrument for the support of general religion, that to discourage it was considered as of dangerous example, especially in a person engaged in the education of youth. Notwithstanding, therefore, his classical instructions in the college were received by the students almost with enthusiastical admiration, and conferred high credit on the institution, a dissolution of his connection with it took place in the summer of 1791.

The subsequent publication of his pamphlet on Public Worship deprived him (as he says) of the only two private pupils he expected. From that period he continued to reside at Hackney, in the capacity of a retired man of letters, employing his time partly in the education of his own children, partly in the composition of works which will perpetuate his name among those who have cultivated literature with most ardour and success. His "Translation of the New Testament, with notes," 3 vols. 8vo. appeared towards the close of 1791, and was very respectably patronized. In language it preserves as much as possible of the old version. Its numerous deviations from that in sense, will be regarded as happy alterations or bold innovations, according to the prepossessions of the reader. A long list might be given of his succeeding labours, but we shall only particularize some of the most considerable. He printed (no longer at the Cambridge-press) two more parts of his "Silva Critica." He gave a new edition, much corrected, of his "Translation of the New Testament;" and besides, proved his zeal for Christianity, by enlarging a former work "On the Evidences of the Christian Religion," and by replying to Thomas Paine's attack upon it in his "Age of Reason."

To the works of Pope, as our most cultivated English poet, and the most perfect example of that splendour and felicity of diction which is not attained without much study of the poetic art, Mr. Wakefield paid particular attention. It was his design to

have published a complete edition of his works; but after he had printed the first volume, the scheme was rendered abortive by Dr. Warton's edition. He, however, printed a second volume, entitled, "Notes on Pope," and also gave a new edition of Pope's "Iliad and Odyssey." In these publications he displayed all that variety of comparison and illustration, that power of tracing a poetical thought thro' different authors, with its successive shades and improvements, and that exquisite feeling of particular beauties, which distinguish him as an annotator of the writers of Greece and Rome.

As a classical editor he appeared in a selection from the Greek tragedians, in editions of Horace, Virgil, Bion and Moschus, and, finally, in his "Lucretius," a vast performance, which alone might seem the labour of many industrious years. Of his character, as a man of letters, I have been favoured with the following estimate by an able judge, the Rev. E. COGAN, of Cheshunt:

"In extent of erudition, particularly if an acquaintance with the Oriental languages be taken into the account, he was perhaps inferior to no man of the present age; and they who have been considered as having had the advantage over him in some of the less important *minutiae* of Greek literature, have probably limited their attention to fewer objects, and certainly commenced their literary course with a more advantageous preparation. In conjectural criticism he exhibits much of the character of Bently and Markland: men whom he esteemed according to their high deserts in that species of learning to which his own mind was peculiarly directed. Like these illustrious scholars, he is always learned, sometimes bold, and frequently happy. Like them he had a mind which disdained to be held in a servile subjection to authority; and in defiance of established readings, which too often substitute the dreams of transcribers for the gems of antiquity, he followed, without fear wherever reason and probability seemed to lead the way. In his earlier critical works he exhibited, amidst some errors which his riper judgment discarded, the promise of his future greatness; and even his faults were the infirmities of genius; they flowed from that ardour and enthusiasm which cannot always wait for the slow decisions of cool enquiry. They were faults which, though they afforded a small consolation to dull malignity, did not diminish his praise in the estimation of one solid and impartial judge. His favourite study was poetry, and in an extensive acquaintance with the ancient poets, both Greek and Roman, few men since the revival of letters have equalled him, and no one ever surpassed him in the perception of their beauties. When he applies to them the hand of conjecture, he rarely fails to give new spirit and animation by his touch; and where we are obliged to dissent from his corrections, we are sometimes sorry for the credit of the poet that he does not appear to have written what the critic has suggested. He was peculiarly fond of tracing an elegance of poetical expression through the various modifications which it assumed in the hands of different wri-

ters, and in the illustration of ancient phraseology he did not overlook the poets of his own country, with many of which he was very familiar. His great work is undoubtedly his edition of "Lucretius," a work which ignorance may despise, at which malice may carp, and hireling scribblers may rail, but which will rank with the labours of Heinſius, Gronovius, Burman, and Heyne, as long as literature itſelf ſhall live. It will ſhare the prediction with which Ovid has graced the memory of the great poet himſelf,

Carmina ſublimis tunc ſunt peritura Lucreti,
Exitio terras cum dabit una dies.

Besides its critical merit, it exhibits the richeſt diſplay of the flowers of poetry that ever was preſented to the world, and will amply reward the peruſal of every man who has ſenſibility to reliſh the fineſt touches of human genius.

"Mr. Wakefield, even before this immortal ſpecimen of his talents, was deſervedly held in the higheſt eſtimation by the literati of Germany; and if his honours at home have not equalled his reputation abroad, the candid mind will eaſily find the explanation of this phenomenon in the violence of political party and the mean jealousy which has too often diſgraced the ſcholars of Great Britain. The name of Bentley is connected with proof enough of the juſtice of this inſinuation."

I ſhall now proceed to an incident of his life which will be viewed with regret by the ingenuous of all parties: the *additional* ſentiments it inſpires will, of courſe, be different according to the particular ſentiments of individuals. It has already been hinted that Mr. Wakefield from the time of his reſidence at Liverpool, had begun to imbibe a deteſtation of that policy which trampled upon the rights of mankind, and was founded upon unfeeling avarice and unprincipled ambition. His ſtudy of Chriſtianity more and more convinced him that the maxims of the world and thoſe of religion were in direct oppoſition: and in common with many other excellent and learned men, he became perſuaded of the abſolute incompatibility of War with the Chriſtian character. He had moreover received theſe principles of the origin and end of government, which however they may now be regarded, were once thought fundamental to the Britiſh Conſtitution, and the baſis of all civil liberty. He had occaſionally, in the political conteſts of his country, publicly expreſſed his opinions upon theſe ſubjects; but the French Revolution was an event calculated to call forth all his ardour in the cauſe. His ſanguine temper led him to conſider it as the undoubted common cement of a better order of things, in which rational liberty, equitable policy, and pure religion, would finally become triumphant. He watched its progreſs with incredible intereſt, excuſed its unhappy deviations, and abhorred the combination of arbitrary power which threatened its deſtruction. It was impoſſible that he ſhould refrain from employing his pen on the occaſion, or that he ſhould do it with a "cold and

unperforming hand." In his "Remarks on the General Orders of the Duke of York," he had arraigned the justice of the war with France in terms which are supposed to have exercised the utmost forbearance of the Ministry. But in his "Reply to some Parts of the Bishop of Landaff's Address," he passed those limits. From that systematic progress in restraining the free communication of political opinions which may be traced in the acts of the late Ministry, it is not unreasonable to conclude, that a victim to the liberty of the press, of name and character sufficient to inspire a wide alarm, was really desired. Yet, as the Attorney-general solemnly protested that his prosecution of this pamphlet was spontaneous, and solely dictated to him by the heinous and dangerous nature of its contents, it would be uncandid to call his assertion in question. A man of sense, however, may be allowed to smile at the notion of real danger to supreme power, supported as well by public opinion, as by every active energy of the state, from a private writer, arguing upon principles so little applicable to the practice of the world, as those of the Gospel. Further, a man of a truly liberal and generous mind would perhaps view, not without indignation, the thunders of the law hurled upon a head distinguished for virtue and learning, without any humane allowance for well intentioned, if misguided, zeal. The attack commenced, not against the principal, who boldly and honestly came forward to avow himself, but against the agents; and the grand purport of it was sufficiently declared by the superior severity with which a bookseller was treated, who was not the editor, but only a casual vender of the work; but who had long been obnoxious as a distinguished publisher of books of free enquiry. Mr. Wakefield himself next underwent prosecution; and his sentence, upon conviction, was a two year's imprisonment in Dorchester gaol. There exists no other measure of punishment in such a case than comparison, and perhaps, upon the application of this rule, it will not be found inordinately severe. Two year's abode in a prison is, however, a most serious affliction! it is cutting off so much from desirable existence. Mr. Wakefield, notwithstanding his natural fortitude, felt it as such. Though, from his habits of sobriety and seclusion, he had little to resign in respect of the ordinary pleasures of the world; his habits of pedestrian exercise, and his enjoyment of family comfort, were essentially infringed by confinement. He likewise found all his plans of study so deranged, by the want of his library, and the many incommodities of his situation, that he was less able to employ that resource against tedium and melancholy than might have been expected. One powerful consolation, however, in addition to that of a good conscience, attended him. A set of warm and generous friends employed themselves in raising a contribution which should not only indemnify him from any pecuniary loss consequent upon his prosecution, but should alleviate his cares for the future support of his family. The purpose was effected; and it is to be

hoped that Englishmen will ever retain spirit enough to take under their protection men who have faithfully, though perhaps not with due prudence and consideration, maintained the noble cause of mankind against the frowns of authority.

At length the tedious period elapsed, and the last day of May, in this year, restored him to liberty. He was received by his friends, many of whom had visited him in prison, with the most cordial welcome. He was endeared to them by his sufferings, and his character was generally thought to have received a meliorating tinge of mildness and moderation from the reflexions which had passed through his mind. He formed extensive plans for future literary labours, and he seemed fully capable of enjoying and benefiting that world to which he was returned. When—Oh what is man!—a fever, probably occasioned by his anxious exertions to fix himself in a new habitation, cut short all his prospects. From the first attack he persuaded himself that the termination would be fatal, and this conviction materially opposed every attempt of medicine in his favour. He surveyed death without terror, and prepared for it by tender offices to the survivors.

It is presumed that the character of Mr. Wakefield is sufficiently developed in the preceding sketch of his life. It may however be added, that there was in him an openness, a simplicity, a good faith, an affectionate ardour, a noble elevation of soul, which irresistably made way to the hearts of all who nearly approached him, and rendered him the object of friendly attachment, to a degree almost unexampled. Let this be placed in balance to all that might appear arrogant or self-sufficient, harsh, or irritable in his literary conduct! His talents were rare—his morals pure—his views exalted—his courage invincible—his integrity without a spot. When will the place of such a man be supplied.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. SIDDONS.

WHAT has been often said of literary characters is applicable to most other classes of the community, in which the members have been uniformly devoted to their several pursuits. If it be thought that there is too much uniformity in a studious life to supply many materials for biography, the same remark is perhaps still more applicable to the theatrical profession. "The gradations of a hero's life are from battle to battle, and of an author from book to book." The changes in the life of an actor are from theatre to theatre, or from character to character; but when theatrical genius rises to such a height as to preclude all comparison, the difficulty of the biographer, however paradoxical it

may appear, is proportionably augmented, for it must be the interest of managers to keep such superior merit stationary, and such merit must be too generally understood, as well as admired, to admit of additional comment, or novel information.

There cannot be a stronger illustration of this position than in the subject of our present attention, who burst upon the world with too much radiance to be suffered to pursue a career of unobstructed glory. The genius of Mrs. Siddons, as it threw a cloud over all competitors, must necessarily have furnished an incentive to malevolence as well as admiration: the one was as eager to depreciate and defame, as the other to celebrate and exalt, and never, perhaps, have those opposite interests been more actively at work in any other province of talents and of virtue.

The solid merit of Mrs. Siddons has, however, borne her safely through the extremes of obloquy and panegyric, and the very attempts of ENVY to lessen her character in public and private life, have only served to distinguish her genius, and to establish her reputation. So just is the observation of the elegant satirist—

- “For *envy’d wit*, like SOL eclips’d, makes known
 “Th’ *opposing body’s grossness*, not its own.
 “When first that SUN too *pow’rful beams* displays,
 “It draws up *vapours*, which obscure its rays;
 “But e’en those *clouds* at last *adorn its way*,
 “Reflect *new glories*, and *augment the day*.”

Mrs. SARAH SIDDONS, is the eldest offspring of Mr. ROGER KEMBLE, and his wife Sarah, who have always been esteemed in private life, and who in provincial theatres have obtained no inconsiderable degree of professional repute. Mrs. Kemble, who is much advanced in years, was the daughter of Mr. WARD, one of the last of the BETTERTONIAN SCHOOL of actors. He was a man of great knowledge and observation, and was in his day “accounted a good actor,” nor is there any reason to believe that he did not deserve the reputation he acquired.

From very early life our heroine was employed in her father’s company, and derived from parental intelligence much useful instruction. It is evident however, that Mrs. Siddons brought into the world with her an understanding which was to act according to the direction of its own light, and that stood little in need of auxiliary counsel to govern its pursuits.

At a suitable age an attachment arose between Miss KEMBLE and Mr. SIDDONS, at that time a performer in her father’s company. We are not sufficiently acquainted with particulars to determine, but we have heard that a clandestine marriage was soon the consequence of this mutual inclination.

And here it is proper to observe, that Miss KEMBLE displayed a correct judgment in the most essential act of female life, for she made choice of a man of probity, sense, and benevolence, one who has managed the profits of her success with liberal propriety

and prudence ; though the unoffending simplicity, judgment, and rectitude of his character, have not exempted him from a share of that detraction which has been so powerfully excited by the elevated genius of his wife.

In due time Mrs. SIDDONS became the heroine of the Bath stage, and having an opportunity of displaying her great talents in such a sphere of fashionable resort, the transition to London, the vast metropolis of taste and abilities, was natural and necessary. The public need not be told with what lustre her career has been distinguished : her merit has obtained the distinction it deserved. POETRY, PAINTING, and CRITICISM, have all been emulous to record her worth, and she has justly, we may presume, been pronounced one of the first actresses, if not the first, that the world ever beheld.

It has been said that our late ADMIRABLE ROSCIUS saw and envied the talents of Mrs. SIDDONS, and did his utmost to keep them in obscurity, but this story we always considered as an invidious slander, unworthy the pre-eminent genius of GARRICK, and inconsistent with the private character of that unrivalled actor. It would be more liberal, and we doubt not more just, to infer that Mr. GARRICK did not see the eagle in the egg, and was too much advanced in age and infirmity to look out for youthful genius, and incur the labour and difficulty of training it to maturity. We have never heard that Mrs. SIDDONS gave the least support to this illiberal rumour, and we will therefore continue to consider it as "a weak invention of the enemy."

It should be observed that Mrs. SIDDONS had not risen to any height of provincial celebrity before Mr. GARRICK quitted the stage, and had not exhibited the splendour of her genius upon the Bath theatre until Fate had dropped the curtain upon the BRITISH ROSCIUS.

It remains only to observe, that as the action of Mrs. SIDDONS on the stage is just, proper, natural and graceful, so is her conduct in private life. She is a faithful and affectionate wife, a fond, but discerning mother, a zealous and an attentive friend, and an agreeable and enlightened companion.

Adverting to the great powers of Mrs. SIDDONS and the impossibility of giving posterity an adequate perception of her merit, we cannot forbear to conclude with the elegant and interesting lines of the first living comic writer. Among the professors of the liberal arts

"The Actor only shrinks from Time's award,
 "Feeble Tradition is his mem'ry's guard ;
 "By whose faint praise his merit must abide,
 "Untouch'd by *proof*, to *substance* unally'd !
 "E'en matchless GARRICK's art, to heaven resign'd,
 "No *fin'd effect*, no *model* leaves behind.

"All perishable! like the electric fire,
 "But strike the frame, and as they strike expire :
 "Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
 "Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air."

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MADAM DE STAEL.

Prefixed to her Treatise on the Influence of the Passions.

IT has been observed that the life of a man of letters furnishes few incidents that can employ the pen of the biographer or gratify the curiosity of the public. The celebrity of an author's works, indeed, throw a lustre upon the most obscure scenes of his life, and give an interest to the most trivial occurrences. Every little anecdote derives an importance from the name with which it is connected, and every action is embellished by an association with performances which every one reads and admires.

The life of a female author, in general, must still be more barren of variety and of incident. The amusements, the intrigues, the occupations of a woman of fashion, do not greatly interest those who are beyond her circle. Her wit or her manners may delight and animate the scenes in which she moves, but they cannot be consigned with equal effect to the page of the biographer. When we are told that the woman of rank, whose writings we peruse with pleasure, lived in the first orders of fashion, that she was courted and admired by the most distinguished votaries of literature, we can expect little farther gratification. It is in her writings still that we cultivate an acquaintance with her. As a woman of fashion, she differs but little from the croud around her ; while the sprightliness of her conversation, and the elegance of her wit, in a literary circle, form features of a character which it is difficult to seize and to embody in the detail of her life.

Madame de Stael possesses hereditary claims to distinction. Independently of her own celebrity, she derives a consequence from the parents to whom she owes her birth. She is the only child of the celebrated M. Neckar, whose reputation as a financier, and politician has been equally extolled and depreciated. The important offices which he filled, and the principal part which he performed in the French monarchy at the beginning of the revolution, have rendered him the object of universal notice ; and his conduct the subject of much controversy. Many impute to him the blame of having encouraged the revolutionary spirit till it became too powerful to be repressed. At the same time, however, calamitous may have been the consequences of that revolution, the intention of M. Neckar cannot fairly be questioned, nor his fidelity to the master whom he served justly arraigned.

Her mother was Mademoiselle Curchod, a lady distinguished by the highest accomplishments of mind and person. She was the first love of the celebrated Mr. Gibbon, and he once entertained the design of offering her his hand. Before he could put his intention in execution, Mademoiselle Curchod became the wife of M. Neckar, then a Banker at Paris. While she lived, she was the pride and ornament of the rank in which she moved. The house of Neckar was the resort of literary eminence. Madame Neckar wrote a variety of pieces, which did the highest honour to her talents. Since her death, M. Neckar has published three volumes of her *Thoughts, Maxims, Correspondence, &c.*

The only daughter of parents whose wealth was immense, whose literary qualifications were so eminent, it is natural to suppose that the education of Madame de Staël would be superintended in such a manner as to combine the highest accomplishments with the first rank and fortune. At a very early period of life she displayed uncommon powers. No pains were spared to cultivate her mind. The example and the attention of her mother equally served to the improvement of her talents, and she soon gained a superiority not merely in superficial accomplishments, but in solid acquirements, which fall to the lot of but very few of her sex.

Her natural temper soon displayed the utmost sprightliness and vivacity. In one of his visits to Neckar, at his seat at Copet, near Lausanne, Mr. Gibbon mentions his having seen the daughter of his old mistress. She was then about eighteen, and wit, animation, and perhaps an excess of vivacity, were her chief characteristics.

M. Neckar was a protestant, and wished to unite his daughter to a man of the same religious persuasion. At an early age, accordingly, he married his daughter to the Baron de Staël, a Swedish nobleman of rank and consequence. The Baron de Staël was long the Minister of Sweden in Paris, and at present he fills the office of Ambassador of his Court to the French Republic.

This union, however, was not thought to be very happy. To whatever causes it might be owing, her marriage was not attended with much domestic felicity, and for some years Madame Staël and her husband have not lived on the best terms. Her warm and sprightly temper and French education might not well agree with the more sober habits of a Swedish nobleman.

On the commencement of the French revolution, Madame Staël, of an ardent temper, was favourable to its cause. She had already begun to be distinguished for talents and wit, and her house was frequented by many of the first literary characters in France. She was not, however, a partizan of the violent democratical faction; she was attached to what has been termed the Constitutionalists, those who were friends to a limited and constitutional monarchy.

At her house, as Mr. Burke informs us in his 'Letters on a Regicide Peace,' the chiefs of the *Feuillans* used to meet and con-

cert their measures. These were the two Lameths, La Fayette, Barnaud Vergniaud, &c. This party, however, was soon crushed by the overbearing and extravagant character of the Jacobins. Several of its most active leaders perished, many of them were exiled, and Madame Staël herself found it necessary to quit France. She came to England, where she resided for some time. She lived rather retired in the country, though occasionally visited by many persons of distinction.

After the fall of the sanguinary Robespierre, Madame Staël returned to Paris, where she again became the center of attraction to a political party. When the constitution of 1795 was established, she was its decided supporter, and many of the persons who came into power under the new government were her friends.

The new constitution was soon assailed by opposite factions, and the directory were not supposed to observe very scrupulously the legal limits of their prerogatives. Parties became incensed against each other. Madame Staël was attached to the existing administration. She accordingly became the object of abuse from the most violent of the other side, many of whom were accused of a design to restore royalty. Great influence with the new rulers was ascribed to Madame Staël. Many measures obnoxious to the party in opposition were imputed to her counsels. This importance, and this influence with the people in power, Madame Staël disclaims. Certain it is, however, that some of the present Directors and Ministers were frequently of her parties. This, however, may be as justly ascribed to the attraction of her company and conversation, as to any influence or intrigue.

Previous to the violent measures which the Directory put in execution against so many representatives of the people, in condemning them to transportation without even the formality of a trial, Madame de Staël was the object of incessant scurrility and abuse. She was accused of being the main spring of many schemes which the friends of the Directory thought it necessary to adopt. A number of lampoons and epigrams were written against her; but she disclaimed all concern in the transactions imputed to her. Among these were the following whimsical lines, the first of which alludes to the work upon the passions:

Les Accouchemens de la Baronne de Staël.

Après avoir fait un gros livre,
Puis un gros club, puis un amant,
Puis un ministre au teint de cuivre,
Puis un commis nommé *Constant*,
Puis un achat, argent comptant,
Puis un plan qu'Augereau doit suivre,
Puis a Barras son compliment,
Deux mois en repos voulant vivre,
La Baronne a fait—un enfant.

These squibs, however, and a thousand other witticisms which were launched against her, are totally without foundation. Madame de Stael was the enemy of those factions which then, under various denominations, endeavoured to obtain the executive power into their own hands. From many passages of the following work, it appears that she deeply felt and deplored the calamities which the revolution had produced. She was convinced that France had suffered too much from the rage of faction, again to tempt the same evils. From a horror of innovation, she actually wished to support the newly established government, and rather to adhere to what existed, than to seek any change whatever. In fact, so far from deriving influence from that event, which she was accused of having counselled, she has since lived in the neighbourhood of Paris in privacy and retirement.

Whatever attacks the rage of faction, or the malignancy of scandal, may have directed against Madame de Stael, even her enemies do not dispute the extent of her talents, and the vigour of her mind. Her literary attainments, her acquaintance with mankind, her general knowledge, her ingenuity, discrimination, and philosophical acuteness, are generally confessed.

The character of Madame de Stael's works differs greatly from that by which the writings of many of her sex are distinguished. She affects no gaudiness of diction, no flimsy decoration, no false and vitious refinement of style, the faults into which the writings of the fair in the present age are apt to run. She analyses with philosophical accuracy; her style displays a masculine vigour. If her composition be obscured by any blemish, it is rather by a philosophical language, which, from too great and generalizing abstraction of ideas, becomes stiff, and by a refinement of analysis which borders upon obscurity. Those, however, who peruse her writings with care, will find that they contain much information, and a thorough acquaintance with the human heart.

Besides the work upon the Passions, Madame de Stael some time before published an Essay on the Character and Writings of the celebrated Philosopher of Geneva, Rousseau. This performance possesses the highest reputation in France. It is distinguished by uncommon ingenuity of remark, a singular discernment of character, and wonderful display of critical acuteness. The character of Rousseau has in every country of Europe been canvassed with rigour, but the singular temperament of his extravagant mind, the true merit and beauty of his writings were never more clearly developed and explained than in the Essay of Madame de Stael.

The following work upon the Passions obtained great success in France. It has likewise extended its fame into Germany. Its great aim is to show that the passions tend to embitter the happiness of individuals, and to disturb the peace of nations. She considers the very essence of passion to consist in its violence; passion

under the dominion of reason is no passion at all. She demonstrates that mankind ought to endeavour to avoid as much as possible the influence of the passions; that is, bring themselves to that state of philosophical apathy when they can think without enthusiasm, and act without impulse.

The reasoning by which this doctrine is supported will be found to possess uncommon ingenuity, the movements of the heart are laid open with a masterly hand, and the origin of our feelings and sentiments carefully traced. Upon a second perusal, her book will please, perhaps, more than upon the first.

Madame de Stael is now about thirty. Her figure is not remarkable for beauty or elegance. She is not tall. There is, however, a liveliness and vivacity in her countenance extremely engaging, and her manners and conversation are highly attractive.

MORALS.

For the NEW-ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

MEANS OF ACQUIRING SELF-COMMAND.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

PERCEIVING by the plan of your first number, that communications upon moral and instructive subjects are requested, I have thought it might be useful, to make more known, through the medium of your publications, the excellent moral advice, which ancient Sages have at different periods enforced upon their fellow men. The nature, passions, nor characters of mankind have sufficiently altered to render their discourses either inapplicable, uninteresting, or unnecessary. With your permission, I will occasionally present your readers with extracts from their valuable counsels.

I have lately derived much profit and instruction from the Discourses of Epictetus. The world does not seem to feel a full sense of its obligation to Mrs. CARTER, the translator of the Grecian Sage's instructions. This worthy Lady, unlike the "unsex'd females" of the present day, devoted her time and her talents to the promotion of sound morality and real religion. Her translation, notwithstanding the subtle style of the original, is executed with great fidelity and perspicuity, and the Grecian Philosopher appears to no disadvantage in the English Lady's diction.

I was much pleased with a Chapter in this book, which discovers a means of acquiring the important art of self-command.

"EVERY habit and faculty," says Epictetus, "is preserved and increased, by correspondent actions: as the habit of walking,

by walking; of running, by running. If you would be a reader, read: if a writer, write. But if you do not read for a month together, but do somewhat else; you will see what will be the consequence. So, after sitting still for ten days, get up and attempt to take a long walk; and you will find how your legs are weakened. Upon the whole then, whatever you would make habitual, practise it: and, if you would not make a thing habitual, do not practise it; but habituate yourself to something else.

It is the same with regard to the operations of the soul.— Whenever you are angry, be assured, that it is not only a present evil, but that you have increased a habit, and added fuel to a fire. When you are overcome by the company of women, do not esteem it as a single defeat, but that you have fed, that you have increased, your dissoluteness. For it is impossible, but that habits and faculties must either be first produced, or strengthened and increased by correspondent actions. Hence the Philosophers derive the growth of all infirmities. When you once desire money, for example, if a degree of reasoning sufficient to produce a sense of the evil be applied, the desire ceases, and the governing faculty of the mind regains its authority; whereas, if you apply no remedy, it returns no more to its former state: but, being again excited by a correspondent appearance, it kindles at the desire more quickly than before; and by frequent repetitions, at last becomes callous: and by this infirmity is the love of money fixed. For he who hath had a fever, even after it hath left him, is not in the same state of health as before, unless he was perfectly cured: and the same thing happens in distempers of the soul likewise. There are certain traces and blisters left in it; which, unless they are well effaced, whenever a new hurt is received in the same part, instead of blisters become sores.

If you would not be of an angry temper then, do not feed the habit. Give it nothing to help its increase. Be quiet at first, and reckon the days in which you have not been angry. I used to be angry every day; now every other day; then every third and fourth day: and if you miss it so long as thirty days, offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God. For habit is first weakened, and then intirely destroyed. “I was not vexed to-day; nor the next day; nor for three or four months after; but took heed to myself, when some provoking things happened.” Be assured, that you are in a fine way. “To-day, when I saw a handsome person, I did not say to myself, O that I could possess her! And, how happy is her husband (for he who says this, says too, how happy is her gallant:) nor do I go on to represent her as present, as undress’d, as lying down beside me.” On this I stroke my head, and say, well done, *Epictetus*: thou hast solved a pretty sophism; a much prettier than one very celebrated in the schools. But, if even the lady should happen to be willing, and give me intimation of it, and send for me, and press my hand, and place herself next to me; and I should then forbear, and get the victo-

ry; that would be a sophism beyond all the subtleties of logic. This, and not disputing artfully, is the proper subject for exultation.

How then is this to be effected? Be willing to approve yourself to yourself. Be willing to appear beautiful in the sight of God: be desirous to converse in purity with your own pure mind, and with God: and then, if any such appearance strikes you, *Plato* directs you: "Have recourse to expiations: go a suppliant to the temples of the averting Deities." It is sufficient, however, if you propose to yourself the example of wise and good men, whether alive or dead; and compare your conduct with theirs. Go to *Socrates*, and see him lying by *Alcibiades*, yet slighting his youth and beauty. Consider what a victory he was conscious of obtaining! What an *Olympic Prize*! In what number did he stand from *Hercules*? So that, by Heaven, one might justly salute him; Hail! incredibly great, universal victor! not those sorry boxers and wrestlers; nor the gladiators who resemble them.

By placing such an object over-against you, you will conquer any appearance, and not be drawn away by it. But, in the first place, be not hurried along with it, by its hasty vehemence: but say; appearance, wait for me a little. Let me see what you are, and what you represent. Let me try you. Then, afterwards, do not suffer it to go on drawing gay pictures of what will follow: if you do, it will lead you wherever it pleases. But rather oppose to it some good and noble appearance, and banish this base and sordid one. If you are habituated to this kind of exercise, you will see what shoulders, what nerves, what sinews, you will have. But now it is mere trifling talk, and nothing more. He is the true practitioner, who exercises himself against such appearances as these. Stay, wretch, do not be hurried away. The combat is great, the atchievment divine: for empire, for freedom, for prosperity, for tranquility. Remember God. Invoke Him for your aid, and protector; as sailors do *Castor* and *Pollux*, in a storm. For what storm is greater than that which arises from violent appearances, contending to overset our reason? Indeed, what is the storm itself, but appearance? For, do but take away the fear of death, and let there be as many thunders and lightnings as you please, you will find, that in the ruling faculty, all is serenity and calm: but, if you are once defeated, and say, you will get the victory another time, and then the same thing over again; assure yourself, you will at last be reduced to so weak and wretched a condition, that you will not so much as know when you do amiss; but you will even begin to make defences for your behaviour, and thus verify the saying of *Hesiod*:

With constant ills the dilatory strive."

If you think, that instructions like the above will be serviceable to your Readers, you will receive further communications from

AN ADMIRER OF THE GREEKS.

ON SECOND THOUGHTS AND MIDDLE COURSES.

By Dr. Aikin.

"SECOND thoughts are best," says a frequently-quoted proverb. Considered as a prudential maxim, its truth, I believe, cannot be controverted; for there are few points of evil to be avoided or advantage to be gained, in which mature deliberation is not better than hasty decision. But that they are *best*, in the sense of being more conformable to moral or natural truth, in my opinion, is so far from reality, that I should more readily acquiesce in a proposition nearly the reverse—that *first* impressions are most to be relied on. This, however, I do not mean to assert without limitation.

Where a mind is well prepared for the reception of truth, by rectitude of intention, and a habit of accurately conceiving what is presented to it, a question of moral conduct is almost always best decided by the feelings immediately consequent upon stating the case; and after-thoughts, in such instances, are usually the sophistry of self-interest or partiality. I ask myself, shall I make a solemn profession of what I do not believe. No! (cries indignantly First Feeling)—better to starve! Come (says Second Thought) let us consider the matter calmly; for there are many reasons why it would be *convenient* to make this profession. Examine its words—see if they will bear no other sense than the most obvious. At any rate, will not the end justify the means? It then begins its ingenious operations, and, in conclusion, the thing is done.

I have promised a man my support—shall I keep my word? Certainly? Can you doubt of it? Would you be a rascal? But I wish I could disengage myself, for really I do not like the man. His politics or religion are different from what I took them to be; and I should do more good by discouraging him. Besides, every promise is by its very nature conditional, and he has virtually broken his part of the conditions. Indeed! Then use your discretion.

In this manner it is that every triumph, in a heart not vitiated, is gained by cowardice, meanness, and selfishness, over spirit, honour, and generosity. Conscience is never dilatory in her warnings. She pronounces clearly and instantly, and her first voice is the true oracle. By prolix and varied repetitions of the question, with foreign circumstances introduced for the purpose of perplexing, the response may at length be rendered almost any thing we wish it, and conscience may be cheated into acquiescence in the most abominable conclusions. It is thus, that in our corporeal mechanism, a deleterious substance taken into the stomach, excites instant and violent efforts for its expulsion; but after a due repetition of doses, properly proportioned and combined, the stimulus ceases to be felt, and abhorrent nature becomes reconciled to the instrument of her destruction.

It was upon the system of *Second Thoughts* that the famous morality of the Jesuits was founded. They established it as a rule, that in a case of conscience, if a *probable opinion*, or one supported by the authority of a single grave doctor, could be brought in favour of inclination, against an opinion confessedly more probable, it was sufficient to justify a determination conformable to it. And they took good care that their casuists should be furnished with probable opinions of all sorts for the use of those who put their consciences under the direction of the society. The following edifying story is related by one of their gravest fathers, from whom it is copied in the celebrated *Provincial Letters*. "A man who was carrying a large sum of money in order to make restitution by command of his confessor, called at a bookseller's shop by the way, and asking if they had any thing new, was shewn a *new system of Moral Theology*. Turning over the leaves carelessly, he happened to light on his own case, and found that he was not obliged to restitution; so that having got rid of the burden of his scruple, and retaining the burden of his money, he returned home lighter than he went out." Such lucky occasions of second thought, the pious author attributes to the special interference of God's providence, by the ministry of a man's guardian angel.

The speediest decisions of *Reason*, as well as of Conscience, are frequently the soundest. Extravagant projects, absurd propositions, impudent pretensions, are rejected with scorn when first offered to the mind; and it is only in consequence of rehearings, at which fraud and sophistry are advocates, with wiles, like those of Comus, "baited with reasons not unpalatable," that they at length work their way. Many high claims there are upon our acquiescence, which the soul of man would spurn with contempt and loathing, did it abide by its spontaneous decisions. It may be affirmed to have been the chief business of scholastic learning for many ages, to stifle this voice of unbiassed reason, and inure men to form determinations contrary to first convictions. How many mighty volumes could I point out to you, the whole purpose of which is to reconcile the mind to some manifest contradiction, or to disprove some self-evident truth! I remember to have read, that in the condemnation of some Jansenist book, the heretical propositions were so injudiciously selected, that a great prince, into whose hands they were put, mistook them for articles of faith, and was edified by the perusal. Can it be doubted that here the text was nearer the truth than the comment, and that the prince judged better than the doctors? I have known instances, in which positions selected out of a political work for the purpose of obtaining its judicial condemnation, have affected impartial readers in a similar manner.

By these observations, however, I am far from wishing to inculcate a hasty decision on controverted points in general. Where the question relates to matter of fact, a very patient investigation

is frequently necessary. Where it concerns a matter of expedience, it cannot be safely decided without minutely balancing its probable advantages and disadvantages, and consulting past experience in similar cases. But where it refers to principles, and must be tried by its conformity with certain notions, if not innate, at least early and very generally admitted into the human breast, it is probably best judged of when presented naked to the mind, unmix'd with extraneous considerations, and with no other preparation than to render it perfectly intelligible.

"The middle way is the safest," says another common proverb. If this was adopted from the "*medio tutissimus ibis*" of Ovid, it should have been remembered that his was a particular precept, not a general maxim. In reality, the middle course is very often the worst that can be followed in affairs of the world, combining the inconveniences, and missing the advantages, of the two extremes. It is commonly the paltry expedient of weakness and indecision to get over present difficulties, by declining instead of confronting them—a compromise between right and wrong, between wisdom and folly, between enterprize and indolence, which generally meets with the fate of imbecility. In most emergencies, two directly opposite systems of action present themselves to our choice. Each has its appropriated character, its favourable and unfavourable circumstances. Each may succeed; but only when followed fully and decidedly. Every leaning towards its opposite adds to its difficulties, and endangers its failure. This cannot be better illustrated than by military transactions. A General finds himself unexpectedly in face of a superior enemy. He has no choice but to fight or retire; but the movements for each are incompatible; one requires bold advance, the other, silent retreat. One, however, appears to him too hazardous, and the other, too disgraceful. He therefore takes a middle course, in consequence of which he fights to no purpose, and his retreat is intercepted.

One cannot be at all conversant with business, without seeing perpetual instances of the mischief done by this spirit of throwing in a little of this, and a little of that, in order to secure a medium. A person in a public assembly proposes a vigorous measure, and after some opposition, carries it. Some weak friend or designing foe, upon the plea of preventing extremes, then offers a few modifications and restrictions, of a nature directly subversive of the purpose intended to be answered by the first mover; and these, and for the sake of accommodation, are assented to by the majority; thus the whole scheme is rendered ineffectual. In a similar spirit, arbitrators split a difference, and do justice to neither party—juries bring in verdicts which determine nothing, and leave the court to act as it pleases—consultations of learned physicians *neutralize* their plans so as to do neither good nor harm—and divines play off one virtue against another, till they make their hearers indifferent to both.

Truth may, perhaps, in general, lie somewhere within opposite extremes; but it is a gross weakness to expect to find it by the mechanical operation of bisecting a line, or calculating an average. Even in cases where we are *sure* that the two extremes are erroneous, as in the representation of the same character by adverse parties, it is a futile method of judging of particular actions, to balance the contrary motives to which they have been attributed, and strike a medium. It is not in this manner that good and evil are compounded in mankind.

The controversialist who thinks, by adopting somewhat from one system, and somewhat from another, to fix himself on firm ground, and hold opposite parties in respect, will generally find that he has united both against him, and has weakened his defences on either part. I could adduce many instances to shew you, that in the contests of theological polemics, the middle way is as far, as it is in real warfare, from being the safest. The acute Chillingworth could not find a barrier against popery, till he had established as a fundamental maxim, that *the Bible is the only ground of the religion of Protestants*. He perceived, that if church authority were admitted as *any thing* in the controversy, the papist would be too hard for him.

Thus you see that proverbial sayings, the boasted wisdom of ages, are not to be trusted without examination. Aphorisms, in general, indeed, are but dangerous guides. The greater part of them have been formed not so much from the results of universal reason and experience, as from the authority of individuals in the infancy of both. A few examples went to establish a rule, and the exceptions stood for nothing, till at length they have often been found more numerous than the exemplifications.

FOR THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

MESS. EDITORS,

IN an English Publication I have met with the following excellent Letter from Sir Henry Sidney to his Son. In a small compass is contained much excellent matter. It recommends a code of rules for conduct greatly different from the system of Lord Chesterfield, which, says Dr. Johnson, "inculcates the morals of a prostitute, and the manners of a dancing master." If its insertion is agreeable to your plan, be pleased to insert it.

R. L.

LETTER FROM SIR H. SIDNEY TO HIS SON.

"I HAVE received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part; and will you to exercise that practice of learning often, for that will stand you in most stead in that profession of life that you were born to live in. And since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices which my natural

care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, or documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak by continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray; and use this as an ordinary, and at an ordinary hour, whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time I know he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the *sense* and the *matter* of what you read, as well as the words: so shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years grow in you. Be humble and obedient to your master; for *unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you.* Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men; there is nothing that winneth so much, with so little cost. Use moderate diet; so as after your meal you may feel your wit *fresher*, and not *duller*; and your body more lively, and not more heavy. *Seldom* drink wine, yet *sometimes* do; lest, being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will encrease your force, and enlarge your breath. *Delight to be cleanly*, as well in all parts of your person, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, but, otherwise, loathsome.

Give yourself to be *merry*. For you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing when you be most merry. But let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man. For a wound, given by a word, is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with a sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstances when you shall speak it. Let *never* oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry. Detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly; and rather be rebuked of *light* fellows for maidenlike shamefacedness, than of your *bad* friends for bold pertness. Think upon every word you speak before you utter it; and remember how nature hath ramified up, as it were, the tongue with the teeth; yea, and hair without the lips; all betokening reins or bridles, against the loose use of the tongue. Above all things tell no untruth. No, not in trifles. The custom of it is naught; and let it not satisfy you that for a time the hearers take it for a truth; for after, it will be known as it is, to your shame. For there *cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a liar.*

Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied ; so shall you make such an habit of well doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, even though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of through your mother ; and think *that only by virtuous life, and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family ;* and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *tabes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and I fear *too much* for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food.

Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God,
H. SIDNEY.

For the NEW-ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I HAVE with pleasure observed, that you have allotted a department of your well designed miscellany to the subject of Morals. Although I have not so good an idea of myself, as to consider that I am included among the Sons of Genius, whom you have invited to become Correspondents, yet, with your leave, I will occasionally occupy a page in this division of your publications with the remarks of a

MORAL OBSERVER.

THE MORAL OBSERVER, No. I.

THOSE, who minutely attend to the operations of the human will, perceive, that its decisions are frequently in direct opposition to the dictates of reason. The many instances of irrational conduct, which the events of every day exhibit, create surprize in the witnesses, and oftentimes entail much misery on the actors. There seems to be in the bosoms of men a counsellor, whose advice varies from the determinations of unbiassed judgment. This counsellor is eloquent and influential, ingenious in excuses, abundant in resource, and full of expedients to accomplish its purposes. Such qualities commonly command success ; but the success of this adviser is always in a bad cause. His name is *Indolence*, a foe to man greatly to be dreaded, because greatly powerful.

The assertion may seem paradoxical, but it is a fact, that indolence is more active in producing the evils of life, than any other passion in the human breast. It persuades to modes of conduct, which sooner or later involve the idle in the embarrassments of penury and the miseries of remorse ; and almost invariably hurries its votaries into vice, want and woe.

The Almighty Creator of all things has made it a law, that the harmony of the universe and the health and happiness of ani-

mated nature should consist in certain degrees of action. Should motion cease, men and animals would gradually be destroyed; and it is true, that in proportion as they approximate to inaction, they approach to decay. It is therefore physically of great advantage to be in a certain degree active; and if we consider the nature of our intellectual faculties; and the conditions upon which we live in the world, we shall readily perceive, that a due exertion of our energies is also mentally, morally, and prudentially productive of good.

It is fortunate for our country, that in its present state of society there are few hereditary fortunes, which enable heirs apparent to waste their existence in idleness, or ruin their health and estate in dissipation. If the inhabitants of New-England are superior to the people of other countries, their superiority is to be attributed to their moral habits. Here every man is obliged to create his own fortune, to support himself and family by his own industry; every one is convinced that individual merit is founded on individual exertion, and that the rank and respectability of a man is always in proportion to his character and merits. The people of New-England have no time to be idle; their business and their duties oblige them to be active; and the industry, which generally prevails among them, affords an advantageous contrast to the sluggish habits of the few, who listen to the siren language of indolence, languish in ennui, and become involved in the miseries of idleness.

There is a pleasure in industry, which every one who has experienced it must ever wish to enjoy. Every thing seems cheerful to the industrious man. He greets with a smile every friend he meets. Always sensible of moral enjoyment, and pleased with the consciousness of meritorious exertion, his heart expands with humane feeling, and his mind enjoys the serenity of content. His habits procure for him health, wealth, respectability, and ease. He is free from the cares that perplex the embarrassed, and is never obliged to seek relief in the perpetration of crimes. Self-examination makes him acquainted with his virtues, and pleased with himself, and in this internal enjoyment consists much happiness.

On the other hand, the indolent man is dissatisfied with himself. He finds himself involved in embarrassments, in which his crimes and follies, not his misfortunes, have placed him. He neglects his business, experiences a loss of credit, is harrassed with pecuniary difficulties, has recourse to vicious practices for relief, degenerates into a liar, at length becomes fraudulent, but, finding these expedients serve but to sink him deeper in wretchedness, seeks oblivion of his woes in the pernicious draughts of intoxication, and finally, having lost all sense of moral obligation, and become tired of an existence, rendered insupportable by miserable ennui, and a continual failure of all schemes, both good and vicious, invented to extricate him from misery, he at last commits

some enormous crime, for which political justice condemns him to capital punishment.

Is the picture of this progress overcharged? Look around you, you will see every indolent man in one or other of the stages of this fatal journey. Induced by repentance, some may make long stops on the road, and others be unsteady in their progression, but it is a fact, that every indolent man will, at some time, find himself involved in distressing embarrassments, become vicious in practice, and extremely unhappy in life.

It is a little unfortunate, that men are apt to think themselves industrious, when they are really idle. There is a deception, by which all men sometimes cheat themselves. The suggestions of indolence are so artful, that they are often mistaken for the dictates of industry. When disinclined to vigorous exertion, the mind easily persuades itself it is equally, meritoriously employed, if engaged in a frivolous pursuit, that wears the semblance of utility. There is much of this busy idleness in the world. Of this cheat the indolently inclined are continually the dupes. This fraud greatly facilitates the acquirement of those idle habits, which, when once formed, it is so difficult to destroy. When, therefore, a young man finds that he is endeavouring to impose this delusion upon himself, let him consider the attempt as an indication of his danger. Let him double his vigour to counteract the arts of indolence; if he succeeds, honor and happiness will attend him; but if he be subdued, disgrace, infamy and wretchedness will infallibly ensue.

I have observed that the disposition of the age tends in this country to idleness. This disposition has affected manners, morals, religion, and literature. Those, who are accustomed to visit the circles of polite life, will readily acknowledge, that the manners of our Gentlemen have greatly degenerated from that attentive civility of our forefathers, and that active desire of pleasing, which required so little exertion, and gave so much pleasure. These engaging qualities have been succeeded by a fashionable lounge, entirely disregardful of the laws of good-breeding, and a general apathy, equally devoid of a participation in the joys or sorrows of others. To feel or to please requires too much exertion of our fine Ladies and Gentlemen, and indeed it is attended with some difficulty to make them even active enough to receive pleasure.

To these manners fashionable education seems to be adapted. Our Girls and Boys are with considerable labor driven through a dull routine of busy idleness. They are taught a smattering of many things, and obtain a proficiency in nothing.

That morality also, which requires much virtuous exertion, does not prevail among our citizens. A kind of universal benevolence, which is as barren as it is extensive, and a wordy system of morals, which lives in empty expression, but never reaches practice, seem to characterise the times. I am sorry to add, that that religion which recommends an energetic discharge of christian duties, has among us but few sincere votaries.

The literature likewise of the day is in our country very superficial. It consists of but little more than plagiarisms from European writers, and dull compilations upon hacknied subjects. It is by no means common to find a learned man among us. There are some indeed, who, by comparison with others, appear to be eminent scholars, but, upon a proper inquiry respecting their knowledge and character, it will be found, that they are but babes in science. Nor can there be a probability that we shall have men more learned, while the disposition of the age continues. It is true that we have Philosophical Societies, but what are they doing, or what have they done? Until they are more active, we shall have little reason to boast of them.

It may be alledged in favor of indolence, that at times the spirits are low, the body unnerved, and the mind languid, and that these defects are constitutional, and out of our power to avoid. There is much plausibility in this; but these effects may be prevented, by preventing their causes. Their causes are irregular or improper diet, imprudent cloathing, vicious pleasures or criminal indulgencies. Any man, who lives a sober and regular life may become industrious. Let the body be educated as well as the mind; it may then be kept in good health and spirits, and the mind be ever vigorous and active.

I cannot conclude without recommending to my readers a serious attention to this important subject. I have known many men, who have been ruined by indulging a little habitual indolence. I am fully of opinion, that idleness is the most copious source of the miseries of life. It is the mother of vice, and the parent of penury, and its offspring ever unite to produce remorse and wretchedness.

ON THE CONFLICTS OF LIFE.

Extracted from a discourse of Diogenes as related by Dio Chrysostom.

AT the celebration of the Isthmian Games, one of the company askt Diogenes, whether he also were come to be a spectator of the combatants? No, he replied; but to be a combatant myself.—The man laughd at this; and further enquired, whom he expected for antagonists? Antagonists? said Diogenes; with his customary look of archness and intelligence: I expect antagonists of the most unmanageable and unconquerable fierceness; whom not a single Greek of the whole assembly would dare to look in the face: none of your runners, however, or wrestlers, or jumpers, or boxers, or throwers of the javelin and the quoit; but antagonists of sobriety and decorum.—Who are they? the man enquired. LABOURS and HARDSHIPS, says Diogenes: antagonists of a most sturdy character, and invincible by infatuated and besotted people, who consume their entire days in eating, and snore away their nights; but an easy victory to opponents so silent.

der and emaciated, as to have their bellies indented like a wasp. Or can you imagine these men to be good for any thing with their huge paunches, which they ought to reduce by all kinds of evacuation and exercise, or rather, if they entertained just notions of the subject, by much severer operations; by seething them, as whales are seethed from the salt and sea-water; and by liquefying their fat, as the blubber of dolphins is molten down, at my native city of Sinope, into oil for common uses. People, like these, in my opinion, possess souls, inferior in dignity to the souls of swine. Whereas a man, of a nature truly generous, looks upon Labours as his principal antagonists, and loves to maintain with them an incessant combat by night and by day; not for a parsley-garland, as if a goat were his competitor, nor for a garland of wild-olive, and the pine-tree; but for the prize of happiness and virtue, during the whole period of their lives; not for that moment only, when the umpires at Elis, or at Corinth, or the community of the Thessalians, proclaim him victor. Nor does he feel alarmed at his competitor, nor pray that the lot may fall on any other combatant; but he challenges them all by turns, maintains a pertinacious struggle with Hunger and Cold and Thirst, is able to support himself under the torments of the scourge, nor relaxes from his steadfastness by the application of the knife and caustic. As for Poverty, and Exile, and Disgrace, and other similar contingencies, he considers nothing of this kind as formidable, but views them merely as trivial inconveniences: so that the perfect man will frequently divert himself with all such events; just as children are amused by their variety of sports, by the dice and ball.

These antagonists, he remarkt, appear formidable and irresistible to men rendered cowardly by their vices: but, whoever shall despise their power, and approach them boldly, such a combatant will discover them in experiment to be destitute of resolution, and unable to master their intrepid and vigorous opponents: like dogs exactly in this respect, which closely pursue the fugitive, and bite and tear, if they overtake him; but are terrified by one, who faces them with spirit, and retire from his approach; till at length they become so familiar and fond as to fawn upon him. The generality of mankind, alarmed by these adversaries, and always flying from their presence, so as never to confront them with their eyes, invite and stimulate their assaults. It fares with men in this case, as with a pugilist; if he anticipate his antagonist, he is able to continue the combat, throws him down, and thus acquires a superiority in the conflict: but, if he recede through fear, he exposes himself immediately to the fiercest blows. Thus, Toils and Hardships exert no considerable power against one, who receives them with a contemptuous indifference, and resolutely closes with them; but assume a semblance of greater magnitude and more terrific aspect to every adversary, who retreats, and declines the contest.

You may discern an illustration of these sentiments in fire: if you trample upon it with violence and resolution, it is extinguished; but you will be severely scorched by assailing it with slackness and trepidation. Thus children, in their sportive recreations, will sometimes quench a flame even with their tongue. Antagonists of this intrepid character much resemble those athletic combatants, who employ all their strength, and watch every advantage, in the battle; striking, and throttling, and tearing, and sometimes eventually murdering, each other.

Besides this contention, however, with Labours, another conflict is appointed for us, not merely more formidable than those, which I have stated, but, in reality, arduous and perilous to a degree incomparably greater, the conflict with PLEASURE; who does not oppose with open violence, but ensnares by subtleties, and beguiles with a cup of most bewitching poisons. Her battle bears no resemblance to the battle thus described in Homer's poetry:

Then at the ships a combat sharp arose
With renovated fury: faulchions long,
Deep-gashing hatchets, dealt destruction round.

Her battle, I say, corresponds not to this description. Direct assault is not the method, to which Pleasure has recourse; but delusive artifice, and the fascination of dire enchantments, are her weapons; enchantments, like those, by which the sorcerous Circe, as Homer relates the story, was able to bewitch the companions of Ulysses; transforming some of them into swine, some into wolves, and others into every variety of savage beasts.

Such is the character of Pleasure! Her insidious attempts are not confined to a single process: she endeavours, by machinations infinitely multifarious, to accomplish the destruction of mankind, whether waking or asleep, through the instrumentality of all their senses, their sight, their hearing, their smell, their taste, their touch; by their meat also, their drink, and their lustful appetites. No security can be found in sleep from stationing a row of watchful sentinels, as against an ordinary enemy, because her principal attack is conducted during that season of repose; partly by engaging sleep himself to enfeeble and enslave them, partly by sending forth against them deceitful and plotting dreams, to recall her to their recollection. Labour, for the most part, makes his approaches through the medium of the Touch; but Pleasure commissions the collective senses of our constitution to execute her purposes. With Labour it is our interest to grapple in a close encounter; but Pleasure we must flee with all possible precipitation, and should maintain no more communication with her, than what unopposable Necessity may exact. In a contest with Labour, the most resolute combatant proves the most successful; but the truest resolution is displayed by a hasty and distant retreat from Pleasure: because an escape from entire perdition is not

possible to him who comes into contact with this fatal adversary, or hazardously attempts a frequent communication with her. When she once prevails, and has established an influence over the soul by her magic potions, then succeeds the metamorphosis of Circe, who strikes the victims with her wand, and afterwards finds no difficulty in compelling them to the close confinement of a sty : from which period they unchangeably continue to the latest period under the semblance of a swine, or wolf.

Some also are transformed by Pleasure into Serpents ; creatures, of a subtle and pernicious nature ; and into reptiles of all descriptions. These attend upon her, and pay her homage ; desirous of her enjoyments, and content in her service, but embarrassed at the same time by infinite vexations : for Pleasure delivers them over, after a complete subjection by her authority, to Labours the most irksome, and insurmountable.

ON DECORUM OF CHARACTER.

By the late Dr. Enfield.

NOTHING gives a more lively idea of the *graceful* and *becoming* than to see a man acting steadily in character, and always consistent with himself. As there is a certain external appearance and manner suitable to every age, profession, and rank in life, so there is a certain propriety of moral conduct which arises from the natural abilities, the temper, the situation, employment, and other circumstances, of individuals : and as a careful attention to the one is thought becoming in society, so the uniform observance of the other is essential to moral decorum. When we see a man, at an early period of life, fixing a plan of conduct for himself with deliberate judgment and an independent spirit, and, after due consideration of his own dispositions and situation, entering upon and prosecuting this plan, without suffering himself to be diverted from it by the influence of fashion or example ; when we see such a man persevering in the same character of sobriety, integrity, and steady virtue, through every vicissitude of life, we respect his principles, we admire his firmness of mind, we contemplate his character with a perception of propriety and perfection similar to that with which we survey a noble edifice, formed upon a regular plan, and completed by the hand of an able architect. We always mean to express a high degree of respect when we say of a man, in the way of eulogy, that he is a consistent character.

Magnanimity, another quality which commands admiration, may be considered as discovering itself either in a steady adherence to virtue in general, or in the bold and resolute execution of great designs for the public good. The man who steadily pursues that course of action which he judges to be right, without suffering himself to be diverted from his purpose by the entice,

ments of pleasure, or disheartened by the prospect of difficulties and hazards, discovers a great and noble mind, and commands universal esteem. Fixed and firm in his resolution, inflexible to ill, and steadfast in that which is good, he supports the dignity of a virtuous character; and gives the world an example of greatness in moral conduct which resembles the hardy and heroic spirit of a valiant general, who at the head of his army marches, with regular and determined steps, against the foe. We are still farther struck with admiration when we see a man of superior abilities and distinguished merit undertaking designs of great public utility, and executing them at the certain expence of private ease and profit, and at the hazard of his property, liberty, and life. In such a man we contemplate a mind superior to vulgar passions and prejudices, capable of despising luxurious indolence when it would interfere with the public good, and possessed of strength and constancy, sufficient to sustain the severest shocks of fortune. We look up with veneration to such exalted characters, and imagine human nature allied to the divine.

A character which to the noble qualities of consistency and magnanimity adds the attractive graces of courtesy and affability, acquires from this circumstance additional lustre. There is a much nearer alliance between these virtues than may, perhaps, at first view be perceived; for it has always been found that the noblest spirits are the most gentle. When the heroic virtues are united with the milder affections, the admiration which they excite is softened into love. Every one is satisfied and happy in the society of the man who clothes all his actions in the graceful garb of easy familiarity and unaffected good-humour. The world will readily overlook many foibles and indiscretions in one who cultivates this amiable temper, and will perceive an additional splendour surrounding his virtues whilst they view them through this enchanting medium. Courtesy is a quality which every one perceives and admires. It is peculiarly pleasing to those who are in inferior stations to be treated by their governors, benefactors, and superiors, with affability and kindness. Such manners in the great add weight to their advice, influence to their example, and value to the favours they bestow.

The quality which finishes the truly respectable and amiable character is *generosity*; that noble disposition which discovers itself in a thousand forms of beneficence. It enables a man, in the midst of insults and injuries, to be collected and serene, and to enjoy the triumph of forgiveness. It raises him superior to the stormy atmosphere of party-disputes, and gives him that quiet possession of himself which enables him to perform the benevolent and useful office of the peace-maker. It inclines him to avoid unnecessary occasions of offence, and to yield, as far as virtue and prudence will permit, to the customs, humours, and prejudices, of others. It prompts him to treat the failings of his neighbour with candour, to conceal the fault which he cannot but observe,

and to extenuate the crime which he is not able wholly to excuse. In fine, it inclines him to look around him with a watchful eye for opportunities of usefulness, to extend his kind offices as far as his abilities and possessions will permit, and to send his good wishes to the ends of the earth. Is it possible that a man of this spirit should fail of obtaining universal respect and affection? Can it be, that such a man should not always be beheld with united emotions of veneration and love? He can never want a friend in the hour of necessity: he may, perhaps, find one who would even protect his life at the hazard of his own. "Peradventure for a good-man some would even dare to die."

Such are the beautiful assemblage of virtues included in that graceful conduct which the apostle recommends, when he says—"Let us walk honestly as in the day." Where is the bosom which is not warmed with ambition to obtain, by such honourable means, the esteem and applause of mankind? The love of reputation is so natural a passion, that we can scarcely believe it possible that any human being should be entirely destitute of it. When this passion is properly regulated and innocently gratified, it is productive of such refined pleasures and important advantages, that it would be absurd to wish it eradicated from the human heart, or to suppose that it ought to be totally suppressed, or rigorously restrained. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Be it then the constant object of your ambition to secure and preserve a bright and unpotted reputation, by walking "gracefully as in the day."

As you are pursuing your way through life, frequently recollect that the eye of the world is upon you—that your brethren are forming a favourable or unfavourable judgment concerning your characters. Remember, that the vicious part of mankind are watching your conduct for an occasion of reproach—that the wise and good around you are remarking your virtues with pleasure—and, particularly, that those who are more immediately interested in your welfare are anxiously attentive to your behaviour; and that the same attachment which inclines them to remark your faults with candour, will oblige them to observe with regret every impropriety and indecorum in your conduct. If you in this manner frequently consider yourselves as standing upon the public theatre of the world, and performing your respective parts before a multitude of spectators, the idea will not fail to render you cautious and vigilant in the conduct of life. In the midst of such an assembly you will be ambitious, not only to escape censure, but to obtain applause.

You all very reasonably pay some regard to appearances in your common intercourse with the world. You choose, as far as you are able, to provide for yourselves and your dependents, not only such things as are necessary for your subsistence, but such as are decent and reputable. One of the first motives to industry, with many people, and one of the principal causes of

extravagance, is the desire of making a figure in the world. In this polished age a general attention is paid to the cultivation of exterior accomplishments. Much has been said concerning *the graces*; and agreeable, and even useful, as they undoubtedly are, a more than reasonable stress has been laid upon them. Let me exhort you, my brethren, to carry your taste for a decent appearance and graceful manners beyond mere externals, and to be, at least, as much concerned to make a decent and reputable appearance in your moral conduct as in your dress, your habitations, or your exterior behaviour. So shall your virtuous manners produce you a plentiful harvest of reputation whilst you live, and secure you the honour of a fair fame after your decease; for the memory of the righteous is blessed.

I must not conclude without adding, that the same virtues which will, in the natural course of things, procure you the esteem and respect of mankind, will also lay a sure foundation for those pure pleasures which result from the consciousness of having merited the esteem you have acquired—a consciousness which far outweighs the satisfaction arising from the applause of men, and which, if this should at any time, through prejudice or caprice, be withheld, will abundantly repay you for the disappointment. At the same time, they will not fail to obtain for you the approbation of the Supreme Infallible Judge of merit, and to secure to you those everlasting honours and rewards which he has promised for good men in the future world.

PRACTICAL MORALITY, No. I.

Being moral Extracts from the writings of Eminent men.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SOCIAL HARMONY TO THE HAPPINESS OF LIFE.

Written by Dr. ENFIELD.

IT will be wholly unnecessary to use many words in order to shew how necessary brotherly love and unity are to the happiness both of great and small communities. We need look no further than among our own immediate acquaintance to be satisfied, that domestic harmony or discord is of more weight in the scale of social happiness or misery than all other circumstances taken together. Who can pass a day without feeling the justness of Solomon's observation—"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith?" Pleasures and pains of this kind are strongly felt by individuals, and have a powerful tendency to diffuse themselves. A glad and benevolent countenance indicating a mind pleased with itself and with all around it, sheds beams of joy and satisfaction on a whole cir-

cle. On the contrary, a lowering brow denoting anger, discontent, and ill-will, blasts the pleasures of a whole circle, even though met for the purpose of festivity. Nor does it fare better with the malevolent being himself than with the victims of his spite and ill-humour. If there be within the compass of human depravity such a thing as the pleasure of tormenting, it can only be a temporary respite from internal anguish, and must ever be succeeded by the horrors of remorse and self-condemnation. That tyrant, who said of his people—"Let them hate me, provided they fear me," never, we may be assured, felt one easy or happy moment. A greater punishment could not be inflicted upon any rational being than that he should be rendered incapable of loving; nor can a more lively idea be formed of the wretchedness, as well as the depravity, of the prince of evil demons, than that suggested by the poet, when he makes him say—"Evil, be thou my good."

It may perhaps be said, that the malignant passions, hurtful as they are to the peace and happiness of mankind, are yet natural; and that, as long as the several inclinations and interests of mankind continue to thwart each other as they do at present, there is little reason to expect that the world will ever become that scene of universal love and kindness which is so much to be desired. But in reply to this—which, by the way, is an objection that lies equally against all attempts to improve our nature in any other respect—it can only be necessary to appeal to facts. Let those who are disposed to think and speak thus despairingly of human nature, observe whether there is not in reality a great difference among mankind with respect to the terms on which they live with one another, and the degree of peace and unity which they maintain in their social connexions. Look around among families, and remark whether, in the *conjugal* relation, you do not see some persons continually vexing and provoking each other by contentions on the most trifling subjects, and hereby making their home intolerable to themselves, and to all who are connected with them; while others, by mutual compliances, kind offices, and words and looks of love, render their union the happiest of all human ties. Again, with respect to the relation between *parents* and *children*, is it not in some families, by tyranny and sternness on the one side, and disobedience and ill-humour on the other, rendered a source of the bitterest vexation; whilst, in others, the kind and gentle rule of the parents, repaid by the affectionate attachment and willing obedience of the children, produces the sweetest delights and dearest comforts? In the connexion between *brothers* and *sisters*, and the various branches of kindred, is it not continually seen that *some*, the nearer they are brought by nature, are set the more distant in affection through little jealousies, and petty jars and rivalships; whilst *others*, drawn close by the bands of love as well as of relationship, dwell together in that firm union which, amidst the vicissitudes of this

world, will prove the surest support in adversity, as well as the fairest ornament and dearest comfort of prosperity? Of those who are associated by *situation and employment*, such as partners in business, fellow-labourers, or fellow-servants, do not some appear to make it their study to render each other's lives as uncomfortable as possible by all kinds of vexations and ill-offices; while others take pleasure in lightening their common burdens, and sweetening their common toils, by mutual cheerfulness and good-humour, and by reciprocal acts of kind assistance and service? In the more extended relations of neighbours, townsmen, and fellow-citizens, the same contrast is observable between those who treat each other as rivals and enemies, and those who regard one another as friends and brethren.

Since, then, examples so abundant are perpetually before us of the mischief and deformity of hatred and contention, and of the beauty and advantage of love and concord; and since it cannot be asserted that it is not in the power of men, if they choose it, to "dwell together in unity," we have certainly no right to complain of the evils of life till we have done our part to remove this principal source of them. Would we find a heaven upon earth, let us at least bring no bad and malignant passions to disturb its felicity; let us not join in creating the evils we lament; but rather engage with all our might in making the noble experiment how nearly this state of being, imperfect as it is, may be brought to resemble that glorious and happy state hereafter, to the blessings of which we all aspire. We may be assured, that such an attempt to anticipate the felicities of heaven will be the most effectual method of preparing ourselves for the actual enjoyment of them.

And we have every encouragement to hope, that a sincere and hearty endeavour to amend ourselves and others in this respect will be attended with considerable success. The spirit of benevolence has frequently been diffused over large societies of men, and has in fact produced among them the happy fruits which were to be expected. It was evidently the leading purpose of the Author of our religion to inculcate this spirit in its greatest force and purity. The *new commandment* which he gave his followers was, "that they should love one another." The first ages of the christian church afforded many delightful examples of mutual affection and unanimity. "See, how these Christians love one another," was the exclamation of their enemies, when they observed the harmony which subsisted among them in the midst of their sufferings. And if the simple and beneficent institution of christianity, long since debased by the mixture of state policy, mystery, and bigotry, has been incapable of exerting, to the fullest extent, its divine influence in harmonizing the tempers and softening the manners of men; yet no age has passed in which its genuine characters have not been strikingly displayed in individuals, in which its power has not been in some degree visible in

communities. The brotherly love which has cemented various of its sects, has been, and still is, remarkable; and we may observe in our own country a pleasing example of its prevalence in that community which distinguishes itself by no other title than that of *friends*. If the spirit of peace and unity has among them done much towards extinguishing public and private contention, family quarrels, law-suits, and party animosities; if it has bound them together, like members of one household, mutually aiding and comforting each other under worldly losses and distresses of every kind, why should not other christian societies, and indeed the whole race of mankind, adopt a temper so manifestly tending to improve the condition of human beings here on earth?

But to us as individuals, whose situation affords us little opportunity of introducing changes in the conduct and opinions of men in general, the great concern is to rectify our own hearts, and afford good examples to the small circle with which we are connected.

Our state in this life resembles that of passengers in a crowded street. Every one, pursuing the way in which business or pleasure leads him, meets with obstacles and interruptions from others bent upon the same errand. If all resolve to keep their road directly onward, without the least attention to others, neither yielding a little to let them pass, nor regulating their steps and motions in some correspondence with those of the rest, universal confusion must ensue, and none will be able to advance with tolerable speed. Whereas, if every one attends a little to the accommodation of his neighbour as well as his own, and complies with such rules as are laid down for the general advantage, all may proceed with reasonable convenience and expedition. In the march of life, no one's path lies so clear as not in some degree to cross another's; and if each is determined, with unyielding stubbornness, to keep his own line, it is impossible but he must both give and receive many a rude shock.

It appears, then, that the most essential step towards general harmony and unity is, that all of us should accustom ourselves to the controul of that *selfish* spirit which seeks its own gratification at the expence of the rest of mankind. As it is impossible that our inclinations and desires should not frequently interfere with those of others; if each be not prepared to give up somewhat of his own humour, and to consult the pleasure and convenience of others as well as of himself, how can he with any reason expect their friendship and good offices? It is true, that in some cases an appearance of tranquillity and harmony has been produced by a very rigorous plan of subordination, in which every one yields implicit obedience to the will of his superior, and in his turn exacts the same from his inferior. But what is this but a commerce between tyrants and slaves, unworthy of the dignity of

human nature, and utterly destructive of true brotherly affection ! The bond of such a union can be nothing but fear ; and it cannot have the least tendency to mend the heart and inspire generous sentiments. Love subsists only by mutual kindnesses and compliances : its basis is that principle of equality which ought ever in some degree to reign between man and man, however unequal be their condition in life. No one has a right to demand that another should in every case give up his inclination to his own. It is only as a benefactor that he can justly require any sacrifice of this kind ; and it is only by acts of love, as well as service, that he can expect to obtain the return of being beloved.

Nor is it in matters of importance alone that mutual attentions and accommodations are necessary in order to preserve the spirit of concord, and enable brethren, kindred, and neighbours, to dwell together in unity. Life is composed chiefly of small things ; and it is in reality of more importance to attend to the causes of pleasure and pain which every day may bring forth, than to those which years are requisite to produce. Hence it will appear, that the quality called civility, or politeness, is of more consequence both to our virtue and happiness than is generally apprehended. We are apt, in this country especially, to annex to it the idea of something false and artificial ; but if true politeness be defined, "an attention to please, by giving up our own inclinations to those of other persons," there seems nothing in it which ought to exclude it from the rank of the social virtues : and though it is exercised chiefly in smaller concerns, yet the habit formed by it will extend to matters of greater consequence. The love of self is so domineering a principle in our nature, that it cannot have too many counterpoises. If it be acknowledged, as it undoubtedly must, that with the exterior forms of politeness it is possible to have a very selfish heart, it is also true, that so far as these forms go, they render the commerce of life more agreeable ; and it is better that a man should by their influence be led to yield in some particulars, than that he should consult nothing but his own will and gratification in every point. We generally see, in fact, that where a man prides himself in rejecting all the attentions of politeness as trifling and unmanly, he falls into gross brutality, and plainly shows, in every action of life, that he prefers himself to all mankind.

The principle of consulting the feelings of others as well as our own takes a wide scope, and extends to many things which we are too apt to disregard. It not only enjoins us to relinquish to our associates a fair share of the ordinary gratifications and indulgencies of life, but to treat their sentiments and opinions with proper deference ; to allow them the same freedom of speech which we ourselves assume ; and on no occasion to say or do any thing which may give them pain, unless urged to it by

some motive of superior duty. How often does a severe, though witty farcasm, or a spiteful insinuation, wound another to the heart, and cause breaches in friendship that can never be repaired ! What more fatally blasts the peace of society than the breath of slander ? and how is every injury of this kind aggravated, when it proceeds from those whom we love and respect ? How sensibly did the Psalmist feel, this, when he exclaimed—"It was not an enemy that reproached me, then I could have borne it ; neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me, then I would have hid myself from him : but it was thou, mine equal, my guide, and my acquaintance," Whenever we feel ourselves tempted to offend in these points, let us directly put the case home, and ask ourselves how we should relish such treatment ? We cannot then err for want of knowing better ; we shall then be sensible that what at distance and when it regarded another, we might deem trifling and not worth attention, when applied to ourselves appears of real importance. And let us remember that every thing is of importance which concerns the happiness of a fellow-creature.

To conclude—If any of us were informed of a method by which our worldly possessions might, without injustice, be at once doubled, how void of sense and reason should we be thought if we refused to pay attention to it !—Brethren, the method is, in effect, in every one's hands. By "dwelling together in unity," the comfort and pleasure of life would be more than doubled, and this without any hazard or difficulty. It is an attempt, too, in which no one can entirely fail of success. If he cures his own bad passions only, he takes away one cause of strife in the circle to which he belongs and the fiercest fire may be prevented from spreading by withdrawing what would feed it : at the same time, he secures to himself a habit and state of mind which will afford him peace and serenity in the midst of the most violent storms of surrounding contention.

A SATISFACTORY REASON FOR PREFERRING VIRTUOUS SUFFERING TO VICIOUS ENJOYMENT.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the evidence in favour of Natural and revealed Religion is strong and conclusive, and there is abundant proof that virtue will be hereafter rewarded, and vice punished, "I will, however, says Dr. Price, suppose the whole of this evidence to be so insufficient as to leave only a chance, over balanced by contrary chances, for such a reward to virtue ; and I assert that *still* our obligations will be the same, and that it will be the most foolish conduct not to practise virtue, and even to sacrifice to it all present advantages and gratifications.—For, let it be considered what any given chance for such a good must be worth.

An even chance for any given stake is worth one half of that stake ; and a chance for it unfavourable in any proportion, is worth as much of it as is equivalent to that proportion. That is ; if the chance is only a *third* or a *tenth* of all chances, its value will be a *third* or a *tenth* of the whole stake. If, therefore, the good staked is supposed to be the *future* reward of virtue, and its value is reckoned only equal to the value of all *present* good, it will be right to give up for it a *half*, a *third*, or a *tenth* of all present good, according as the chances for obtaining it are a *half*, *third* or *tenth* of all the chances for and *against* obtaining it.

If the value of the future reward of virtue is supposed *greater* than the value of all present good, it will be right to give up for it a proportionably greater part of present good ; and the future good may be so great as to render *any* chance for it worth more than all that can be enjoyed in this life.—The same is true of the value of any means of avoiding a future evil. Though we suppose it improbable in any given degree, yet what saves us from the still remaining danger of it may be worth, on account of its nature and magnitude, more than any thing that we can resign or endure.

In other words. Any given chance for a given good is worth somewhat. The same chance for a greater good is worth more, and consequently when the good is infinite the value of any chance for it must be likewise infinite. The future good then promised to virtue being infinite, and the loss of it with which vice threatens us being an infinite evil, it follows that *any apprehension* that religion may be true, or the *bare possibility* of such consequences to follow virtue and vice as Christianity has taught us to expect, lays us under the same obligation, with respect to practice, as if we were *assured* of its truth.

I must add, that though it should be imagined that (through some strange confusion in the affairs of the world, or an extravagant mercy in God) by *vice* as well as by *virtue* we may stand a chance for happiness hereafter ; yet, if we will but allow that the one is in any respect more *likely* to obtain it than the other, it will still be the greatest madness not, at all adventures and the risk of every thing, to adhere to the one, and avoid the other. For it is evident, that the smallest *improvement* of a chance to obtain a good, increases in value as the good increases, and becomes infinite when the good itself is infinite.

It is not, I think, possible for any one to avoid conviction in this instance, who will not assert that it is *certain* that Christianity is false, and that there is *no* future state ; or that, if there is, virtue gives no better chance for happiness in it than vice. It would be inconsistent in a sceptic to assert this, and it may be presumed that no man in his wits will assert it. Let it however be asserted ; it would, even in this case, be no very great matter for a man to be so far diffident of himself, as to use the precaution of living in such a manner that if at last the worst should happen, and his

confidence prove vain, he may have nothing to fear. But no degree of unbelief, short of what rises so high as this, can quit a man from the imputation of folly unspeakable, if he is loose and careless in his life, or consents at any time to any wrong action or omission to save any thing he can enjoy, or to obtain any thing that can be offered to him in this world.

Indeed, whoever will fairly examine the evidences of religion, must see that they deserve great regard. — He that will think how reasonable it is to presume, that *infinite goodness* will communicate *infinite happiness*, and that the Creator of all designs his creatures for such a happiness, by continuing those of them who are qualified for it in being forever to improve under his eye and care, and that virtuous men, if any, have most reason to expect such an effect of his favour: He that will reflect on the various determinations which have been given our minds in favour of virtue; the accountableness of our natures; our unavoidable prefiging fears and hopes; the malignant and detestable nature of vice as before represented; the general sentiments of mankind on the subjects of a future state and reckoning; and that *spotless holiness* of the Deity, which the sacred writings in the most striking manner assert and display, and some conviction of which naturally forces itself upon every one; he, I say, who will attend to all this, cannot well avoid entertaining uneasy apprehensions as to what may hereafter happen, and be led to consider, with deep concern, how awful the future displays of divine justice may possibly prove, how greatly we may be concerned in the incomprehensible scheme of providence, how much may depend on what we now are, and how very necessary it is that *by all means* we endeavour to secure ourselves. That some time or other present inequalities will be set right, and a greater difference made between the lots of the virtuous and vicious than is now visible, we have a great deal to lead us to believe. And what kind or degree of difference the counsels and ends of the divine government may require, who can be sure? We see enough in the present state of things, and sufficiently experience what the government of the world admits of, to alarm our fears, and to set us upon considering seriously and anxiously, what greater distinctions between human beings than we now observe are likely in another state to take place, and what greater happiness or misery than we now feel, or can have any ideas of, may await us in that future, *endless* duration, through which it is at least credible that we are to exit.

But with however little regard some may be ready to treat such considerations, it must be past dispute among inquisitive and impartial persons, that all the arguments taken together, which have been used to prove natural and revealed religion, produce *some degree of real* evidence; and that, consequently, they lay a sufficient foundation for the preceding reasoning.

To this reasoning it becomes us the more to attend, because it is that which we are continually using in the common course of

life ; and because it explains to us the principles and grounds upon which we act in almost all our temporal concerns. "It* ought to be forced upon the reflexion of sceptical persons, that such is our nature and condition, that they necessarily require us in the daily course of life to act upon evidence much lower than what is commonly called probable ; and, that there are numberless instances respecting the common pursuits of life, where a man would be thought in a literal sense distracted, who would not act, and with great application too, not only on an even chance, but on much less, and where the probability was greatly against his succeeding."

What precautions will men often use against the most distant and imaginary dangers?—Why will they neglect using an easy and reasonable precaution against the *worst* and *greatest* of all dangers?—What eager and restless adventurers will they become, what pains will they take, and what risques will they run, where there is any prospect of acquiring money, power, or fame, objects in themselves of little value, and which to despise would be our greatest dignity and happiness? Why then are they so unwilling to take any pains, or to run any risques, in order to obtain blessings of *inestimable worth*, and to secure a chance for *eternal bliss*? How strange is it that they should so little care to put themselves in the way to win *this Prize*, and to become adventurers here, where even to fail would be glorious? When will the following truths, so interesting and indisputable, sink deep enough into our hearts; "that by such a course as virtue and piety require, we can in general lose *nothing* but *may gain infinitely* ; and that, on the contrary, by a careless ill-spent life we can *get nothing*, or at best (happen what will) *next to nothing*, but *may lose infinitely*?"

This brings me to what cannot be omitted in the present argument without doing it great injustice. The reader has observed, that it has gone upon the supposition, that there is a very great probability against religion and a future retribution, and that virtue requires us to sacrifice to it *all our present enjoyments*. The reverse of both these suppositions appears in reality to be the truth. There is not only an *equal chance*, but a *great probability* for the truth of religion. There is nothing to be *got* by vice, but the best part of present good is commonly *lost* by it. 'Tis not the *happiness of life* that virtue requires us to give up ; but our *follies, our diseases, and miseries*. What, according to this state of the case, must we think of the folly of a vicious choice ! How shocking is the infatuation which makes us capable of it?"

* See *Butler's Analogy, Introduction*, page 4, and chap. vi. part II. page 343, the 4th edition.

EDUCATION.

ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

By DR. PRIESTLY.

OF those employments by which it is proposed to gain a *subsistence*, those are certainly to be preferred in which our labours to serve ourselves are, at the same time, most subservient to the good of others ; because such employments tend to enlarge our benevolence, and enoble our minds ; whereas those employments in which our gains are immediately and necessarily connected with the loss of others, tend to debase the mind, by generating envy, jealousy, and hatred. Again, of those employments in which we equally serve ourselves and others, those are to be preferred which give the greatest scope to the intellectual faculties, and enlarge the comprehension of the mind ; such as those which are usually called the three liberal professions of *Theology*, *Medicine*, and *Law*.

Of these three, that of *Theology* is unquestionably entitled to the first degree of consideration, because it respects the most important interests of mankind, and is therefore perpetually reminding the professors of it of their own most important interests. Besides, the things about which the christian minister is conversant are infinitely *various*, as well as *sublime* ; every branch of useful science contributing, in proportion to its value, to form his character, and train him up to excellence in his profession. But it is essential to this profession, that a man enter upon it with just views, and always preserve upon his mind a proper sense of its nature and importance, and especially that he preserve his mind from an attachment to sordid interest. Otherwise, there will be a perpetual discordancy between his temper and profession ; and *being* one thing, and *teaching* another, he will sink into deserved contempt, and be as miserable as, with a right turn of mind, and with his heart in his work, he would have been happy.

The profession of *Medicine* bears some analogy to that of *theology* ; this being calculated to establish the health of the body, as that the health or sound state of the mind ; and it has a particular and intimate connection with studies and pursuits of a philosophical nature ; though much business of this, or of any other kind, will hardly allow a man to do much in *original experiments* ; and therefore we hardly find an instance of a physician, or surgeon, whose business has been very considerable, and gainful, distinguishing himself greatly by philosophical discoveries.

The profession of the law, I cannot help considering as much inferior, in real value and importance, to either of the other two, especially with respect to the *discipline of the mind*. This profession

has no particular connexion with any branch of philosophical science; and when taken in its utmost extent, requires hardly any other knowledge besides that of history, and indeed little more than the history of one particular country; and the habit of pleading indifferently, for, or against right, must necessarily be hurtful to the mind, and tend to make it indifferent to truth and right in general; just as the practice of acting, and assuming any character at pleasure, is unfavourable to uniformity, steadiness, and uprightness in a man's own character. And when this indifference to truth and right is produced, the *accomplished lawyer* becomes a most dangerous member of society. His talents are at the service of all who will pay the hire of them, and especially of kings and courts, who are able to give the greatest price, whose views are too often unfavourable to the interest of the people at large, and who have seldom been able to succeed in their iniquitous designs without some assistance of this kind, as well as that of a military force.

It must be acknowledged, however, that an able and truly upright lawyer is a most useful character in any country, especially, as a guard against the knavish part of his profession; and there is not in civil society a more respectable and valuable character than that of an intelligent and upright *judge* or *civil magistrate*; and though the *practice* of the law for a livelihood be attended with the danger above mentioned, the *study* of it is essential to any person who would serve his country in a civil capacity, either as a magistrate, or a senator.

As to the profession of a *soldier*, it is much to be lamented that any such profession should exist. There is, indeed, no greater merit respecting civil society, than to hazard one's life for its defence. It is the most exalted pitch of real patriotism. It is also generous in one state to assist another in its distress. But when wars become frequent, and consequently the causes of them are so *complex*, or so *frivolous*, that those who are employed in conducting them cannot be supposed to engage in them from any *proper principles*; to be a soldier is nothing more than to hire one's self, like a bravo, to kill our fellow-creatures, at the arbitrary pleasure of another. It is, in fact to make one's self the mere instrument of slaughter and devastation, and in point of *real honour* this profession ought not to rank so high as that of a common executioner, who is a necessary and useful member of society.

Of the *inferior arts of life*, those which relate to the *culture of the earth* are the most excellent and useful. They are in fact, a branch of natural philosophy, and are capable of unlimited improvements from a knowledge of the laws of nature respecting the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. The business of husbandry also serves to remind a person of his dependance upon Providence, and his gains have no connection with any person's loss. It is the common interest of the community to wish him

well, because in proportion to his success, every member of it enjoys greater plenty.

Manufactures rank next to agriculture, with respect to mental advantages; every manufacturer being employed for the good of the community, as well as his own private emolument, his gains having no connections with other persons' losses. But with respect to *health*, and consequently natural *cheerfulness*, manufactures are unspeakably less desirable. The confinement and hard labour of the working manufactures, together with the bad air they often breathe, are very destructive. They rear very few children, they soon become diseased and infirm, and die long before the term of nature.

On the other hand, merchandize, and especially the business of buying and selling in a small way, in which a man cannot thrive without making constant *small gains*, is apt to lead to mean tricks, and taking unfair advantages of the ignorance and simplicity of those with whom he has dealings, though in fair trade the buyer and seller are equally benefitted. A constant attention to small gains tends to contract the faculties, and debase the temper, though this effect may be counteracted by deep-rooted principles of integrity and religion. But the merchant, whose dealings are various and extensive, will generally have a mind more enlarged than that of a petty trader; and as by his traffic he connects distant countries, conveying to each the peculiar produce of the rest, he is, in an eminent degree, the benefactor of his species; he has many opportunities of enlarging and improving his mind; and, in fact, many merchants do certainly, together with great opulence, acquire the generosity of princes, and are foremost in all public benevolent undertakings.

The mode of raising money by *gaming*, whether at play, as cards or dice, the stocks, or in any other mode (where *mere amusement* is not the object) by which one man's gain is directly in proportion to another's loss, and the advantage is in no sense mutual, I scruple not to pronounce absolutely wrong, and iniquitous. It is a direct method of promoting envy, jealousy, and hatred; it never fails to give a person a dislike to sober industry, as too slow a mode of raising money. It therefore frequently prepares those who are unsuccessful in it for theft and robbery, and the most desperate and fatal courses, which commonly end in a public execution, or suicide.

In this censure I am far from meaning to include the business of *insurance*; for in this case, though the gain of one be the loss of another, it is, upon the whole, a *mutual benefit*; for it is a real advantage to a man to be able, by means of a certain loss, that he can well bear, to secure himself against the chance of a loss that he could not bear.

It has been imagined that the art of gaming, as it is practised not at the gaming table only, but at horse-races, in the stocks, &c. though of no use in itself, and even hurtful in other respects,

will give a person skill and address in his transactions with men, and especially in the business of politics. But it has also been imagined that playing at chess is of use to a soldier, because the stratagems, &c. used in that game, bear some resemblance to those used in war; and yet it does not appear, from fact, either that able commanders have been generally distinguished for their skill in playing at chess, or that the best chess-players have therefore made good commanders.

In fact, ingenuity and address in one thing has very little proper connection with ingenuity and address in another. Otherwise, every able tradesman, or artist, would make an able philosopher, or an able statesman. All real ability might, no doubt, have been applied *originally* with equal success to one pursuit as to another; and where two objects of pursuit have a great resemblance, the application to one of them may prepare the mind for applying to the other with advantage. But when a man's thoughts have dwelt long on any subject, he becomes in time incapable of being what he was originally best qualified to be.

ON THE PREPARATION FOR THE MERCANTILE PROFESSION. *Written by VICENTIMUS KNOX.*

A GREAT wit of antiquity, no less remarkable for the liberality of his mind, and his knowledge of the world, than for his excellence in poetry, has censured that mode of education which is confined to arithmetic. He has suggested that the mind, from a constant attention in early youth to pecuniary mercantile computations, contracts a degree of rust totally destructive of genius. There is certainly some truth in his observation; but it must be considered, that our country differs from his in many essential particulars. Arms and arts were the chief objects of attention in Rome; but Britain, from her situation and connections, is naturally commercial. Commerce in Britain has acquired a dignity unknown in ancient times, and in other countries of Europe. They who have been engaged in it have added a grace to it by the liberality of their education and the generosity of their minds. This has introduced them to the company of those to whom their fortunes made them equal; and they have appeared in the senate, and in society, with peculiar grace and importance.

I mean, however, to advise, that they who are destined to a commercial life, should not devote their time and attention, exclusively, to penmanship and to arithmetic. In whatever degree these excellencies may be possessed, they will never exalt or refine the sentiments. They will never form the gentleman. They are the qualifications of hireling scrivener, and are at this time in possession of some of the lowest and meanest persons of the community.

But I would not be misapprehended. I know the value of a legible and expeditious hand, and the beauty of arithmetic as a science, as well as its use as a practical qualification. They are absolutely necessary to the merchant; they are highly useful to all. My meaning is, that they should not form the whole of education, nor even the chief part of it, even when the student is designed for a mercantile life. For what is the proposed end of a mercantile life? The accumulation of money. And what is the use of money? To contribute to the enjoyment of life. But is life to be enjoyed with a narrow and unenlightened mind? If it is, what must be the enjoyment? It must be low and disgraceful. A rich man, without liberal ideas, and without some share of learning, is an unfit companion for those in the rank to which he is advanced; a melancholy consideration, that after all the toils and cares of business, when a man has acquired a princely fortune, he must be excluded from the society of men of equal condition, but superior education, or be ridiculous in it; that he must be unfit for parliamentary or civil employments, though the influence of money may procure him admission to them!

I really do not mean, in any thing I have said, to discourage an attention to writing and arithmetic. If I did, I should with reason raise a very numerous party, who would not fail to be clamorous against my doctrine. My advice is, and I offer it with unaffected deference, that those who are intended for a general line of commercial life, should bestow at least as much attention on the cultivation of their minds as on mechanical attainments, or on a mere preparation for the superintendence of an accounting-house,

There is time enough for the accomplishment of both purposes, in the course of an education properly conducted, and long enough continued. At our best and most respectable grammar-schools, opportunities are usually afforded for improvement in writing and in arithmetic. Many instances might be produced to shew, that the classical and the mercantile discipline have proceeded with equal success. It is indeed true, that the writing of those exercises which are indispensably required in a classical course, retards the acquisition of a fine hand, because it is usually done in a careless and hasty manner. But it might perhaps be done otherwise. Granting that it cannot, yet surely one would abate something from the excellence of a flourish, for the sake of acquiring ideas, and elevating the mind with just, generous, and noble sentiments. Is it worth while to forego the improvement of taste and literary genius, for the sake of performing a stroke in a letter with greater elegance, though not in the least more legibly? for the sake of acquiring a mechanical habit, in which, after all, the scholar will often be surpassed by the lowest apprentice, or the meanest clerk of a petty office.

I know it will be said, that boys who are destined to reputable merchandize, are usually taught Latin. But how are they often

taught it? They are often placed at a school where the master teaches ~~it not~~. He professes to teach only writing, arithmetic, and mathematics; but, to complete his plan, he hires an assistant to teach Latin. The principal share of time and attention is devoted to writing and arithmetic. The parent desires it, and the master naturally gives ~~these~~ greatest attention, as he professes to understand and teach nothing else. Seldom ~~any thing~~ more than the first elements of Latin are taught, and these, it may reasonably be supposed, in a very superficial manner. The boy leaves his school at the age of fourteen. He writes a fine hand, and casts accounts to admiration. His Latin he soon forgets; for he was never taught to dwell upon it as of great importance; and, in general, what he knows of it is so little, that it is scarcely worth remembrance.

When he has acquired his fortune, which he may very well do, with little other knowledge but that of addition and multiplication; though he prides himself on having had a liberal education; yet he acknowledges, that he has found little advantage from the classics, and holds them in low esteem. He declares, that a son of his shall adhere to the four first rules. He seldom looks beyond the circumscribed horizon of the accounting-house, even when admitted into the council-chamber; and he contributes, both by his discourse and example, to bring the classical mode of education into disrepute. He pretends to have been trained according to its rules, and grounds his pretensions on the very little of Latin grammar which he very imperfectly learned, in a very short time, when his attention was almost confined, both by parental and preceptorial authority, to a mechanical attainment, and to a single science.

I need not use argument in recommending the study of French and geography to the intended merchant. Their obvious utility is universally understood.

It is well known, and much to be lamented, that the shafts of wit and ridicule have often been successfully thrown at city magistrates, and other public characters, whose offices ought to secure respect. This unfortunate circumstance has been entirely owing to that defect in their education, which their wealth could never compensate. Though they ought to qualify themselves for the desk; yet they should recollect, that they are not to remain there always; but should let their minds be early imbued with that elegance, which will remain with them, and constitute them gentlemen, whatever may be their employment.

For the NEW-ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

WHOEVER knows much of our country will acknowledge that the education of men among us is greatly deficient. It is true, that New England is to be much commended for its attention to the instruction of the lower class of people, and perhaps of the middle rank ; but little provision is made for the proper education of respectable merchants and valuable mechanics. To read, to write and to perform the four first Rules of Arithmetic constitute all the branches of a common education, while Grammar, Geography, History, the most useful parts of the Mathematics, Natural History and Philosophy, and other important branches of knowledge, are disregarded as unnecessary, or omitted through criminal neglect.

I am not fond of censuring existing establishments, but I am no enemy to useful innovations. I do not however wish any change should take place, before the alterations is maturely considered. Innovations become dangerous, when they are hasty and inconsiderate. I think therefore that our modes of education, however faulty, should not be new modulated, till the necessity of the change is felt by every one. At such a time it is a duty to alter them. At such a period we have perhaps arrived. But let us not be too hasty in the reformation ; let reason recommend the alterations, and the united judgment of many confirm their utility.

It is not my intention in this communication either to enumerate my objections to the present system of education or to offer to the public a new one. I wish only that the attention of your readers may be turned to this subject ; it is important to them and to the community ; and when I shall again address you, in relation to it, which I shall do much more fully in your next, that they will read with candor what I shall with deference submit to them.

CLITO.

FOR THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

MESS. EDITORS,

SEEING that you have embraced in your plan treatises upon the important subject of Education, and being a Father of three fine girls under the age of sixteen, upon whom I am desirous to bestow as good education as this country will afford, I wish to have a few Queries answered through the medium of your Magazine by some of your Correspondents. They are as follows ; and are to be regarded as only respecting young ladies :

1. Is the accomplishment of *Music* worthy of the time, pains, and cost expended in its acquirement ?
2. Is it to be desired that young ladies should be instructed in *Drawing and Painting* ?
3. Should young ladies be permitted to read any Novels, and if any, what ones ?
4. At what age should young ladies be introduced into company, and what accomplishments ought they previously to possess ?
5. If Novels are to be forbidden young ladies, what course of Reading is it advisable they should pursue ?

An answer to one or more of these Questions from any of your Correspondents will much oblige
A FATHER.

THE NECESSITY OF REGULATING THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS IN YOUNG MINDS.

From Edgeworth's Education.

IT often happens, that those who feel pleasure and pain most strongly, are likewise most disposed to form strong associations of ideas. Children of this character are never stupid, but often prejudiced and passionate : they can readily assign a reason for their preference or aversion ; they recollect distinctly the original sensations of pleasure or pain, on which their associations depend ; they do not, like Mr. Transfer in *Zeluco*, like or dislike persons and things, because they have *been used to them*, but because they have received some injury or benefit from them. Such children are apt to make great mistakes in reasoning, from their registering of coincidences hastily ; they do not wait to repeat their experiments, but if they have in one instance observed two things to happen at the same time, they expect that they will always recur together. If one event precedes or follows another accidentally, they believe it to be the cause or effect of its concomitant, and this belief is not to be shaken in their minds by ridicule or argument. They are, consequently, inclined both to superstition and enthusiasm, according as their hopes and fears predominate. They are likewise subject to absurd antipathies—antipathies which verge towards insanity.

Dr. Darwin relates a strong instance of antipathy in a child from association. The child, on tasting the gristle of sturgeon, asked what gristle was ? and was answered, that gristle was like the division of a man's nose. The child, disgusted at this idea, for twenty years afterwards could never be persuaded to taste sturgeon.

Zimmerman assures us, that he was an eye-witness of a singular antipathy, which we may be permitted to describe in his own words :

“Happening to be in company with some English gentlemen, all of them men of distinction, the conversation fell upon antipa-

thies. Many of the company denied their reality, and considered them as idle stories, but I assured them that they were truly a disease. Mr. William Matthews, son to the governor of Barbadoes, was of my opinion, because he himself had an antipathy to spiders. The rest of the company laughed at him. I undertook to prove to them that this antipathy *was really an impression on his soul, resulting from the determination of a mechanical effect.* (We do not pretend to know what Dr. Zimmermann means by this.) Lord John Murray undertook to shape some black wax into the appearance of a spider, with a view to observe whether the antipathy would take place at the simple figure of the insect. He then withdrew for a moment, and came in again with the wax in his hand, which he kept shut. Mr. Matthews, who in other respects was a very amiable and moderate man, immediately conceived that his friend really had a spider in his hand, clapped his hand to his sword with extreme fury, and running back towards the partition, cried out most horribly. All the muscles of his face were swelled, his eyes were rolling in their sockets, and his body was immovable. We were all exceedingly alarmed, and immediately ran to his assistance, took his sword from him, and assured him that what he conceived to be a spider, was nothing more than a bit of wax, which he might see upon the table.

"He remained some time in this spasmodic state; but at length he began to recover, and to deplore the horrible passion from which he still suffered. His pulse was very strong and quick, and his whole body was covered with a cold perspiration. After taking an anodyne draught he resumed his usual tranquillity."

"We are not to wonder at this antipathy," continues Zimmermann; "the spiders at Barbadoes are very large, and of an hideous figure. Mr. Matthews was born there; and his antipathy was therefore to be accounted for. Some of the company undertook to make a little waxen spider in his presence. He saw this done with great tranquillity, but he could not be persuaded to touch it, though he was by no means a timorous man in other respects. Nor would he follow my advice to endeavour to conquer this antipathy by first drawing parts of spiders of different sorts, and after a time whole spiders, till at length he might be able to look at portions of real spiders, and thus gradually accustom himself to whole ones, at first dead, and then living ones."

Dr. Zimmermann's method of cure, appears rather more ingenious, than his way of accounting for the disease. Are all the natives of Barbadoes subject to convulsions at the sight of the large spiders in that island? or why does Mr. George Matthews, having been born there account so satisfactorily for his antipathy?

The cure of these unreasonable fears of harmless animals, like all other antipathies, would, perhaps, be easily effected, if it were judiciously attempted early in life. The epithets which we use in speaking of animals, and our expressions of countenance, have great influence on the minds of children. If we, as Dr. Darwin

advises, call the spider *the ingenious spider*, and the frog *the harmless frog*, and if we look at them with complacency, instead of aversion, children, from sympathy, will imitate our manner, and from curiosity will attend to the animals, to discover whether the commendatory epithets we bestow upon them, are just.

It is comparatively of little consequence to conquer antipathies which have trifling objects. An individual can go through life very well without eating sturgeon, or touching spiders; but when we consider the influence of the same disposition to associate false ideas too strongly in more important instances, we shall perceive the necessity of correcting it by education.

Locke tells us of a young man, who, having been accustomed to see an old trunk in the room with him when he learned to dance, associated his dancing exertions so strongly with the sight of this trunk, that he could not succeed by any voluntary efforts in its absence. We have, in our remarks upon attention, pointed out the great inconveniences to which those are exposed who acquire associated habits of intellectual exertion; who cannot speak, or write, or think, without certain habitual aids to their memory or imagination. We must further observe, that incessant vigilance is necessary in the moral education of children disposed to form strong associations; they are liable to sudden and absurd dislikes or predilections, with respect to persons, as well as things; they are subject to caprice in their affections and temper, and liable to a variety of mental infirmities, which, in different degrees we call passion or madness. Locke tells us, that he knew a man who, after having been restored to health by a painful operation, had so strongly associated the idea and figure of the operator with the agony he had endured, that though he acknowledged the obligation, and felt gratitude towards this friend who had saved him, he never afterwards could bear to see his benefactor. There are some people who associate so readily and incorrigibly the idea of any pain that they have received from another, with his person and character, that they can never afterwards forget or forgive. They are hence disposed to all the intemperance of hatred and revenge; to the chronic malice of a Jago, or the acute pangs of an Achilles. Homer, in his speech of Achilles to Agamemnon's mediating ambassadors, has drawn a strong and natural picture of the progress of anger. It is worth studying as a lesson in metaphysics. Whenever association suggests to the mind of Achilles the injury he has received, he loses his reason, and the orator works himself up from argument to declamation, and from declamation to desperate resolution, through a close linked connection of ideas and sensations.

The insanities of ambition, avarice, and vanity, originate in early mistaken associations. A feather, or a crown, or an alderman's chain, or a cardinal's hat, or a purse of yellow counters, are unluckily associated in the minds of some men with the idea of happiness, and, without staying to deliberate, these unfortunate

persons hunt through life the phantasms of a disordered imagination. Whilst we pity, we are amused by the blindness and blunders of those whose mistakes can effect no one's felicity but their own; but any delusions which prompt their victims to actions inimical to their fellow-creatures, are the objects not unusually of pity, but of indignation, of private aversion and public punishment. We smile at the avaricious insanity of the miser, who dresses himself in the cast-off wig of a beggar, and pulls a crushed pancake from his pocket for his own and for his friend's dinner. We smile at the insane vanity of the pauper, who dressed himself in a many-colored paper star, assumed the title of Duke of Baubleshire, and as such required homage from every passenger. But are we inclined to smile at the outrageous vanity of the man who styled himself the son of Jupiter, and who murdered his best friend for refusing him divine honors? Are we disposed to pity the slave-merchant, who, urged by the maniacal desire for gold, hears unmoved the groans of his fellow-creatures, the execrations of mankind, and that "small still voice," which haunts those who are stained with blood?

The moral insanities which strike us with horror, compassion, or ridicule, however they may differ in their effects, have frequently one common origin; an early false association of ideas. Persons who mistake in measuring their own feelings, or who neglect to compare their ideas, and to balance contending wishes, scarcely merit the name of *rational* creatures. The man, who does not deliberate, is lost.

We have endeavored, though well aware of the difficulty of the subject, to point out some of the precautions that should be used in governing the imagination of young people of different dispositions. We should add, that in all cases the pupil's attention to his own mind will be of more consequence, than the utmost vigilance of the most able preceptor; the sooner he is made acquainted with his own character, and the sooner he can be excited to govern himself by reason, or to attempt the cure of his own defects, the better.

FOR THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

MESS. EDITORS,

IS THE STUDY OF THE LATIN AND GREEK LANGUAGES USEFUL?

THIS Question has been lately agitated with considerable warmth among modern writers upon the subject of Education. Some gentlemen in the middle States have vehemently contended in support of the negative. I do not however feel myself convinced by their arguments; and when I saw that in your Magazine treatises upon this subject were admitted, I was determined to collect and send you my thoughts relative to this

question. But this design was given up, as soon as I discovered that an abler man had already expressed ideas, similar to mine, in a better manner than it was in my power to have done. Though the theories of this writer may be very incorrect, when discoursing upon other topics, his thoughts upon this subject are, in my opinion, extremely rational and just. I have inclosed them for publication in this country; if you should think that their insertion in your useful miscellany would be serviceable to the interests of literature, be pleased to give them a place.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

“AN obvious ground of presumption in favour of classical learning will suggest itself in tracing its history. The study of the Latin and Greek authors will scarcely be thought to deserve this appellation, so long as their language was the vernacular tongue of those who studied them. Classical learning then may be said to have taken its rise in the fifteenth century, at which time the human mind awoke from a slumber that threatened to be little less than external. The principal cause of this auspicious event was the study of the classics. Suddenly men were seized with the desire of rescuing them from the oblivion into which they had fallen. It seemed as if this desire had arisen just in time to render its gratification not impracticable. Some of the most valuable remains of antiquity now in our possession, were upon the point of being utterly lost. Kings and princes considered their recovery as the most important task in which they could be engaged; scholars travelled without intermission, drawn from country to country by the faintest hope of encountering a classical manuscript; and the success of their search afforded a more guiltless, but not a less envied triumph, than the defeat of armies and the plunder of millions. The most honoured task of the literati of that day, was the illustration of an ancient author; commentator rose upon commentator; obscurities were removed; precision acquired; the Greek and Roman writers were understood and relished in a degree scarcely inferior to their contemporaries; nor were they only perused with avidity, their purity and their beauties were almost rivalled at the distance of almost fifteen hundred years.

Such is the history of one of the most interesting æras in the annals of mankind. We are indebted to the zeal, perhaps a little extravagant and enthusiastic, of the revivers of letters, for more than we can express. If there be in the present age any wisdom, any powers of reasoning, any acquaintance with the secrets of nature, any refinement of language, any elegance of composition, any love of all that can adorn and benefit the human race, this is the source from which they ultimately flowed.* From

* I do not infer that they could have flowed from no other source; I relate a fact.

the Greek and Roman authors the moderns learned to think. While they investigated with unconquerable perseverance the ideas and sentiments of antiquity, the feculence of their own understandings subsided. The shackles of superstition were loosened. Men were no longer shut up in so narrow boundaries; nor benumbed in their faculties by the sound of one eternal monotony. They saw; they examined; they compared. Intellect assumed new courage, shook its daring wings, and essayed a bolder flight. Patience of investigation was acquired. The love of truth displayed itself, and the love of liberty.

Shall we then discard that, to which our ancestors owed every thing they possessed? Do we not fear lest, by removing the foundations of intellect, we should sacrifice intellect itself? Do we not fear lest, by imperceptible degrees, we should bring back the dark ages, and once again plunge our species in eternal night?

This however, though a plausible, is not a strict and logical argument in favour of classical learning; and, if unsupported by direct reasoning, ought not probably to be considered as deciding the controversy. The strongest direct arguments are probably as follow. They will be found to apply with the most force to the study of Latin.

The Latin authors are possessed of uncommon excellence. One kind of excellence they possess, which is not to be found in an equal degree in the writers of any other country: an exquisite skill in the use of language; a happy selection of words; a beautiful structure of phrase; a transparency of style; a precision by which they communicate the strongest sentiments in the directest form; in a word, every thing that relates to the most admirable polish of manner. Other writers have taken more licentious flights, and produced greater astonishment in their readers. Other writers have ventured more fearlessly into unexplored regions, and cropped those beauties which hang over the brink of the precipice of deformity. But it is the appropriate praise of the best Roman authors, that they scarcely present us with one idle and excrement clause, that they continually convey their meaning in the choicest words. Their lines dwell upon our memory; their sentences have the force of maxims, every part vigorous, and seldom any thing that can be changed but for the worse. We wander in a scene where every thing is luxuriant, yet every thing vivid, graceful and correct.

It is commonly said, that you may read the works of foreign authors in translations. But the excellencies above enumerated are incapable of being transfused. A diffuse and voluminous author, whose merit consists chiefly in his thoughts, and little in the manner of attiring them, may be translated. But who can translate Horace? who endure to read the translation? Who is there, acquainted with him only through this medium, but listens with astonishment and incredulity to the encomiums he has received from the hour his poems were produced?

The Roman historians are the best that ever existed. The dramatic merit and the eloquence of Livy ; the profound philosophy of Sallust ; the rich and solemn pencil of Tacitus, all ages of the world will admire ; but no historian of any other country has ever been able to rival.

Add to this, that the best ages of Rome afford the purest models of virtue that are any where to be met with. Mankind are too apt to lose sight of all that is heroic, magnanimous and public-spirited. Modern ages have formed to themselves a virtue, rather polished, than sublime, that consists in petty courtesies, rather than in the tranquil grandeur of an elevated mind. It is by turning to Fabricius, and men like Fabricius, that we are brought to recollect what human nature is. Left to ourselves, we are apt to sink into effeminacy and apathy.

But, if such are the men with whose actions it is most our interest to familiarise ourselves, we cannot do this so successfully as by studying them in the works of their countrymen. To know them truly, we must not content ourselves with viewing them from a distance, and reading them in abridgment. We must watch their minutest actions, we must dwell upon their every word. We must gain admission among their confidants, and penetrate into their secret souls. Nothing is so wretched a waste of time as the study of abridgments.

If it be allowable to elucidate the insufficiency of the modern writers of ancient history by instances, it might be remarked, that Rollin takes care repeatedly to remind his reader that the virtues of the heathens were only so many specious vices, and interlards his history with an exposition of the prophecies of Daniel ; that Hooke calumniates all the greatest characters of Rome to exalt the reputation of Cæsar ; and that Mitford and Gillies are at all times ready to suspend their narrative for a penegyric upon modern despotism. No persons seem to have been more utter strangers to that republican spirit which is the source of our noblest virtues, than those authors who have assumed to be the historiographers of the ancient republics.

A second argument in favour of the study of the Latin classics may be thus stated. Language is the great medium of communication among mankind. He that desires to instruct others, or to gain personal reputation, must be able to express himself with perspicuity and propriety. Most of the misunderstandings which have existed, in sentiment or in science, may be traced to some obscurity or looseness of expression as their source. Add to this, that the taste of mankind is so far refined, that they will not accept an uncouth and disgusting lesson, but require elegance and ornament. One of the arts that tend most to the improvement of human intellect, is the art of language ; and he is no true friend to his species, who would suffer them from neglect to fall back, from their present state of advancement in this respect, into a barbarous and undisciplined jargon.

But it is perhaps impossible to understand one language, unless we are acquainted with more than one. It is by comparison only that we can enter into the philosophy of language. It is by comparison only that we separate ideas and the words by which those ideas are ordinarily conveyed. It is by collating one language with another, that we detect all the shades of meaning through the various inflections of words, and all the minuter degradations of sense which the same word suffers, as it shall happen to be connected with different topics. He that is acquainted with only one language, will probably always remain, in some degree the slave of language. From the imperfectness of his knowledge, he will feel himself at one time seduced to say the thing he did not mean, and at another will fall into errors of this sort without being aware of it. It is impossible that he should understand the full force of words. He will sometimes produce ridicule, where he intended to produce passion. He will search in vain for the hidden treasures of his native tongue. He will never be able to employ it in the most advantageous manner. He cannot be well acquainted with its strength and its weakness. He is uninformed respecting its true genius and discriminating characteristics. But the man who is competent to and exercised in the comparison of languages, has attained to his proper elevation. Language is not his master, but he is the master of language. Things hold their just order in his mind, ideas first, and then words. Words therefore are used by him as the means of communicating or giving permanence to his sentiments; and the whole magazine of his native tongue is subjected at his feet.

The science of etymology has been earnestly recommended, as the only adequate instrument for effecting the purpose here described; and undoubtedly it is of high importance for the purpose of enabling us more accurately to judge of the value of the words we have occasion to employ. But the necessity and the use of etymology have perhaps been exaggerated. However extensive are our researches, we must stop somewhere; and he that has traced a word half-way to its source, is subject to a portion of the same imperfection, as he that knows nothing of it beyond the language in which he has occasion to use it. It is here perhaps as in many other intellectual acquisitions; the habit of investigating, distinguishing and subtilising, is of more importance than any individual portions of knowledge we may chance to have accumulated. Add to which, that the immediate concern of the speaker or writer, is not with the meaning his words bore at some distant period or the materials of which they are compounded, but with the meaning that properly belongs to them according to the purest standard of the language he uses. Words are perpetually fluctuating in this respect. The gradations by which they change their sense are ordinarily imperceptible; but from age to age their variations are often the most memorable and surprising. The true mode therefore of becoming acquainted

with their exact force, is to listen to them in the best speakers, and consider them as they occur in the best writers, that have yet appeared.

Latin is indeed a language that will furnish us with the etymology of many of our own words; but it has perhaps peculiar recommendations as a praxis in the habits of investigation and analysis. Its words undergo an uncommon number of variations and inflections. Those inflections are more philosophically appropriated, and more distinct in their meaning, than the inflections of any language of a more ancient date. As the words in Latin composition are not arranged in a philosophical or natural order, the mind is obliged to exert itself to disentangle the chaos, and is compelled to yield an unintermitted attention to the inflections. It is therefore probable that the philosophy of language is best acquired by studying this language. Practice is superior to theory; and this science will perhaps be more successfully learned, and more deeply imprinted, by the perusal of Virgil and Horace, than by reading a thousand treatises on universal grammar.

Example seems to correspond to what is here stated. Few men have written English with force and propriety, who have been wholly unacquainted with the learned languages. Our finest writers and speakers have been men who amused themselves during the whole of their lives with the perusal of the classics. Nothing is generally more easy than to discover by his style, whether a man has been deprived of the advantages of a literary education.

A further argument in favor of the study of the Latin language, may be deduced from the nature of logic, or the art of thinking. Words are of the utmost importance to human understanding. Almost all the ideas employed by us in matters of reasoning have been acquired by words. In our most retired contemplations we think for the most part in words; and upon recollection can in most cases easily tell in what language we have been thinking. Without words, uttered, or thought upon, we could not probably carry on any long train of deduction. The science of thinking therefore is little else than the science of words. He that has not been accustomed to refine upon words, and discriminate their shades of meaning, will think and reason after a very inaccurate and slovenly manner. He that is not able to call his idea by various names, borrowed from various languages, will scarcely be able to conceive his idea in a way precise, clear and unconfused. If therefore a man were confined in a desert island, and would never again have occasion so much as to hear the sound of his own voice, yet if at the same time he would successfully cultivate his understanding, he must apply himself to a minute and persevering study of words and language.

Lastly there is reason to believe that the study of Latin would constitute a valuable part of education, though it were applied

to no practical use, and were to be regarded as an affair of intellectual discipline only.

There are two qualities especially necessary to any considerable improvement of human understanding ; an ardent temper, and a habit of thinking with precision and order. The study of the Latin language is particularly conducive to the production of the last of these qualities.

In this respect the study of Latin and of geometry might perhaps be recommended for a similar reason. Geometry it should seem would always form a part of a liberal course of studies. It has its direct uses and its indirect. It is of great importance for the improvement of mechanics and the arts of life. It is essential to the just mastery of astronomy and various other eminent sciences. But its indirect uses are perhaps of more worth than its direct. It cultivates the powers of the mind, and generates the most excellent habits. It eminently conduces to the making man a rational being, and accustoms him to a closeness of deduction, that is not easily made the dupe of ambiguity, and carries on an eternal war against prejudice, and imposition.

A similar benefit seems to result from the study of language and its inflections. All here is in order. Every thing is subjected to the most inflexible laws. The mind therefore which is accustomed to it, acquires habits of order, and of regarding things in a state of clearness, discrimination and arrangement.

The discipline of mind here described is of inestimable value. He that is not initiated in the practice of close investigation, is constantly exposed to the danger of being deceived. His opinions have no standard ; but are entirely at the mercy of his age, his country, the books he chances to read, or the company he happens to frequent. His mind is a wilderness. It may contain excellent materials, but they are of no use. They oppress and choak one another. He is subject to a partial madness. He is unable to regulate his mind, and falls at the mercy of every breath of accident or caprice. Such a person is ordinarily found incapable of application or perseverance. He may form brilliant projects ; but he has neither the resolution nor the power to carry any of them to its completion.

All talent may perhaps be affirmed to consist in analysis and dissection, the turning a thing on all sides, and examining it in all its variety of views. An ordinary man sees an object just as it happens to be presented to him, and sees no more. But a man of genius takes it to pieces, enquires into its cause and effects, remarks its internal structure, and considers what would have been the result, if its members had been combined in a different way, or subjected to different influences. The man of genius gains a whole magazine of thoughts, where the ordinary man has received only one idea ; and his powers are multiplied in proportion to the number of ideas upon which they are to be employed. Now there is perhaps nothing that contributes more eminently to this

subtilising and multiplication of mind, than an attention to the structure of language.

In matters of science and the cultivation of the human mind it is not always sufficiently attended to, that men are often essentially benefited by processes, through which they have themselves never actually passed, but which have been performed by their companions and contemporaries. The literary world is an immense community, the intercourse of whose members is incessant; and it is very common for a man to derive eminent advantage from studies in which he was himself never engaged. Those inhabitants of any of the enlightened countries of Europe, who are accustomed to intellectual action, if they are not themselves scholars, frequent the society of scholars, and thus become familiar with ideas, the primary source of which is only to be found in an acquaintance with the learned languages. If therefore we would make a just estimate of the loss that would be incurred by the abolition of classical learning, we must not build our estimate upon persons of talent among ourselves who have been deprived of that benefit. We must suppose the indirect, as well as the direct improvement that arises from this species of study, wholly banished from the face of the earth.

Let it be taken for granted that the above arguments sufficiently establish the utility of classical learning; it remains to be determined whether it is necessary that it should form a part of the education of youth. It may be alledged, that, if it be a desirable acquisition, it may with more propriety be made when a man is arrived at years of discretion, that it will then be made with less expence of labour and time, that the period of youth ought not to be burthened with so vexatious a task, and that our early years may be more advantageously spent in acquiring the knowledge of things, than of words.

In answer to these objections, it may however be remarked, that it is not certain that, if the acquisition of the rudiments of classical learning be deferred to our riper years, it will ever be made. It will require strong inclination and considerable leisure. A few active and determined spirits will surmount the difficulty; but many who would derive great benefit from the acquisition, will certainly never arrive at it.

Our early years, it is said, may be more advantageously spent in acquiring the knowledge of things, than of words. But this is by no means so certain as at first sight it may appear. If you attempt to teach children science, commonly so called, it will perhaps be found in the sequel that you have taught them nothing. You may teach them, like parrots, to repeat, but you can scarcely make them able to weigh the respective merits of contending hypotheses. Many things that we go over in our youth, we find ourselves compelled to recommence in our riper years under peculiar disadvantages. The grace of novelty they have forever lost. We are encumbered with prejudices with respect to

them; and, before we begin to learn, we must set ourselves with a determined mind to unlearn the crude mass of opinions concerning them that were once laboriously inculcated on us. But in the rudiments of language, it can scarcely be supposed that we shall have any thing that we shall see reason to wish obliterated from our minds.

The age of youth seems particularly adapted to the learning of words. The judgment is then small; but the memory is retentive. In our riper years we remember passions, facts and arguments; but it is for the most part in youth only that we retain the very words in which they are conveyed. Youth easily contents itself with this species of employment, especially where it is not enforced with particular severity. Acquisitions, that are insupportably disgusting in riper years, are often found to afford to young persons no contemptible amusement.

It is not perhaps true that, in teaching languages to youth, we are imposing on them an unnecessary burthen. If we would produce right habits in the mind, it must be employed. Our early years must not be spent in lethargic indolence. An active maturity must be preceded by a busy childhood. Let us not from a mistaken compassion to infant years, suffer the mind to grow up in habits of inattention and irresolution.

If the study of the classics have the effect above ascribed to it for refining and multiplying the intellectual powers, it will have this effect in a greater degree, the earlier it is introduced, and the more pliable and ductile is the mind that is employed on it. After a certain time the mind that was neglected in the beginning, grows awkward and unyieldy. Its attempts at alertness and grace are abortive. There is a certain slowness and stupidity that grows upon it. He therefore that would enlarge the mind and add to its quantity of existence, must enter upon his task at an early hour.

The benefits of classical learning would perhaps never have been controverted if they had not been accompanied with unnecessary rigours. Children learn to dance and to fence, they learn French and Italian and music, without its being found necessary to beat them for that purpose. A reasonable man will not easily be persuaded that there is some mysterious quality in classical learning that should make it an exception to all other instances.

There is one observation arising from the view here taken on the subject, that probably deserves to be stated. It has often been said that classical learning is an excellent accomplishment in men devoted to letters, but that it is ridiculous, in parents whose children are destined to more ordinary occupations, to desire to give them a superficial acquaintance with Latin, which in the sequel will infallibly fall into neglect. A conclusion opposite to this, is dictated by the preceding reflections. We can never certainly foresee the future destination and propensities of our children. But let them be taken for granted in the present argument, yet,

if there be any truth in the above reasoning, no portion of classical instruction, however small, need be wholly lost. Some refinement of mind and some clearness of thinking will almost infallibly result from grammatical studies. Though the language itself should ever after be neglected, some portion of a general science has thus been acquired, which can scarcely be forgotten. Though our children should be destined to the humblest occupation, that does not seem to be a sufficient reason for our denying them the acquisition of some of the most fundamental documents of human understanding."

CRITICISM and BELLES LETTRES.

COMPARATIVE STATE OF LITERATURE IN THE PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

From an English Journal.

LITERATURE is either less cultivated, or less valued in these days than it was in those of our ancestors; for certainly learning does not now receive the honours it then did. That it is less cultivated, cannot, I think, with any truth be asserted, because the present is denominated a learned age. It must be the universality then, with which it is diffused through society, that renders it less valuable; as articles grow cheap, not in proportion to their insignificance, but their abundance. Great talents, indeed, in any condition of civilized society must inevitably confer a certain degree of power; inasmuch as they render their possessors either useful, or formidable; but scarcely any literary attainments would, I apprehend, raise a writer in these days, to the same degree of eminence and request, as Petrarch, Erasmus, and Politian enjoyed, in their respective times. We have now amongst us many scholars of great erudition,* men of distinguished abilities: yet I much question, as haughty as kings were under the old feudal system, if any of the princes in being would contend with the same eagerness for their favour, as we learn the various sovereigns of Europe did, for that of Petrarch, or Erasmus.

It has been questioned by some, whether the number of publications, which are annually poured upon the world, have contributed in any proportionable ratio to the increase of literature? In my opinion, they have not. To a liberal and cultivated mind there is certainly no indulgence equal to the luxury of books: but, in works of learning, may not the facilities of information be increased, until the powers of application and retention be diminished? After admitting that the present is a learned age, it

* Parr, Wakefield, Professors Porson, and White, &c. &c.

may appear singular to doubt, whether it affords individuals as profoundly learned, (at least, as far as Latin and Greek go,) as some who flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The general mass of learning is greater now than it was then; and is evidently of a more valuable tendency. Yet whether any of the scholars of the present day could compose Latin verses with as much classic purity, and taste, as Strada, Sannazarius, or Politiano; or whether any of our commentators, eminent as they are, could break a spear in the amphitheatre of criticism, with Erasmus, Scaliger, Salmasius, or Milton, is a matter I much doubt. I am aware that the different state in which literature now stands, compared with that in which it formerly stood, may be urged as one reason for the superior celebrity which learning then conferred. Men generally unenlightened, but knowing the value of information, would make comparisons, and attribute to genius a degree of credit, perhaps, exceeding its real merit: but, independent of this, the writings of the early critics contain infinite learning. Before the modern languages were so polished that scholars could compose in them, it is known that the practice prevailed generally amongst literary men, of writing and speaking in Latin. This naturally led to a knowledge of that language, not only from motives of refinement, but of necessity also; for histories, poems, and even familiar letters, were composed in Latin. The study of school-divinity, and the discussion of learned questions in the form of theses, served to quicken the comprehension of the student: and the introduction of the Aristotelian philosophy into the schools, however little it might agree with the simplicity of the Gospel, would naturally give the mind a degree of penetration and conjecture conducive to the discoveries of emendatory criticism. An acquaintance with the Latin was not, however, confined to *our sex* only; the knowledge of it was familiar to *ladies* of rank in the sixteenth century. We are told by Moreri of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, "That she was doubtless the handsomest princess of her age, and *very learned* in the Latin tongue, in which she pronounced several orations." And there are still preserved in the Bodleian, if I mistake not, some Latin letters, or pieces, of Queen Elizabeth, in her own handwriting. Catharine of Medicis also is represented by historians as a splendid patroness of literature. She possessed the hereditary attachment of her house to letters and learned men; and was, we may reasonably conclude, skilful in the languages.

The strange mixture of religion and gallantry, chivalry and imagination, that existed in the dark ages, had *not* lost its hold upon the minds of men, even after the restoration of light under the pontificate of Leo. This system was a fascinating appeal to the passions, and gave rise—first to romances, which are an unconnected and improbable narration of religion, love, and war; and next—to novels, a more contracted and probable species of story. Of the last description, the Italians, and particularly Bo-

saccio, have afforded many specimens highly entertaining. Cervantes himself, although he wrote in ridicule of the prevailing taste of the age, does not appear to have been entirely free from the contagion of chivalry. His "*Don Quixote*" shews a writer well read in romance, and not a little attached to it. The novels he has introduced in the body of his work, display the predominant spirit of the times. They are beautiful, and exquisitely touching. So highly, indeed, did the Spanish and Italian novelists possess the power of imagination, a power in such times not much less than the power of the keys in the successors of St. Peter, that Shakespeare, that great master of poetic fiction, has founded many of his dramatic pieces upon stories taken from the latter.*—Milton also, notwithstanding the severity of his learning, appears to have been attached, in no inconsiderable degree, to the perusal of romances. And what is the story of "The admirable Crichton, who was—" *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio*;" and is said to have possessed powers, apparently beyond all human attainment, but a romance, or, at least, a true story romantically embellished?

From these remarks, I would not be understood as wishing to make invidious comparisons between the learning of different ages, or to depreciate that of our own. Upon a fair investigation, there can be no doubt, I think, to which side the scale of general literature would incline. My object simply is, to shew the different direction which letters take, and the different patronage which they obtain, in different periods of society. Indeed, learning may more properly be said to lead than to follow the course of the world: since, though it may, at first, bend to the spirit of the age, it will in the end assuredly direct, and govern it. The general stock of genius is, perhaps, always pretty equal: the opportunities of improving it, and the support it receives, vary with the times. Petrarch and Erasmus were caressed by popes and princes: Butler, Otway, and Chatterton, not much inferior in merit, were absolutely starved; and Johnson, whose moral works were calculated to delight and improve the age, lived long in distress, and at length received a scanty pension. In some ages, and upon some occasions, it must be admitted, a genius darts upon the world with intellectual powers, that no industry, in the common course of things, can hope to equal: but this is a particular case, and is generally compensated some other way. If

* "Or call up him that left half told,
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarfise,
And who had Canace to wife.
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wond'rous horse of brais,
On which the Tartar king did ride."

(*Il Penseroso*.)

former times have enjoyed works of more fancy, and sublimity of imagination, than are given to us, we, in return, possess more useful acquisitions. If they have had their Spencer, Tasso, and Shakespeare, we boast Newton, Locke, and Johnson.—Science, taste, and correction, are indeed the characteristics of the present day. Every thing is refined; every thing is grand. We are actually misers in luxury and taste, and have left nothing for posterity. “*Venimus ad summum fortune*”—We learn our Greek from the Pursuits of Literature, and our morality from Parissot: and I do not see how we are to be outdone either in learning or in dress.

For the NEW-ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ON LOCKE'S ESSAY ON THE HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

ERRORS and bad tendencies in useful and widely circulated Books, ought the more to be pointed out, in proportion as the volumes are popular. The general opinion of mankind carries with us such authority, that unguarded persons are apt to consider every assertion and every allusion of approved Books as correct and of good tendency, and to permit them to regulate their opinions and guide their conduct. Much mischief from this source has already occurred to mankind, and probably much more will be experienced, unless due pains are taken to point out the intermeddles and evil tendency of those volumes, which are most read. Such is the imperfection of humanity, that however learned, virtuous and careful an author may be, his works will in some places be incorrect and in others have an evil effect. From these considerations you will excuse my requesting you to publish the following stricture upon that admirable work, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, which I accidentally met with in a Book, published a few years since in England, entitled “History the Interpreter of Prophecy” by H. Kett. vol. III. p. 17.

‘It has been justly observed,’ says Mr. K. that ‘we cannot exceed the limits prescribed for human knowledge, without involving ourselves in contradictions and absurdity;’ and that ‘nothing has produced more pernicious mischief to society, than the pursuit of principles in themselves good, far beyond the bounds in which they are good.’ Examined by the light of these observations, and the testimony of experience, it will appear that ‘the writings of Locke, though himself a worthy and religious man, led to a scepticism eventually hurtful to religion; and though a loyal subject, that his political writings generated doctrines hurtful to monarchical government, and indeed to all civil society.’ ‘The Essay on the Human Understanding, in itself so profound and so useful, with a

considerable degree of erroneous theory, as might be expected, from a man even of the greatest genius exploring untried, intricate, and arduous paths, brought a greater accession to man, of knowledge of those powers by which he is peculiarly distinguished, than any book that had ever been written. It tended also to sharpen and invigorate the faculties. But the caution with which it examined different species and degrees of evidence, a caution right as far as it merely prevented error, sometimes refused to admit truth; sought *proof* of a different kind from that which the nature of the subject required; doubted, where, in the plain judgment of common sense, no doubt could exist, and afforded *supposed data* from whence ingenious men might form the most visionary theories.*

"Thus the prevalence of metaphysical disquisitions powerfully assisted the growth of Infidelity, in those countries where the liberal spirit of the reformation tolerated *discussion* upon religious and political subjects. Considered as matters of mere speculation, and admired as enlarging the sphere of knowledge, the tendency of these writings was not always perceived by minds which Religion guarded from the mischief. *They* saw the dazzling meteors shoot harmless into space. But Infidelity saw clearly how their course might be directed to guide mankind to her dominions; and the dissensions that prevailed among the numerous sects which sprung from the doctrines of Luther and Calvin, unhappily assisted the execution of this design."

Yours, &c., J. C. K.

*Two Letters from the celebrated professor Heyne, of Göttingen, to Mr. Gilbert Wakefield.**

TRANSFERENDUM curavi ad te, vir doctissime, cujus ingenium et eruditionem a multo inde tempore admiratus sum, libellum viri docti, JACOBS, ex mea disciplina progressi; quandoquidem me et colit et amat te, et vestigia tua in nonnullis premit. Nihil eorum, quæ a te aguntur, et quæ ad tua consilia spectant, a me non sedulo anquiruntur, quantum quidem ex scriptis tuis aut ex indiciis aliorum consequi possum. Non itaque leve et temere concepta esse potest ex qua te prosequeor voluntas amor et studium. Tu et valeas et res tuas ex animo agas, precor. Scr. Göttingæ d. xii Dec. 1793. XCXVII.

CAR. G. HEYNE.
Prof. Acad. Gr. Aug.

Viro doctissimo GILBERTO WAKEFIELD

S.

C. G. HEYNE.

CUM antea affectu animi nescio quo, erga Te, Vir præstantissimus, ferrer: nunc multo majore animi studio incensum me sentio, ex quo Lucretium tuum perlegi. Est enim haud, dis-

* A translation will be inserted in a future Number.

Ator, hanc ipsam tuam benevolentiam, quam litteris tuis humanissimis mihi es testatus, eam vim ad animum meum habuisse, ut etiam alienam a te voluntatem expugnare ea potuisset; nunc autem proclive meum in te studium multo magis inclinare et impellere ea debuit: admiratione tamen ingenii tui doctrinaeque exquisitae et omni litterarum copia instructae ita percussus ex ea lectione recessi, ut etiam dubitarem, sitne voluptas et fructus, quem inde percepi, cum ea comparandus: certe utroque animi sensu ita contactum me sentii, ut inter jucundissima fortunae munera numerem, quod contulit illa mihi opportunitatem compellendi te et contrahendi hanc litterarum studiorumque necessitudinem. Utinam ex incredibili tuo de antiquis litteris, merendi studio fructus consequaris, uberrimos! Nihil video quod mihi auditu jucundius futurum esse possit, quam te speratum meritis tuis favorem et operæ in Lucretium expansæ præmia tulisse largissima! Quam vellem consilium tuum ejusque fortunam non premi temporum iniquitate! Comparatione enim aliarum terrarum facili licet conjectare, quæ litterarum bonarum esse possit auctoritas apud Britannos. Providebit tamen bonis, consiliis bonum providumque numen. Vale, et quod ingressus es favoris benevolentiaque tuæ stadium ita emetiendum tibi esse puta, ut tibi constantæ laudem ceteris laudibus adjiciendum esse memineris in diligendo eo cui semel benevolentiam tuam egregio voluntatis pignore es testatus. Cum primam belli furor resederit, mittam tibi meæ voluntatis testem iteratam Pindari et tertiam Tibulli editionem a me curatam. Nunc in Hiade exprimendæ operæ librariorum occupantur. Vale:

FOR THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ESTIMATION OF VOLTAIRE.

MESS. EDITORS,

I Am pleased to see critical disquisitions admitted into your miscellany. Calm examinations of popular Books tend to correct public opinion, and often have a very useful, though perhaps secret, influence.

There is a kind of writing, which, like a kind of speaking, is extremely popular during the first moment it is under consideration, but, when the hurry of the first reading is over, and time affords opportunity for a careful perusal, its shallowness becomes very visible, and its real tendency perfectly known. This kind of writing is calculated to do most injury to mankind, because the generality of readers are quite superficial, and unaccustomed to examine an artful allusion, or to detect a downright falshood. It has accordingly been used with great success by those, who have had evil designs to promote, or have been interested in the diffusion of erroneous sentiments or dangerous doctrines. This success however is but temporary, and the fame of these writers

is of as short duration as the delusion, with which for a moment they have deceived the public. Their arts become visible, their falsehoods are detected, and themselves are regarded with that virtuous indignation, which their base designs always excite.

Among those authors, who have been distinguished by that species of writing, no one has been more eminent than Voltaire. Gay, superficial, regardless of truth and morality, artful in insinuations, and witty, he has had a flash of reputation, brilliant for a moment, but now expired. He begins to be properly estimated. His designs are well known, his artifices have been detected, and his false assertions clearly refuted. I have never seen a better estimation of Voltaire's writings, than is contained in the following reply. Nicolai was praising Voltaire for having written so much *new*, and so much *good*: "His *good* is not *new*; his *new* it not *good*," replied Lessing.

H. C. P.

BOSTON REVIEW.

ARTICLE I. *The Life of Bonaparte, the first Consul of France, from his birth to the Peace of Luneville. To which is added an Account of his remarkable actions, replies, speeches, and traits of character. Translated from the French, Pages 300. E & S Larkin. Boston. 1802.*

AS imported Books are often reprinted in this Country for the perusal of our Citizens, we conceive it our duty to examine the merits of them as well as of original publications. That belief induces us to publish our remarks upon the Book before us; and as there have been in different parts of the United States several editions of this book by different Bookfellers, the duty in this instance seems more incumbent.

The Life of Bonaparte must be an interesting subject to every class of readers. The fame of his exploits, the success of his arms, and the means by which he has acquired sovereignty over "*an infuriated people, seeking through blood and slaughter their long lost liberty*," excite in every one a curiosity, extremely eager for gratification, and almost insatiable.

The history of heroes often dazzles us by their glory, and we are apt to look upon them as a superior race of beings. That noble disregard of life, displayed in a perilous situation by a mind vigorously pursuing some glorious principle, seems to invest a mortal in the robes of immortality. No object can be more sublime, than that of a conqueror calmly directing in imminent danger the complicated operations of a numerous army, displaying in the storm of battle a rapid sagacity of thought, improving by an energetic vigilance every advantage, and by guarded and

prudential manouvres striking a decisive blow: he seems to be elevated above human control, and to possess the attributes of an immortal agent.

But when the merits and talents of these glorious personages are investigated by rational inquiry, it is often discerned, that the brilliance of their reputation frequently conceals great deficiencies; as the brightness of the sun prevents his spots from being readily discovered. The Duke de Rochefocault observes, that "fortune is as much concerned in making heroes as nature," and we are inclined to believe the position. There are many men in the obscure walks of life, who naturally possess talents as great as those of Cæsar, but, like the youth of Gray, are "alike to fortune and to fame unknown." A certain lucky concurrence of circumstances is absolutely necessary to the forming of what the world calls a *great man*. Mankind judge of actions by their events, and rate the merits of men by their success. Instead therefore of calling Cæsar the *greatest*, we should call him the most *fortunate* man of his age. Without the *lucky* coincidence before mentioned, Macedonia's madman would never have been heard of, the Twelfth Charles unknown, Frederic would have remained the prince of a petty electorate, Washington an obscure navy officer, and Buonaparte a *common* Corsican.

The first Consul of France undoubtedly possesses great talents, but talents, that perhaps, are not uncommon. There are many men in every city of the world, who, with his means and his good fortune, would have appeared equally great. The command of a powerful army, foldiers animated by a political enthusiasm, the promulgation of sentiments, which in the nations of Europe excited the poor against the rich, and proselyted one half of the people to the French cause, intrigue, a disregard of moral principles and the dictates of justice, vicious artifices, and terrific cruelty, have been the prominent causes of this Corsican's success.

The work now under review was written originally in France, translated in England, and now reprinted in America. It is written with that evident partiality, which makes us doubt every panegyric sentence, and which alone, it might be expected, the restricted presses of France would permit, when the life of the first Consul was the subject. There is indeed a species of writing, which resembles that species of painting, called *profile*, invented for the purpose of displaying the beautiful side of the face, and concealing the deformed. Of this species is this book. It is all praise and panegyric; there is no blame. It is, nevertheless but a dry series of annals, interlarded occasionally with extravagant encomium. Its contents consist of little more than a narration of battles, delivered in a gazette stile. There are none of those minutæ of biography, which fully develop the character; and but little to gratify curiosity, to instruct, to applaud, or to animate to imitation. We do not know much more of Buonaparte after a perusal than we did before.

What little of importance, however, there is in the book, as the subject is so interesting, we will present to our readers.

The preface contains the following portrait of the First Consul.

Portrait of Bonaparte.

"Before we enter on our story, it may not be amiss to give a slight sketch of the person and mind of the individual whose deeds we are about to record.

"Like Alexander, he is of the middle stature, of a pale and delicate, though tolerably strong, complexion, dark eyes, aquiline nose, the chin prominent, the forehead wide, and the whole countenance indicative of a discerning and elevated mind.

"He is habitually of a taciturn and contemplative disposition; yet is not devoid of the French politeness and gaiety. To a courage at once ardent and daring, he unites a coolness which nothing can derange; to the vast conceptions of genius, all those stratagems of war which Hannibal practised so ably against the Romans; the deepest reflection to the most rapid execution; all the impetuosity of youth to the experience of riper years; the sagacity of the politician to the talents of a great general; and lastly, to a desire of glory and the daring spirit of former conquerors, the virtues of sober wisdom, and every sentiment of humanity and moderation: politics, and the military art, are so much the favorite study of his mind, as to be carried almost to enthusiasm and passion; and from the opposite qualities of her first consul, equally great in peace as in war, France may justly boast, that she also has her WASHINGTON."

In page 115 we meet with an account of Buonaparte's visit to the Pyramids in Egypt, and his conversation with some Imans and Muftis.

"On the 25th Thermidor, Bonaparte, accompanied by several of his staff, and some members of the national institute, examined the great pyramid, called the Cheops, into the interior of which he was conducted by several muftis and imans, who were commissioned to show him its construction. At nine in the morning he arrived with his attendants on the top of the mountains of Gizelo, to the north-west of Memphis. After visiting the five interior pyramids, he stopped and contemplated with particular attention the pyramid of Cheops. He afterwards penetrated into the interior, where he found a passage a hundred feet long and three feet broad, which conducted him by a rapid descent towards the apartments that served as a tomb for Pharaoh, who erected this monument. A second passage, much injured, and leading towards the summit of the pyramid, carried him successively over two platforms and thence to a vaulted gallery, in one of the walls of which the place of a mummy was seen, which was believed to have been the spouse of one of the Pharaohs.

This last apartment is a flattened vault. Bonaparte seated himself there on a chest of granite, eight feet long and four feet

deep, with his attendants, and requesting the muftis and imams, Suleiman, Ibrahim, and Muhamed, to be alfo feated, he held with them the following converfation, in the prefence of his fuite.

Bonaparte

God is great, and his works are marvellous. But we have here a grand production of the hand of man. What was the object of the individual who caufed this pyramid to be conſtructed ?

Suleiman.

He was a powerful king of Egypt, whoſe name it is ſaid was Cheops. He wiſhed to prevent the ſacrilegious from troubling the repoſe of his aſhes.

Bonaparte.

The great Cyrus commanded that, when dead, his body ſhould be left in the open air, that it might return to the elements. Doſt thou not think that he did better ? Tell me, my friend, what is your opinion ?

Suleiman (inclining himſelf.)

Glory to God, to whom all glory is due !

Bonaparte.

Honour to Allah ! Who was the calif who caufed this pyramid to be opened, and thus troubled the aſhes of the dead ?

Muhamed.

It is believed by ſome that it was Mahmoud, the commander of the faithful, who reigned, ſeveral centuries ago, at Bagdad ; others ſay that it was the renowned Aaron Raſchild—(Peace to his manes !)—who expected to find treaſures here : but when by his command entrance was made into this apartment, tradition ſays that he found mummies only, and this inſcription in letters of gold on the wall :

“The impious ſhall commit iniquity without recompence, but not without remorse.”

Bonaparte.

The bread ſtolen by the wicked fills his mouth with ſand.

Muhamed (inclining himſelf.)

Theſe are the words of wiſdom.

Bonaparte.

Glory to Allah ! There is no other god but God ; Mahomet is his prophet, and I am his friend.

Suleiman.

The ſalutation of peace to the envoy of God ! Salutation to thee alſo, invincible warrior, favourite of Mahomet !

Bonaparte.

Mufti, I thank thee. The divine coran is the delight of my ſoul, and the object of my contemplation. I love the prophet, and I hope, ere long, to ſee and honour his tomb in the holy city. But my miſſion is firſt to exterminate the Mamelucs.

Ibrahim.

May the angels of victory ſweep the duſt from thy path, and cover thee with their wings. The Mameluc has merited death.

Bonaparte.

He has been smote and delivered over to the black angels, Moukir and Quaquir. God, on whom all things depend, has ordained that his dominion shall be destroyed.

Suleiman.

He has extended the hand of rapine over the land, the harvests, and the horses of Egypt.

Bonaparte.

And over the most beautiful slaves, thrice holy musti. Allah has withered his hand. If Egypt be his portion, let him show me the lease which God has given him of it; but God is just and merciful to the people.

Ibrahim.

O most valiant among the children of Issa! Allah has caused thee to follow the exterminating angel, to deliver his land of Egypt.

Bonaparte.

This land was a prey to twenty-four oppressors, rebels against the Grand Sultan, our ally—(whom God turn to his glory!)—and a land of slaves from Canada and Georgia. Adriel, the angel of death, has breathed upon them; we are come, and they have disappeared.

Mubamed.

Not a breath of Scander, honour to thy invincible arms, and to the unconquered banner which springs from the middle of thy warriors on a pile.

Bonaparte.

Dost thou believe that thunder to be a work of the children of men? Dost thou believe so? Allah has placed it in my hands by his messenger, the genius of war.

Ibrahim.

We perceive in thy works the great Allah who has sent thee. Couldst thou have conquered if Allah had not permitted? The Delta, and all the neighbouring countries, resound with thy miracles.

Bonaparte.

A celestial car will ascend by my command to the abode of the clouds; and the lightening will descend to the earth, along a metallic wire, the moment I shall bid it.

Suleiman.

And the great serpent, which sprung from the base of the pillar of Pompey, on the day of thy triumphant entry into Scanderich, and which remained withered at the socket of the pillar; was not that also a prodigy effected by thy hand?

Bonaparte.

Lights of the age, you are destined to see yet greater wonders, for the days of regeneration are come.

Ibrahim.

May the divine unity regard thee with an eye of predilection,

adorer of Issa, and render thee the support of the children of the prophet.

Bonaparte.

Has not Mahomet said, every man who adores God, and performs good works, whatever may be his religion, shall be saved?

Suleiman, Muhamed, Ibrahim (together, inclining themselves.)

He has said so.

Bonaparte.

And if, by an order from on high, I have moderated the pride of the vicar of Issa, by diminishing his terrestrial possessions, in order to amass for him celestial treasures, was it not rendering glory to God, whose mercy is infinite?

Muhamed (with an air of hesitation.)

The musti of Rome was rich and powerful; we are poor mustis.

Bonaparte.

I know that you are poor; be without apprehension; for you have been weighed in the balance of Balthazar, and you have been found light. Does this pyramid, then, really contain no treasure that you know of?

Suleiman (his hands on his breast.)

None, my lord, we swear by the holy city of Mecca.

Bonaparte.

Unhappy, thrice unhappy those who seek for perishable riches, and covet gold and silver, which are like unto dust!

Suleiman.

Thou hast spared the vicar of Issa, and hast treated him with clemency and goodness.

Bonaparte.

He is an old man whom I honour—(May God accomplish his wishes, when they shall be regulated by reason and truth!)—but he is to blame in condemning to eternal fire all the Mussulmans:—Allah defend us from intolerance!

Ibrahim.

Glory to Allah, and to his prophet, who has sent thee into the midst of us to rekindle the faith of the weak, and to open to the faithful the gates of the seventh heaven!

Bonaparte.

You have spoken my wishes most zealous mustis: be faithful to Allah, the sovereign ruler of the seven marvellous heavens; and to Mahomet his visir, who traversed all the celestial mansions in a single night. Be the friends of the Franks; and Allah, Mahomet, and the Franks, will recompense you.

Ibrahim.

May the prophet himself cause thee to sit at his left hand on the day of resurrection, after the third sound of the trumpet!

Bonaparte.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. The hour of political resurrection has arrived for all who groan under oppression. Mustis, imans, mullahs, dervises, and kalenders, instruct the peo-

ple of Egypt ; encourage them to join in our labours to complete the destruction of the beys and the Mamelucs. Favour the commerce of the Franks in your country, and their endeavours to arrive at the ancient land of Brama. Let them have storehouses in your ports, and drive far from you the islanders of Albion, accursed among the children of Iffa. Such is the will of Mahomet. The treasures, industry, and friendship of the Franks shall be your lot, till you ascend to the seventh heaven, and are seated by the side of the black-eyed houris, who are endowed with perpetual youth and virginity. Repose under the shade of Laba, whose branches present of themselves to true Mussulmans whatever their hearts may desire.

Suleiman (inclining himself.)

Thou hast spoken like the most learned of the mullahs. We place faith in thy words, we will serve thy cause, and God hears us.

Bonaparte.

God is great, and his works are marvelous. The salutation of peace be upon you, thrice holy muftis !”

The following passage illustrates the character, arts, and hypocrisy of the first Consul. To such artifices and deceptions Buonaparte owes much of his success. It seems to be one of his favorite principles, that the end justifies the means. In page 13 of the second volume, it is recorded, that :

“ Before Bonaparte entered Alexandria, he annouced his arrival by a letter to the pacha of Egypt, in which, after assuring him of his attachment to the Porte, and his intention to destroy the beys, he said :

‘ You are undoubtedly informed, that my intentions are not against the alcoran, or the sultan : come therefore, and curse with me the race of the beys.’

On his arrival he declared, by proclamation, that he came to chastise the Mamelucs, who, by long oppressing the Egyptians, were become enemies to the grand-seignior, and consequently offensive to the French, his sincere friends ; and told the musselman :

‘ *I respect God, his prophet, and the alcoran*, more than the Mamelucs ; for, in effect, by what wisdom, talents, or virtue, are they distinguished ? If we find a beautiful tract of land, it belongs to the Mamelucs ; if we see a handsome slave, a fine horse, or a well-built house, they all belong to the Mamelucs. If Egypt be their farm, let them show the lease which God has granted them of it : but God is just and compassionate towards the people. Cadys, sheiks, imans, and schorbadgis, inform the people that we are the friends of musselmans.

‘ Villages that take up arms against the French shall be burned.

‘ Those that submit, shall hoist our colours by the side of those of the grand-seignior, our friend.

'Prayers shall be continued in the country as usual; every one thanking God for the destruction of the Mamelucs, and crying, Glory to the Sultan! Glory to the French army, his friends!—Malediction to the Mamelucs, and happiness to the people of Egypt!'

The ensuing extract from Page 123 of the same volume, will be interesting to American readers.

"Bonaparte, as indefatigable in the cabinet as in the midst of armies, negotiated a treaty of peace with the United States of America. At a brilliant entertainment given at Morfontaine by Joseph his brother, president of the commission of ministers plenipotentiary employed in negotiating with the envoys extraordinary of the United States, the good understanding between the two countries was magnificently celebrated.

The first Consul joined them at three o'clock with his family, when the minister for foreign affairs presented him with the convention signed on the 9th of Vendemiaire between the French and American ministers.

After dinner several toasts and sentiments were drunk—Bonaparte gave

"To the manes of the French and Americans killed on the field of battle for the independence of the new world."

On the morrow the American ministers took leave of the first Consul, and told him 'they hoped that the convention, signed on the 9th, would be the basis of a lasting friendship between France and America, and that they would themselves leave nothing undone to accomplish that end.'

Bonaparte replied :

'The disputes which have taken place between us being now terminated, we should consider them as family quarrels, and forgive them accordingly. The liberal principles consecrated in the convention, on the subject of navigation, ought to be the foundation of the friendship of the two nations, as well as of their interest. Under the present circumstances, it becomes more necessary than ever that the two nations should adhere to it.'

During their stay at Morfontaine, on the same day, the prefect of the department of the Oise presented Bonaparte with several golden medals recently found by some peasants within his jurisdiction. They were enclosed, with many others, in a small earthen vessel; the whole being worth about 600,000 livres. They were in a very perfect state, and of several different dates; some as far back as the Roman republic, and others of the time of the emperors. The prefect informed the first consul, that it had been very difficult to obtain the pieces, as those who found them were afraid of being put to some trouble on account of the discovery. 'According to the ancient laws,' continued he, 'any treasures found belong to government.' *At present,* replied Bonaparte, *government do not wish to dispute with the good fortune of a citizen a*

besides, we must be careful that these medals, which may be invaluable monuments to the historian, be not melted down; buy as many of them therefore as you can.—Perhaps, added he, after a moment's reflection, *these are only a part, and you may easily procure more.* 'I hope so, general.' The first consul then approached Mr. Davis, one of the American ministers, and said to him: *Here are some Roman medals which have been just found in France; do me the favour to take them to America.*

Thus these monuments of the Roman republics became pledges of union between the republics of France and America."

The narration concludes with recounting the several attempts to put the Consul to death, which, having been published in almost all our gazettes, it is unnecessary to relate.

On the whole, we think this a very indifferent performance, a catch-penny publication.

A well written history of the life of this young hero is greatly wanted; but so complicate and extraordinary have its events been, that it will require a masterly mind to execute the important task.

ARTICLE II. *M. T. Ciceronis Orationes Quadam Selectæ; Selectæ Orations of Marcus Tullius Cicero, with Notes Historical & explanatory, and a Sketch of the Life of the Orator. Exeter. Ranlet. 1802.*

A MERICAN Editions of Classical Books are much wanted. If America is to be politically independant, she should endeavour to find within herself the gratification of all her wants, and be as little dependant upon foreign countries for her literature as for her legislators. It indeed appears to us a duty to encourage our own manufactures, and to reward our own authors. Were this patriotic principle to prevail, we should not pay such extravagant prices for European Books, nor be charged so dearly for foreign Publications, while Books of our own production are equally, or, perhaps, more useful.

The volume before us is anonymous, though it contains much matter never before published. Its plan is new, and promises to be useful. The orations, which are those in common use, are prefixed with a Sketch of the Life of Cicero, written in a manner calculated to inspire young minds with a desire to imitate the virtues and industry of the Roman Orator. Before each oration is placed an English Introduction narrating its cause and effect; and to the bottom of each page are subjoined Notes in English, explaining historical allusions, and illustrating difficult passages. The design of the Book is, however, better developed in the Editor's advertisement, which we shall quote:

"The intention of publishing this volume is to afford some assistance to those, whose plans of education require them to study the ensuing orations. Notwithstanding the many disadvantages

that have attended its publication, it is with deference submitted to the examination and offered to the use of those Gentlemen, who are engaged in teaching the Latin Language. It was designed to enable Students to comprehend the objects of the Orations, and to understand their allusions and phraseology, without requiring of Preceptors much time and trouble of expounding.

To the several plans of former editions of the following Orations, various objections have been made. Some of them have Latin on one page and English on the next ; and it is now generally acknowledged, that the use of translations at the time, when young Students commonly begin to study Cicero, tends rather to encourage indolence than to afford instruction. Other editions are without translations and notes ; these are in the opposite extreme ; where too much is required, little is performed ; severe tasks discourage the most industrious. It is true, that these last mentioned editions have a Latin introduction to each oration ; but while the Introductions require as much study as the Orations themselves, Boys will neglect to peruse them, and will confine attention to what alone is exacted of them. The French Edition, published by Merouillé the Jesuit for the Use of the Dauphin, is undoubtedly the best extant ; yet it is to be observed, that this Edition also is liable to a former objection. The Notes and Introductions are in Latin ; the Lads, who are learning the language, are generally young and frugal of labor ; they carelessly pass over whatever they cannot easily comprehend, and commonly neglect to take the pains necessary to understand the Latin explanations, which the learned Editor has presented to them.

"From these objections, it is conceived, this edition is free. No part of the volume is in Latin, except the Orations themselves. The Introductions and Notes will be easily understood ; and it was intended, the historical narrations should be sufficiently plenary to make the Students understand the allusions, and feel interested in the events.—As utility was the object of the publication, explanations, wherever they were found, were freely admitted. Some of them are translated from Merouillé ; others have been taken from Adam's Roman Antiquities." But, it is hoped, that, whatever may have been their source, they will give that assistance to Students, which they are intended to afford."

The execution of this plan has made the book valuable in our system of education, and we hope to see it introduced into general use. A second edition will undoubtedly improve it, both as it respects its typographical errors (which unfortunately are not a few) and a small number of other inaccuracies.

We have been pleased with two passages in the life of Cicero, illustrative of his character.

"The parade, business, and din of war, however, were less agreeable to him than the arts of peace. Nature seems to have calculated him rather for a civilian and a philosopher than for a warrior. The amicable contentions of intellect were much more

pleasing to him than the butchery of battles. The successful investigation of intricate truth afforded him more satisfaction, than the invention of practical schemes of military destruction. His feelings were "tremblingly alive" to the tale of woe; and so averse was he to the commission of cruelties which his heart condemned, that no inducement but a necessary regard to duty and safety could make him execute the severe decrees of justice. He did not possess that insensibility, which seems to be a requisite trait in the character of a conqueror; and his humanity would ever have impeded those bloody and instantaneous decisions, upon which military success so frequently depends. His talents as well as his feelings were more adapted to the attaining of excellence in the forum and senate house, than in the camp and battle. His imagination was brilliant, his elocution proper and distinct, his eloquence fascinating and persuasive, his reasoning conclusive and convincing; and, as it is not evident that he was endowed with that instinctive intrepidity and natural prudence which distinguish the ablest generals, he appears to have had more art, address, and ability in managing the understanding, than in guiding the conduct or opposing the designs of men."

The following is the summary of the character of the Roman Orator.

"In the character of Cicero we find much to admire and something we cannot praise. His talents were brilliant and useful. Mankind are still divided in opinion, whether the palm of eloquence is due to him or the Grecian Orator. Cicero is copious, magnificent, and harmonious, but sometimes diffuse, weak, and ostentations: Demosthenes was nervous, sublime, and irresistible, but sometimes harsh, immethodical, and obscure. As a statesman the abilities of Cicero were fully displayed in defeating Cataline's conspiracy. His conduct on this occasion deserves the greatest praise. Great also were his philosophical talents. His writings have conferred the highest honor on the ancient world. The virtues of Cicero were no less conspicuous than his talents. His industry was indefatigable and very productive; his humanity embraced the whole human race; his morals were irreproachable. His manners were characterised by mildness, his disposition by cheerfulness; & his social qualities were excellent. The faults of Cicero were the failings of an amiable mind. His greatest fault was vanity. His ambition too often degenerated into vain glory. His boasting frequently disgusted his audience; his noblest actions have been said to have originated rather from a desire of distinction than from the disinterested motives of patriotism. Weakness has also been attributed to his mind. Prosperity elated him too much; misfortune made him timid, imprudent, and too melancholy. His talents seem not to have been calculated to rule in the tumults of contention. He could foresee evils, but appears not to have had that greatness of soul, which possesses in-

vention and resolution enough to subdue or avoid them. But notwithstanding all his imperfections, the abilities and virtues of Cicero performed signal services to the Romans, and it will be a long time before his great merits will be obliterated from the memory of mankind."

As an example of the Introductions to the Orations, we shall extract that prefixed to the Oration for Marcus Marcellus.

"There existed a friendship between Cicero and the family of the Marcelli: but of Marcus Marcellus Cicero was a particular friend. Marcellus was no less eminent on account of his birth, than for the rank he held in the republic; his courage and conduct were equally conspicuous, and the testimonies of historians unite in characterising him as incapable of meanness or fear. During his consulship he opposed Cæsar, and avowed his intentions to ruin him. After the battle of Pharsalia, in which Cæsar conquered Pompey and his adherents, he retired to Mitylenæ, where he seemed resolved to spend the remainder of his life in philosophic retirement, and make the pursuits of literature his only employment. This resolution after many attempts was destroyed by the urgent requests of his friends. The letters of his brother Caius and Cicero induced him to consent, that application might be made to Cæsar for permission to return to Rome. In one of the meetings of the Senate, therefore, when the Dictator had taken his seat, Piso, the father in law of Cæsar, first mentioned the return of Marcellus. The brother of the illustrious exile immediately threw himself at the feet of Cæsar, and requested of him the desired favour; and the whole senate at the same time rising from their seats urged the request, and entreated him to restore them one of their most distinguished and most valuable members. Cæsar at first assumed severity, and complained of the resentment Marcellus had ever shewn to him. But when he made the Senators fear a denial, he unexpectedly added, that whatever reasons he had to be dissatisfied with the man, for whose return they sued, he could not oppose the unanimous desire of the senate. Having said this, notwithstanding he saw the whole senate concurrent in the petition, he called for the particular opinion of every Senator; a method never practised, except in cases of debate, and when the house was divided; "but," says Dr. Middleton, "he wanted the usual tribute of flattery upon this act of grace; and had a mind probably to make an experiment of Cicero's temper, and to draw from him especially some incense on the occasion; nor was he disappointed of his aim." Cicero experienced much joy at the prospect of his friend's return; he fancied he saw the image of the old republic reviving; and, after other Senators had expressed their opinions, he pronounced in the exalted feelings of the moment, the following beautiful Oration, which is so much known, and so universally admired, and "which," says Cicero's English Historian, "though made upon the spot, yet for elegance of diction, vivacity of sentiment, and politeness of compliment is

Superior to any thing extant of the kind in all antiquity." It was pronounced in the 797 year of Rome, in the 61st of Cicero's age, and commenced as follows."

The following may serve as an example of the Notes.

Equites Romani.—*The order of Roman Knights had nothing in it analogous or similar to any order of modern Knighthood, but depended entirely upon a census or valuation of their estates, which was usually made every five years by the Censors in their lustrum or general review of the whole people. All those people, whose entire fortune amounted to 400 Sestertia (£.3229 sterling) were enrolled of course in the list of Equites. The badges of Equites were a horse given them by the public, a golden ring, a narrow strip of purple sewed on the breast of their tunic, and a separate place at the public spectacles."*

On the whole we wish much to see this useful volume introduced into our Schools and Academies and would recommend it generally to all Teachers of the Latin Language.

ART. III. *An Oration, pronounced in the Meeting-House, at Rutland, July 5th, 1802. By William Charles White, Esq. Worcester, Goodrice.*

THE anniversary of American Independence affords fine opportunities for the orators of the United States to display their eloquence. These opportunities, if properly improved, would have a considerable tendency to produce a national character in our country and to assimilate in good qualities the heterogeneous mixture of opposite traits, so remarkable in the inhabitants of the different parts of our territory.

The oration before us breathes much of the spirit of Liberty, and has much good sense and candor. It seems however to be the production of a young writer, unacquainted with human nature, and too fond of declamation. The author seems to have taken a side in politics, without perceiving the distinction of parties. He is often visionary, and sometimes misconstrues the records of history. He is extremely incorrect in supposing George the Third more cruel than Nero or Caligula. Whatever of iniquity has occurred during the reign of this king has been the fault of his ministers, not of him.

The style of this Oration is frequently verbose, and bombastic. Most of the remarks are general assertions, to which little can be objected. But there is a pleasing warmth running through the whole.

ART. IV. *Cheap Religious Tracts.*

THIS is a useful and excellent publication, written in a plain and easy style, and extremely well calculated to disseminate the principles of Christianity among the common people.

These Tracts consist of three dialogues between a minister and one of his Parishioners on the true principles of religion and salva-

tion by Jesus Christ, written by the Rev. T. Vivian, A. B. late Vicar of Cornwood, England.

The Dialogue is easy and natural, and the subject is plainly and properly discussed.

The following extract from the first dialogue may serve as a specimen of the performance.

“Parishioner. I hope you do not condemn us all: some of us indeed are wicked, swearing, drunken men; but we are not all so. You know yourself that I keep my church, and come sometimes to sacrament. I never hurt any man in my life, and pay every man his due.

Minister. And upon this you build your hopes of heaven! If this is your foundation, I must plainly tell you, it will leave you hopeless in the day of trial. Let us examine it by the word of God. ‘You never hurt any ‘man.’ You mean, I suppose, you never robbed or murdered any person: I do not think you have; but still you have committed much sin, and done much hurt, not only to others but especially to your own soul, by great and numberless offences against the holy law of God. Nay you have broken every one of his commandments.

P. Who could give you such an account of me?

M. You yourself last Sunday. When you heard me repeat the commandments, you made answer after each of them, Lord have mercy upon us! Your calling for mercy was plainly acknowledging yourself guilty.

P. I never committed idolatry, murder, adultery.

M. Yes, all of them. Have you never loved any worldly thing more than God and his favour; nor feared any thing more than his displeasure, so as to neglect a known duty rather than draw upon yourself some temporal evil? This was a breach of the *first* commandment. The *second* commandment respects the manner of expressing the devotion of the heart; and therefore, whatever in your service has been unbecoming, such as wandering thoughts, carelessness and irreverence, as well as using images, is a breach of this commandment: so is also neglect of God’s service. And here you will not pretend, I suppose, to be not guilty. Consequently, your coming to church and sacrament in this careless, unthinking manner, deserves rather to be reckoned among your sins, than trusted to for justification before God. But a few minutes ago, in my hearing, you took the Lord’s name in vain, using it needlessly, and without an awful sense of his Majesty, of whom you spake. You have done the same perhaps ten thousand times in your life. This is a breach of the *third* commandment. Whenever you have neglected to attend on God’s worship on the sabbath, without a necessary hindrance, suffered worldly thoughts to unfit you for God’s service, done worldly business on that day, that might have been done on another, and neglected to devote the whole to God, by reading, hearing, prayer, meditation, and useful conversation, you have profaned the Lord’s day. The sub-

stance of these commands is, thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart : but you have come short of this whenever you have not acted to the glory of God. Now what think you of your innocence with respect to the duties of the first table of the commandments ?

P. I cannot pretend to justify myself with respect to God, but I am sure I have done no hurt to man.

M. You would not say so, if you understood the spiritual nature and extent of God's law, as explained by our Lord in his sermon on the mount. Mat. v.

There you find that wantonness in the eye or heart is esteemed *adultery* in the sight of God ; and causeless anger, and especially injurious language, is accounted a degree of murder : and who can acquit himself of these ? If you take the same method to understand the other commandments, all parts of your behaviour that are unsuitable to your station, all irreverence and rash censure of superiors, and all unkind and injurious treatment of those beneath you, will appear breaches of the *fifth* commandment. All evil speaking and repeating stories injurious to the character of others, contrary to the *ninth*, and all murmuring and discontent, envy and greediness, are sins forbidden by the *tenth*.

P. Then it seems there is but one commandment against which I have not sinned.

M. If you rightly knew yourself and the law of God, you would not acquit yourself of that neither. Be not offended; I speak out of love to your soul. I do not think you a thief or a robber : yet have you never concealed the faults of what you sold. when you knew that ignorance of these was the very thing that induced the person to buy ? Nay, have you not often recommended your goods in such general terms as were not consistent with strict truth ? Have you not cruelly taken the advantage of the necessity of a needy seller, and beat down his ware much below its real value ? These will certainly witness against you.

P. Why, sir, after this rate you condemn all the world. According to your account there is not a good man upon earth.

M. It is not my account, but the scripture account. ' There is none that doth good, no not one.' Rom. iii. 12.

P. I am glad then you do not think me worse than my neighbours. I hope I shall do as well as others, for all are sinners.

M. therefore you think you need not be greatly troubled, if you are so too ; but hope to pass in the crowd. Does not some such thought as that lurk at the bottom ? But what signify numbers with God, whose all searching eye no man can be concealed from, and whose arm none can resist or escape ? Had you lived in Sodom the old world, this same thought might have lulled you asleep in the prevailing sins, but would not have saved you from the streams of fire.

P. After this rate you damn all the world.

M. *Damn!* what a word is that? It signifies to judge to eternal torment, to do which belongeth only to the righteous Judge. I would with all my soul rescue all men from this misery. And with that view I speak plainly and faithfully to you, and agreeably to the word of God.

P. Who then can be saved? Not you yourself. Pray, sir, did you never sin?

M. Friend, be serious. The subject we are now upon is of the utmost importance. I have sinned as well as you; I have greatly sinned, and my sins have deserved eternal damnation: but God hath been pleased to awaken me to repentance; he hath shewn me my danger, and stirred me up to flee from the wrath to come. He hath shewn me also the way of escaping the wages of sin, opened in the blessed gospel. The offer of salvation there made, I trust I have embraced, and obtained forgiveness through faith in Jesus Christ."

ART. V. *Priestcraft Defended: A Sermon occasioned by the expulsion of six young gentlemen from the University of Oxford for praying, reading, and expounding the Scriptures, dedicated to the Vice Chancellor, &c. by their humble servant, the Shaver, the seventeenth edition. London printed, Boston reprinted. Edes. 1802.*

THIS is a humorous and ironical attack upon the Vice Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and the Heads of the Houses in that Seminary. There is also some particular satire against some English Doctors, of whom enough is not known in this country to enable us to discover by the author's allusions their names.

There is undoubtedly that kind of humour in this publication, which is calculated to make serious things appear ridiculous; and from the number of Editions printed in England it appears to have been very popular among that class of readers, who are fond of seeing dignified characters abused.

We cannot however conjecture the motive which induced the printer to republish this Book in this country. There is nothing in the subject interesting to our citizens, or the prevailing sects of Christianity; nor is the style and execution such, as is worthy of imitation.

As there are so many mechanics in this country engaged in the practice of those arts relating to literature, we wish, that instead of crowding upon us uninteresting European publications, they would present us with such works as are worthy of an American's perusal and attention.

TRAVELS AND MANNERS OF NATIONS.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE KNISTENEAX INDIANS.

From Mackenzie's Voyages.

THESE people are spread over a vast extent of country.— Their language is the same as that of the people who inhabit the coast of British America on the Atlantic, with the exception of the Esquimaux,* and continues along the coast of Labrador, and the gulph and banks of St. Laurence to Montreal. The line then follows the Utawas river to its source; and continues from thence nearly West along the high lands which divide the waters that fall into Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay. It then proceeds till it strikes the middle part of the river Winipic, following that water through the Lake Winipic, to the discharge of the Saskatchiwiné into it; from thence it accompanies the latter to Fort George, when the line, striking by the head of the Beaver River to the Elk River, runs along its banks to its discharge in the Lake of the Hills; from which it may be carried back East, to the Ile à la Croisse, and so on to Churchill by the Missinipi. The whole of the tract between this line and Hudson's Bay and Straits (except that of the Esquimaux in the latter) may be said to be exclusively the country of the Knisteneaux. Some of them, indeed, have penetrated further West and South to the Red River, to the South of Lake Winipic, and the South branch of the Saskatchiwiné.

They are of a moderate stature, well proportioned, and of great activity. Examples of deformity are seldom to be seen among them. Their complexion is of a copper-colour, and their hair black, which is common to all the natives of North America. It is cut in various forms, according to the fancy of the several tribes, and by some is left in the long, lank, flow of nature. They very generally extract their beards, and both sexes manifest a disposition to pluck the hair from every part of the body and limbs. Their eyes are black, keen, and penetrating; their countenance open and agreeable, and it is a principal object of their vanity to give every possible decoration to their persons. A material article in their toilettes is vermilion, which they contrast with their native blue, white, and brown earths, to which charcoal is frequently added.

Their dress is at once simple and commodious. It consists of tight leggins, reaching near the hip; a strip of cloth or leather,

* The similarity between their language, and that of the Algonquins, is an unequivocal proof that they are the same people.

called affian, about a foot wide, and five feet long, whose ends are drawn inwards, and hang behind and before, over a belt tied round the waist for that purpose; a close vest or shirt reaching down to the former garment, and cinctured with a broad strip of parchment fastened with thongs behind; and a cap for the head, consisting of a piece of fur, or small skin, with the brush of the animal as a suspended ornament; a kind of robe is thrown occasionally over the whole of the dress, and serves both night and day. These articles, with the addition of shoes and mittens, constitute the variety of their apparel. The materials vary according to the season, and consist of dressed moose-skin, beaver prepared with the fur, or European woollens. The leather is neatly painted, and fancifully worked in some parts with porcupine quills, and moose-deer hair; the shirts and leggins are also adorned with fringe and tassels; nor are the shoes and mittens without somewhat of appropriate decoration, and worked with a considerable degree of skill and taste. These habiliments are put on, however, as fancy or convenience suggests; and they will sometimes proceed to the chase in the severest frost, covered only with the slightest of them. Their head-dresses are composed of the feathers of the swan, the eagle, and other birds. The teeth, horns, and claws of different animals, are also the occasional ornaments of the head and neck. Their hair, however arranged, is always besmeared with grease. The making of every article of dress is a female occupation; and the women, though by no means inattentive to the decoration of their own persons, appear to have a still greater degree of pride in attending to the appearances of the men, whose faces are painted with more care than those of the women.

The female dress is formed of the same materials as those of the other sex, but of a different make and arrangement. Their shoes are commonly plain, and their leggins gartered beneath the knee. The coat, or body covering, falls down to the middle of the leg, and is fastened over the shoulders with cords, a flap or cape turning down about eight inches, both before and behind, and agreeably ornamented with quill-work and fringe; the bottom is also fringed, and fancifully painted as high as the knee. As it is very loose it is inclosed round the waist with a stiff belt, decorated with tassels, and fastened behind. The arms are covered to the wrist, with detached sleeves, which are sewed as far as the bend of the arm: from thence they are drawn up to the neck, and the corners of them fall down behind as low as the waist. The cap, when they wear one, consists of a certain quantity of leather or cloth, sewed at one end, by which means it is kept on the head, and, hanging down the back, is fastened to the belt, as well as under the chin. The upper garment is a robe like that worn by the men. Their hair is divided on the crown, and tied behind, or sometimes fastened in large knots over the ears. They are fond of European articles, and prefer them to their own na-

nine commodities. Their ornaments consist, in common with all savages, in bracelets, rings, and similar baubles. Some of the women tattoo three perpendicular lines, which are sometimes double: one from the centre of the chin to that of the under lip, and one parallel on either side to the corner of the mouth.

Of all the nations which I have seen on this continent, the Knisteneaux women are the most comely. Their figure is generally well proportioned, and the regularity of their features would be acknowledged by the more civilized people of Europe. Their complexion has less of that dark tinge which is common to those savages who have less cleanly habits.

These people are, in general, subject to few disorders. The lues venerea, however, is a common complaint, but cured by the application of simplices, with whose virtues they appear to be well acquainted. They are also subject to fluxes, and pains in the breast, which some have attributed to the very cold and keen air which they inhale; but I should imagine that these complaints must frequently proceed from their immoderate indulgence in fat meat at their feasts, particularly when they have been preceded by long fasting.

They are naturally mild and affable, as well as just in their dealings, not only among themselves, but with strangers.* They are also generous and hospitable, and good-natured in the extreme, except when their nature is perverted by the inflammatory influence of spirituous liquors. To their children they are indulgent to a fault. The father, though he assumes no command over them, is ever anxious to instruct them in all the preparatory qualifications for war and hunting; while the mother is equally attentive to her daughters in teaching them every thing that is considered as necessary to their character and situation. It does not appear that the husband makes any distinction between the children of his wife, though they may be the offspring of different fathers. Illegitimacy is only attached to those who are born before their mothers have cohabited with any man by the title of husband.

It does not appear, that chastity is considered by them as a virtue; or that fidelity is believed to be essential to the happiness of wedded life. Though it sometimes happens that the infidelity of a wife is punished by the husband with the loss of her hair, nose, and perhaps life; such severity proceeds from its having been practised without his permission: for a temporary interchange of wives is not uncommon; and the offer of their persons is considered as a necessary part of the hospitality due to strangers.

When a man loses his wife, it is considered as a duty to marry her sister, if she has one; or he may, if he pleases, have them both at the same time.

* They have been called theivs, but when that vice can with justice be attributed to them, it may be traced to their connection with the civilized people who come into their country to traffic.

It will appear from the fatal consequences I have repeatedly imputed to the use of spirituous liquors, that I more particularly consider these people as having been, morally speaking, great sufferers from their communication with the subjects of civilized nations. At the same time they were not, in a state of nature, without their vices, and some of them of a kind which is the most abhorrent to cultivated and reflecting man. I shall only observe, that incest and bestiality are among them.

When a young man marries, he immediately goes to live with the father and mother of his wife, who treat him, nevertheless, as a perfect stranger, until after the birth of his first child: he then attaches himself more to them than his own parents; and his wife no longer gives him any other appellation than that of the father of her child.

The profession of the men is war and hunting, and the more active scene of their duty is the field of battle, and the chase in the woods. They also spear fish, but the management of the nets is left to the women. The females of this nation are in the same subordinate state with those of all other savage tribes; but the severity of their labour is much diminished by their situation on the banks of lakes and rivers, where they employ canoes. In the winter, when the waters are frozen, they make their journeys, which are never of any great length, with sledges drawn by dogs. They are, at the same time, subject to every kind of domestic drudgery; they dress the leather, make the clothes and shoes, weave the nets, collect wood, erect the tents, fetch water, and perform every culinary service; so that when the duties of maternal care are added, it will appear that the life of these women is an uninterrupted succession of toil and pain. This, indeed, is the sense they entertain of their own situation; and, under the influence of that sentiment, they are sometimes known to destroy their female children, to save them from the miseries which they themselves have suffered. They also have a ready way, by the use of certain simples, of procuring abortions, which they sometimes practise, from their hatred of the father, or to save themselves the trouble which children occasion; and, as I have been credibly informed, this unnatural act is repeated without any injury to the health of the women who perpetrate it.

The funeral rights begin, like all other solemn ceremonies, with smoking, and are concluded by a feast. The body is dressed in the best habiliments possessed by the deceased, or his relations, and is then deposited in a grave, lined with branches; some domestic utensils are placed on it, and a kind of canopy erected over it. During this ceremony, great lamentations are made, and if the departed person is very much regretted, the near relations cut off their hair, pierce the fleshy part of their thighs and arms with arrows, knives, &c. and blacken their faces with charcoal. If they have distinguished themselves in war, they are sometimes laid on a kind of scaffolding; and I have been inform-

ed that women, as in the East, have been known to sacrifice themselves to the manes of their husbands. The whole of the property belonging to the departed person is destroyed, and the relations take in exchange for the wearing apparel, any rags that will cover their nakedness. The feast bestowed on the occasion, which is, or at least used to be, repeated annually, is accompanied with eulogiums on the deceased, and without any acts of ferocity. On the tomb are carved or painted the symbols of his tribe, which are taken from the different animals of the country.

Many and various are the motives which induce a savage to engage in war. To prove his courage, or to revenge the death of his relations, or some of his tribe, by the massacre of an enemy. If the tribe feel themselves called upon to go to war, the elders convene the people, in order to know the general opinion. If it be for war, the chief publishes his intention to smoke in the sacred stem at a certain period, to which solemnity, meditation and fasting are required as preparatory ceremonies. When the people are thus assembled, and the meeting sanctified by the custom of smoking, the chief enlarges on the causes which have called them together, and the necessity of the measures proposed on the occasion.

He then invites those who are willing to follow him, to smoke out of the sacred stem, which is considered as the token of enrolment; and if it should be the general opinion, that assistance is necessary, others are invited, with great formality, to join them. Every individual who attends these meetings brings something with him as a token of his warlike intentions or as an object of sacrifice, which, when the assembly dissolves, is suspended from poles near the place of council.

They have frequent feasts, and particular circumstances never fail to produce them; such as a tedious illness, long fasting, &c. On these occasions it is usual for the person who means to give the entertainment, to announce his design on a certain day, of opening the medicine bag and smoking out of his sacred stem. This declaration is considered as a sacred vow that cannot be broken. There are also stated periods, such as the spring and autumn, when they engage in very long and solemn ceremonies. On these occasions dogs are offered as sacrifices, and those which are very fat, and milk-white, are preferred. They also make large offerings of their property, whatever it may be. The scene of these ceremonies is in an open inclosure on the bank of a river or lake, and in the most conspicuous situation, in order that such as are passing along or travelling, may be induced to make their offerings. There is also a particular custom among them, that, on these occasions, if any of the tribe, or even a stranger, should be passing by, and be in real want of any thing that is displayed as an offering, he has a right to take it, so that he replaces it with some article that he can spare, though it be of far inferior value; but to take or touch any thing wantonly is considered as a sacri-

legious act, and highly insulting to the great Master of Life, to use their own expression, who is the sacred object of their devotion.

The scene of private sacrifice is the lodge of the person who performs it, which is prepared for that purpose by removing every thing out of it, and spreading green branches in every part. The fire and ashes are also taken away. A new hearth is made of fresh earth, and another fire is lighted. The owner of the dwelling remains alone in it; and he begins the ceremony by spreading a piece of new cloth, or a well-dressed moose-skin neatly painted, on which he opens his medicine-bag and exposes its contents, consisting of various articles. The principal of them is a kind of house-hold god, which is a small carved image about eight inches long. Its first covering is of down, over which a piece of birch bark is closely tied, and the whole is enveloped in several folds of red and blue cloth. This little figure is an object of the most pious regard. The next article is his war-cap, which is decorated with the feathers and plumes of scarce birds, beavers, and eagle's claws, &c. There is also suspended from it a quill or feather for every enemy whom the owner of it has slain in battle. The remaining contents of the bag are, a piece of Brazil tobacco, several roots and simples, which are in great estimation for their medical qualities, and a pipe. These articles being all exposed, and the stem resting upon two forks, as it must not touch the ground, the master of the lodge sends for the person he most esteems, who sits down opposite to him; the pipe is then filled and fixed to the stem. A pair of wooden pincers is provided to put fire in the pipe, and a double pointed pin, to empty it of the remnant of tobacco which is not consumed. This arrangement being made, the men assemble, and sometimes the women are allowed to be humble spectators, while the most religious awe and solemnity pervade the whole. The Michiniwais, or Assistant, takes up the pipe, lights it, and presents it to the officiating person, who receives it standing, and holds it between both his hands. He then turns himself to the East, and draws a few whiffs, which he blows to that point. The same ceremony he observes to the other three quarters, with his eyes directed upwards during the whole of it. He holds the stem about the middle between the three first fingers of both hands, and raising them upon a line with his forehead he swings it three times round from the East, with the sun, when, after pointing and balancing it in various directions, he reposes it on the forks: he then makes a speech to explain the design of their being called together, which concludes with an acknowledgment for past mercies, and a prayer for the continuance of them, from the Master of Life. He then sits down, and the whole company declare their approbation and thanks by uttering the word *bo!* with an emphatic prolongation of the last letter. The Michiniwais then takes up the pipe and holds it to the mouth of the officiating person, who after smoking three whiffs out of it,

titters. a short prayer, and then goes round with it, taking his course from East to West, to every person present, who individually says something to him on the occasion : and thus the pipe is generally smoked out ; when after turning it three or four times round his head, he drops it downwards, and replaces it in its original situation. He then returns the company thanks for their attendance, and wishes them, as well as the whole tribe, health and long life.

These smoking rites precede every matter of great importance, with more or less ceremony, but always with equal solemnity. The utility of them will appear from the following relation.

If a chief is anxious to know the disposition of his people towards him, or if he wishes to settle any difference between them, he announces his intention of opening his medicine-bag and smoking in his sacred stem ; and no man who entertains a grudge against any of the party thus assembled, can smoke with the sacred stem : as that ceremony dissipates all differences, and is never violated.

No one can avoid attending on these occasions ; but a person may attend and be excused from assisting at the ceremonies, by acknowledging that he has not undergone the necessary purification. The having cohabited with his wife, or any other women, within twenty-four hours preceding the ceremony, renders him unclean, and, consequently, disqualifies him from performing any part of it. If a contract is entered into and solemnized by the ceremony of smoking, it never fails of being faithfully fulfilled. If a person, previous to his going a journey, leaves the sacred stem as a pledge of his return, no consideration whatever will prevent him from executing his engagement.*

The chief, when he proposes to make a feast, sends quills, or small pieces of wood, as tokens of invitation to such as he wishes to partake of it. At the appointed time the guests arrive, each bringing a dish or platter, and a knife, and take their seats on each side of the chief, who receives them sitting, according to their respective ages. The pipe is then lighted, and he makes an equal division of every thing that is provided. While the company are enjoying their meal, the chief sings, and accompanies his song with the tamborin, or shithiquoi, or rattle. The guest who has first eaten his portion is considered as the most distinguished person. If there should be any who cannot finish the whole of their mess, they endeavour to prevail on some of their friends to eat it for them, who are rewarded for their assistance with ammunition and tobacco. It is proper also to remark, that at these feasts a small quantity of meat or drink is sacrificed, before they begin to eat, by throwing it into the fire, or on the earth.

* It is however to be lamented, that of late there is a relaxation of the duties originally attached to these festivals.

These feasts differ according to circumstances ; sometimes each man's allowance is no more than he can dispatch in a couple of hours. At other times the quantity is sufficient to supply each of them with food for a week, though it must be devoured in a day. On these occasions it is very difficult to procure substitutes, and the whole must be eaten whatever time it may require. At some of these entertainments there is a more rational arrangement, when the guests are allowed to carry home with them the superfluous part of their portions. Great care is always taken that the bones may be burned, as it would be considered a profanation were the dogs permitted to touch them.

The public feasts are conducted in the same manner, but with some additional ceremony. Several chiefs officiate at them, and procure the necessary provisions, as well as prepare a proper place of reception for the numerous company. Here the guests discourse upon public topics, repeat the heroic deeds of their forefathers, and excite the rising generation to follow their example. The entertainments on these occasions consist of dried meats, as it would not be practicable to dress a sufficient quantity of fresh meat for such a large assembly ; though the women and children are excluded.

Similar feasts used to be made at funerals, and annually, in honour of the dead ; but they have been, for some time, growing into disuse, and I never had an opportunity of being present at any of them.

The women, who are forbidden to enter the places sacred to these festivals, dance and sing around them, and sometimes beat time to the music within them ; which forms an agreeable contrast.

With respect to their divisions of time, they compute the length of their journeys by the number of nights passed in performing them ; and they divide the year by the succession of moons. In this calculation, however, they are not altogether correct, as they cannot account for the odd days.

The names which they give to the moons, are descriptive of the several seasons.

May - -	Atheiky o Pishim	- - -	Frog-Moon.
June - -	Oppinu o Pishim	- - -	The Moon in which birds begin to lay their eggs.
July - -	Aupascen o Pishim	- - -	The Moon when birds cast their feathers.
August -	Aupahou o Pishim	- - -	The Moon when the young birds begin to fly.
September	Waskiscon o Pishim	- - -	The Moon when the moose-deer cast their horns.
October -	Wifac o Pishim	- - -	The Rutting-Moon.
November	Thithigon Pewai o Pishim	- - -	Hoar-Frost-Moon.
	Kuskatinayoui o Pishim	- - -	Ice-Moon.
December	Pawatchicananasis o Pishim	- - -	Whirlwind-Moon.

January - Kuchapawasticanum o Pishim Extreme cold Moon.
 February Kichi Pishim - - - Big Moon; some say, Old Moon.
 March - Mickyfue Pishim - - - Eagle Moon.
 April - Niscaw o Pishim - - - Goose-Moon.

These people know the medicinal virtues of many herbs and simples, and apply the roots of plants and the bark of trees with success. But the conjurers, who monopolize the medical science, find it necessary to blend mystery with their art, and do not communicate their knowledge. Their materia medica they administer in the form of purges and clysters; but the remedies and surgical operations are supposed to derive much of their effect from magic and incantation. When a blister arises in the foot from the frost, the chafing of the shoe, &c. they immediately open it, and apply the heated blade of a knife to the part, which, painful as it may be, is found to be efficacious. A sharp flint serves them as a lancet for letting blood, as well as for scarification in bruises and swellings. For sprains, the dung of an animal just killed is considered as the best remedy. They are very fond of European medicines, though they are ignorant of their application: and those articles form an inconsiderable part of the European traffic with them.

Among their various superstitions, they believe that the vapour which is seen to hover over moist and swampy places, is the spirit of some person lately dead. They also fancy another spirit which appears, in the shape of a man, upon the trees near the lodge of a person deceased, whose property has not been interred with him. He is represented as bearing a gun in his hand, and it is believed that he does not return to his rest, until the property that has been withheld from the grave has been sacrificed to it.

ON MADRID.

From Southey's Letters.

Madrid, Jan. 6, 1796.

ON Monday we were at the Spanish Comedy. There is a stationary table fixed where the door is on the English stage, and (what is a stranger peculiarity) no money is paid going in, but a man comes round and collects it between the acts. Between every act is a kind of operatical farce, a piece of low and gross buffoonery, which constantly gives the lie to their motto—"representing a variety of actions we recommend virtue to the people;" it is a large and inelegant theatre, presenting to the eye only a mass of tarnished gilding. So badly was it lighted that to see the company was impossible. One of the actresses, whose hair was long and curling, wore it combed naturally, without any kind of bandage, and I have seldom seen any head dress so becoming.

The representation began at half past four, and was over at eight. I have heard a curious specimen of wit from a Spanish comedy. During the absence of a physician, his servants prescribe. A patient has been eating too much *hare*; and they order him to take *greyhound broth*.

Concerning the city and its buildings, the manners of the people, their Tertullas and their Cortejo system, you will find enough in twenty different authors. What pleases me most is to see the city entirely without suburbs: it is surrounded by a wall, and the moment you get without the gates, the prospect before presents nothing that can possibly remind you of the vicinity of a metropolis. The walking is very unpleasant, as the streets are not paved: the general fault of the streets is their narrowness. In one of them it was with difficulty that I kept myself so near the wall as to escape being crushed by a carriage; a friend of M. had a button on his breast torn off by a carriage in the same place; accidents must have been frequent here, for it is called the narrow street of dangers. *La Calle angusta de los perigos*.

This very unpleasant defect is observable in all the towns we have passed through. It is easily accounted for. All these towns were originally fortified, and houses were crowded together for security within the walls. As the houses are generally high, this likewise keeps them cool, by excluding the sun; and a Spaniard will not think this convenience over balanced by the preventing a free circulation of air. The senses of a foreigner are immediately offended by dirt and darkness; but the Spaniard does not dislike the one, and he connects the idea of coolness with the other. From the charge of dirt, however, Madrid must now be acquitted, and the grand street, the Calle de Alcalá, is one of the finest in Europe. The Prado (the public walk) crosses it at the bottom, and it is terminated by an avenue of trees, with one of the city gates at the end.

Of Spanish beauty I have heard much, and say little. There is indeed a liquid lustre in the full black eye, that most powerfully expresses languid tenderness. But it is in this expression only that very dark eyes are beautiful: you do not distinguish the pupil from the surrounding part, and of course lose all the beauty of its dilation and contraction. The dress both of men and women is altogether inelegant. The old Spanish dress was more convenient and very graceful. They wrap the great cloaks that are now in fashion in such a manner as to cover the lower half of the face; it was on this account that the law was enacted that interdicts round hats; for as their great hats would hide the other half, every person would walk the streets as in a mask.

We are now in private lodgings, for which we pay twenty-four reals a day. The rooms are painted in the theatrical taste of the country, and would be cheerful if we had but a fire-place. You will hardly believe that, though this place is very cold in winter, Spanish landlords will not suffer a chimney to be built in their

houses ! They have a proverb to express the calmness and keenness of the air.—“The wind will not blow out a candle, but it will kill a man.” I have heard that persons who incautiously exposed themselves to the wind before they were completely dressed, have been deprived of the use of their limbs.

This is an unpleasant town ; the necessities of life are extravagantly dear ; and the comforts are not to be procured. I hear from one who must be well acquainted with the people, that “there is neither friendship, affection, or virtue among them !” A woman of rank, during the absence of her husband, has been living at the hotel with another man ! and yet she is received into every company. I ought to add she is not a Spaniard, but in England adultery meets the infamy it deserves.

All our early impressions tend to prejudice us in favour of Spain. The first novels that we read fill us with high ideas of the grandeur and the dignity of the national character, and in perusing their actions in the new world, we almost fancy them a different race from the rest of mankind, as well from the splendor of their exploits, as from the cruelties that sullied them. A little observation soon destroys this favourable prepossession ; a great and total alteration in their existing establishments must take place before the dignity of the Spanish character can be restored.

In the middle ages the superiority of the Nobles was not merely titular and external. Learning was known only in the cloister ; but in all accomplishments, in all courtesies, and in all feats of arms, from habit and fashion the Aristocracy possessed a real advantage. The pride of ancestry was productive of good : want of opportunity might prevent the heir of an illustrious house from displaying the same heroism that his ancestors had displayed in the cause of their country, but it was disgraceful to degenerate in magnificent hospitality, and in the encouragement of whatever arts existed.*

* The history of Spain affords one remarkable proof that a long genealogy may be good for something, if the fact may be credited. When the Moorish king was asked why he raised the siege of Xeres (1285) so precipitately, for fear of King Sancho, he replied, I was the first who enthroned the family and race of Barrameda, and honoured it with the royal title and dignity : my enemy derives his descent from more than forty kings, whose memory has great force, and in the combat would place fear and dread in me, but to him would supply confidence and strength, if we should come to battle. “Yo fui el primero que entronice y honré la familia y linage de Barrameda con titulo y magestad real ; mi enemigo trae descendencia de mas de quarenta Reyes, cuya memoria tiene gran fuerza, y en el combate a mi pniera temor y espanto, à el diera atrevimiento y esfuerzo si llegaramos a las manos.”

Mariana.

The ancient Nobility of Spain were placed in circumstances peculiarly adapted to form an elevation and haughtiness of character ; like the gallant Welsh, they had been driven among their mountains by the invaders, but their efforts were more fortunate, and they recovered their country. They who have struggled without success in the cause of independance deserve the applause of Posterity, and, to the honour of human nature, Posterity has always bestowed it ; but the self applause of the successful is not very remote from arrogance, and this arrogance, uniting with the natural reserve of the Spaniards, produced the characteristic haughtiness of their grandees.

This characteristic exists no longer, and you may form some idea of what the Grandees now are by a circumstance which happened only this week. A Swiss officer in the English service has been for some time resident at Madrid. It was told him that the Marquis of S***, at whose house he was a frequent visitor, had said of him in public, that he was a spy of the English ministry and that no person ought to associate with him. The officer in company with the friend who had informed him, called upon the Marquis, who received him with his usual civility, and expressed his joy at seeing him. The Swiss charged him with what he had said. He denied it, and substituted other expressions.—It is true, said he, I may have said as that you were in the English service you must of course be in the English interest. “Were those the expressions the Marquis made use of,” said the officer to his informer. The informer repeated what he had heard the Marquis say, and the officer immediately called the Marquis a liar, a scoundrel, and a coward, and beat him. The house was immediately in an uproar ; the doors were fastened, and the servants came up with their knives. The Swiss, however, placed his back to the wall, drew his sword, and compelled them to open the doors. The news soon got abroad, and the Marquis has been put under arrest, by the order of the Court, to prevent any serious consequences.

We dined the same day at the Ambassador's, in company with the Swiss, and went to the opera afterwards. My Uncle, who is very well acquainted with the manners of these countries, observed three men dogging us from the house. They followed us a long way, but left us at last after looking very earnestly at us. They might have made a disagreeable mistake on the occasion. The officer remained in Madrid three days, and appeared every where in public ; he then very prudently decamped.

The King set off on Monday last ; his retinue on this journey consists of seven thousand persons ! and so vain is his Most Catholic Majesty of this parade, that he has actually had a list of his attendants printed on a paper larger than any map or chart you ever saw, and given to all the Grandees in favour. We were in hopes of securing a carriage through the Marquis Yrandas's interest. This nobleman during the war was in disgrace, but when

pacific principles gained the ascendancy at Court, he was recalled from a kind of banishment at his country seat, and sent to negotiate the peace, which was afterwards concluded by Yriarte, a brother of the poet, since dead. The intelligence he gives us is very unfavourable to men who are in haste. The Court will not be less than fifteen days on the road with us; no interest can secure us a carriage; and if we can get one to set out, it will probably be taken from us on the way by some of their retinue; and there is no accommodation at the posados, for, independent of the common attendants, six hundred people of rank were obliged to lie in the open air the first night; nor can we go a different road without doubling the distance; for were we to attempt to enter Portugal by Ciudad Rodrigo, and the province of Trás os Montes, if the rains which are daily expected should overtake us, the mountain torrents would be impassable.

His Majesty's title to the crown of Corsica has been virtually acknowledged here in a singular manner. A Corsican, in some trifling quarrel concerning a plate at dinner, stabbed a man on Sunday last, and took shelter in the house of the English Ambassador. These things are common here: I never passed through a village without seeing three or four monumental crosses in it; and as it can hardly be supposed that a banditti would attack in an inhabited place, it is fair to conclude that these monuments are for men who have been stabbed in some private quarrel. Their long knives are very convenient. Detection is easily avoided in this country and conscience soon quieted by the lullaby of abolution!

The old palace of Buen Retiro is converted into a royal porcelain manufactory; the prices are extravagantly high, but they have arrived to great excellence in the manufacture. The false taste of the people is displayed in all the vases I saw there, which, though made from Roman models, are all terminated by porcelain flowers! In the gardens of his Majesty, who is a great sportsman, and occasionally shoots, high scaffolds are erected in different parts for his markers to stand upon: here also he amuses himself with a royal recreation similar to what boys call Bandy in England; he is said to play very well, but as this August Personage is ambitious of fame, he is apt to be very angry if he is beaten. Did you ever see two boys try which could bring the other on his knees by bending his fingers back? The King of Spain is very fond of this amusement, for he is remarkably strong: a little time ago there was a Frenchman in great favour with him, because he had strength enough to equal his Majesty in all these sports, and sense enough to yield to him. One day when they were thus employing themselves, the King fancied his antagonist did not exert all his force: and as his pride was hurt, insisted upon it in such a manner that the Frenchman was obliged to be in earnest, and brought him to the ground. The King immediately struck him in the face.

Membrino's account of the cat-eating is confirmed; I was playing with one last night, and the lady told me she was obliged to confine her in the house lest the neighbours should steal and eat it.

PORTUGAL.

From Southey's Letters.

EUROPE, says Antonio de Macedo, is the best of the four quarters of the globe: Spain is the best part of Europe: Portugal* is the best part of Spain. The tales of the Fortunate Islands and the Elysian Fields are not the mere fables of the poets; they described places that really exist, and only indeed gave a faint description of Lisbon and the adjacent country. So much for the beauty and optimism of Portugal. Its great antiquity is as boldly asserted, and as clearly proved. The foundation of Lisbon by Ulysses was designed by Pope for an episode in his projected epic poem, and forms the subject of the Ulysses of Gabriel Pereira de Castro; but this belongs to the Poets, and tempting as is the etymology of Lisbon from Ulysses, the antiquarian rejects it. It was founded by Elisa the eldest son of Java, says Luis Marinho de Azevedo; he called it Eliseon, thence Elisbon—Lisbon. Nothing can be plainer.

If however, the honour of founding the metropolis of Portugal be contested between Elisa and Ulysses, there is no controversy concerning the establishment of Setuval by Tubal.

One of the many excellencies of Portugal is its great population. Do you question this? Macedo tells you that Tubal at his death left sixty-five thousand descendants. You object to this as too remote a fact. It contained five hundred and sixty-eight thousand inhabitants in the time of Augustus. But you want to know if it be populous at present. His proof is decisive. Blanca de Rocha, the wife of Rodrigo Monteiro, had fourteen children at a birth who were all baptized. Maria Marcella had seven at a birth, who all entered the church, greatly to the benefit of population no doubt! and Inez del Casal de Gueday was married seven times, and had an hundred and seven children.

Aristotle observes that the inhabitants of cold countries, and the Europeans, possess great courage, but little genius, and that the Asiatics have great genius, but little courage, the effect of climate; but as the Greeks are situate between both, they partake the qualities of both, and are consequently more perfect than either. Experience proves this more clearly than any reasoning can do. It is manifest to every person that the Europeans are superior to the rest of the world, and that of them, they who in-

* He wrote when Portugal was annexed to Spain. His book is in Spanish, and entitled, "*Flores de España—Excelencias de Portugal.*"

Habit the more temperate regions are the more perfect by nature, as we see the Spaniards and Italians; and it is evident that as Lisbon is situate in the most temperate aspect, the influence of the Heavens must necessarily make its inhabitants most perfect of all, both in corporeal beauty and mental excellence. So says Luis Mendes de Vasconcellos.

There was once a Lady in Lisbon, of such superior ugliness, that she was the jest of the whole city. Mortified by the unfortunate singularity of being ugly where all besides were beautiful, she prayed with unceasing fervor to her patron Saint, St. Vincent. Her prayers were heard, and she beheld herself one morning in her looking glass the most beautiful woman in Portugal. "I say," exclaims Macedo, "that the Saint works many such miracles, for he is much and devoutly worshipped, his benevolence is great, and power cannot be wanting in him, for he dwells in the presence of God: but what convinces me is that without some such miraculous interposition the Portuguese women could not possibly be so beautiful."

Such then, according to those who must be best acquainted with them, are the excellences of the country, the metropolis, and the inhabitants. There are likewise Nine Excellences in the Portuguese language; and these, as quoted from Macedo, are prefixed to the new Dictionary of the Academy.

Excellence the first.—Its great antiquity. One of the seventy-two languages given by God to the builders of Babel, being brought into Portugal by Tubal.

Excellence the second.—It has every quality which a language ought to have to be perfect.

Excellence the third.—Harmonious pronunciation of the Portuguese language.

Excellence the fourth.—Brevity of the Portuguese language.

Excellence the fifth.—Perfect orthography of the Portuguese language.

Excellence the sixth.—Aptitude of the Portuguese language to any kind of style.

Excellence the seventh.—Great similarity of the Portuguese language to the Latin.

Excellence the eighth.—The wide extent of the country where the Portuguese language is spoken.

Excellence the ninth.—The commendation which so many authors have bestowed upon the Portuguese language.

A long proof is annexed to each of these propositions; and the whole fills three folio pages.

All this reminds me of the Esquimaux, who distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind by the title of MEN. *One of

* See Major Cartwright's Journal.

these Men saw a dried monkey in England, and declared in the utmost agitation that it was a little old Esquimaux!

Strip a Spaniard of all his virtues, and you make a good Portuguese of him, says the Spanish proverb. One who is well acquainted with both countries, and has no prejudices in favour of either, denies its truth; he says, "add hypocrisy to a Spaniard's vices, and you have the Portuguese character." These nations blaspheme God, by calling each other natural enemies. Their feelings are mutually hostile, but the Spaniards despise the Portuguese, and the Portuguese hate the Spaniards.

Almost every man in Spain smokes; the Portuguese never smoke, but most of them take snuff. None of the Spaniards will use a wheel-barrow, none of the Portuguese will carry a burthen: the one says it is only fit for beasts to draw carriages, the other that it is only fit for beasts to carry burthens. All the porters in Lisbon are Gallegos, an industrious and honest race, despised by both nations for the very qualities that render them respectable. An Englishman at Porto wanted his servant to carry a small box to the next house; the man said he was a Portuguese, not a beast; and actually walked a mile for a Gallego to carry the box.

The history of the present war will show with what wisdom public affairs are conducted in this kingdom. The Portuguese were engaged by treaty to furnish the English with a certain number of ships, or a certain sum of money, and the Spaniards with troops, or money. The money was expected, but Martinho de Mello, the Minister and Secretary of State, argued, that as the money was to be expended, it was wiser to expend it among their own countrymen, and discipline soldiers and sailors; the ships were therefore sent to Portsmouth, and troops to Roussillon.—Mello's measures were vigorous; he resolved to place every part of the Portuguese dominions in a state of defence, recalled the General of one of the provinces, appointed him Commander in Chief in Brazil, and ordered him to be ready to depart at an hour's notice; but Mello was old and infirm, he was taken ill, and during his illness the party who disapproved his measures had the management, and every thing was at a stand. After remaining three months at Lisbon, the General saw no probability of departing, and he therefore sent for his furniture and wife and family to Lisbon. Soon after they arrived the Secretary recovered. Every thing was hurried for the expedition, and the General sent his wife, family, and furniture home again. Again Mello was taken ill, again the preparations were suspended, and again the General called his family to Lisbon. The old man recovered, sent them all into the country, forwarded the preparations, fell ill a third time and died. The measures of the Government have since been uniformly languid, and with a stupidity that almost exceeds belief, though they had sent ships to England and troops to Spain, they never believed themselves at war with France, till the French took their ships at the mouth of the river.

A Portuguese vessel was taken by the French and carried into the isle of Bourbon. The Portuguese insisted that they were not at war with France, and as the French were not quite certain, they were about to restore the ship, when another prize was brought in; in searching this they found an English newspaper, with an account that the Portuguese fleet had arrived at Portsmouth. The next French vessel that arrived brought the French newspaper, with a list of the two and twenty nations with whom the Republic was at war.

OF THE CITY OF CAIRO.

From Niebuhr's Travels.

IN the course of the eleven last centuries, since the conquest of Egypt by the Arabians, many changes have taken place in the neighbourhood of Cairo, or, as it is called in the language of the country, *Kabira*. Those conquerors demolished or neglected the cities which they found subsisting, and built others.

At their entrance into this country, they found a city on the banks of the Nile, which their writers called *Mafr*, and which no doubt was the Egyptian Babylon of the Greek authors. They became masters of it by the treason of *Mokaukas*. In their Mussulman zeal, abhorring to dwell in the same city with Christians, they settled, by degrees, in the place where their general had pitched his camp, and formed a city which they called *Fostat*.

This city, when it became the capital of Egypt, was also called *Mafr*; a name which it has retained even since Cairo, originally only a suburb, has supplanted it in the character of capital. *Fostat* declined, as Cairo, which was founded in the 358 year of the Hegira, by the general of a Fatimite Caliph I. advanced. The remains of *Fostat* are known at present by the name of *Mafr-el-aikh*, old *Mafr*. The famous *Salah ed din* embellished the rising city of Cairo, and inclosed it with walls.

Cairo, in its turn, came to receive the name of *Mafr*. The Europeans call it Cairo, or Grand Cairo. Although so modern, it is truly very large. It extends, for an hour's walk to the foot of the mountain *Mokattam*, at the distance of half a league from the banks of the Nile. From the top of that hill, on which stands the castle, the whole city is seen. On the other sides it is surrounded with hillocks formed by the accumulation of the dirt, conveyed out of the city. They are already so high, that the tops of the buildings in the city can scarce be seen over them from the banks of the Nile.

Cairo, although a very great city, is not so populous as the cities in Europe, of the same extent. The capital of Egypt contains large ponds, which, when full, have the appearance even of lakes. The mosques occupy large areas. In a quarter which I had occasion to examine particularly, I found the large streets

divided by a large space of ground, laid out in gardens and otherwise. I am induced to think, that, in the other quarters, are large unoccupied spaces of the same sort. The houses in Cairo are not so high as in the cities of Europe. In some parts they consist only of one story, and are built of bricks that have been dried in the sun.

I have observed, that travellers always err in estimating the population of the cities of the East: and I may add, that the arrangement of the streets of Cairo must make that city appear larger than it really is. In several quarters there are pretty long *wynds*, which terminate not in any principal street; so that those who live at the bottom of them, can converse from the back parts of their houses, yet must walk a quarter of a league before they can meet. Such *wynds* or *lanes* are, for the most part, inhabited by artisans, who go out to work in more frequented streets, and leave their wives and children at home. From this circumstance, these are so surpris'd to see a passenger, that they naturally suppose, that you have lost your way and tell you that you cannot pass there. All the intercourse is therefore through the principal streets; and these are very narrow; so that, being continually crowded, they will naturally occasion a stranger to think the city much more populous than it really is.

The castle standing upon a steep, insulated rock, between the city and mount Mokattam, was probably erected in the days of the Greeks, and might form a part of the Egyptian Babylon. It is at present parted into three divisions, which are occupied by the Pacha, the Janissaries, and the Assassins. The palace of the Pacha is falling into ruins, and is unworthy of being the dwelling of the Governor of a great province. But the Turkish Pachas are in general ill lodged. They know all that they are not to be long in power; and none cares for making reparations to accommodate his successor.

The quarter of the Janissaries is surrounded with strong walls which are flanked with towers, and has more the appearance of a fortress. Those soldiers accordingly avail themselves of their situation in the revolutions which happen so frequently in Egypt. That body, although paid by the Sultan, are not much attached to their sovereign. Their principal officers have been slaves to the more respectable inhabitants of Cairo, and are still more attached to their old masters than to the Sovereign of the Turkish empire. When the Egyptians depose a Pacha, the Janissaries are commonly ready to drive him out of the palace, if he fails to set off at the day fixed to him by the Beys. But the Arabs are in little fear of the Janissaries, and rob with confidence, close by their quarters.

Within this castle are two monuments, which some, both Mahometans and Christians, fancifully ascribe to a patriarch; the fountain, and palace of Joseph. The fountain is indeed deep, and cut in the rock; but nothing extraordinary, when it is con-

stated, that the rock is a very soft calcareous stone. It is not at all comparable to the labours of the ancient Indians, who have cut whole pagodas in the very hardest rocks.

The pretended palace of Joseph, is a large building, which still retains some precious remains of its ancient magnificence. In the apartment in which a manufacture of cloth is at present carried on, the walls are adorned with figures of beautiful Mosaic work, composed of mother of pearl, precious stones, and coloured glass. The ceiling of another chamber contains fine paintings; in some places, the names of most of the ancient monarchs of Egypt are engraven. The caliphs of Egypt appear to have inhabited this palace; and it is surprising, that the Pacha does not choose to lodge in it. From a balcony in this building, a person has a delightful view of Cairo, *Babk*, *Gesb*, and a vast track of country extending all the way to the pyramids.

That valuable stuff of which the Sultan makes an annual present to the sanctuary of Mecca, is fabricated in this palace. I asked the director of the manufacture, from what Joseph he supposed the fountain and palace to have taken their denomination? he answered from *Salab ed din*, whose proper name was Joseph. This account seems the more probable, as Cairo owes it other embellishments to that Caliph. Near this palace are thirty large and beautiful columns of red granite still standing, but unroofed, and degraded by having a parcel of wretched huts built against them. In a path cut in the rock, and leading from one part of the castle to another, I was surprised to observe an eagle with a double head engraven upon a large stone, and still perfectly discernible.

The suburb *El Carafe*, at present but thinly inhabited, contains a number of superb mosques which are partly fallen into ruins, with several tombs of the ancient sovereigns of this country. The Mahometan women repair in crowds to this place, on pretence of performing their devotions, but, in reality, for the pleasure of walking abroad. On the other side of the castle, there is also a great number of ruinous mosques, and houses of prayer built over the tombs of rich Mahometans, and forming a street three quarters of a German league in length. From the astonishing number of these mosques and houses, it should seem that the ancient sovereigns of Egypt were not less disposed than the Sultans of Constantinople, to expend money upon pious foundations.

Among this multitude of mosques are some distinguished by beauty and solidity of structure. One of those, although the seat of an academy, was so strongly and so advantageously situated, that, in particular insurrections, batteries used to be raised in it, and directed against the castle; for which reason the gates have been built up. Those mosques have little ornament within: The pavement is covered with mats, seldom with carpets. Nothing appears on the walls but a few passages of the Koran, written in golden letters, and a profusion of bad lamps, suspended horizon-

cally, and intermixed with ostrich eggs, and some other trifling curiosities.

The *Mourian* is a large hospital for the sick and mad. Those of the former class are not numerous, considering the extent of the city. The sick were formerly provided with every thing that could tend to soothe their distress, not excepting, even music. From the insufficiency of the funds to supply so great an expence, the music had been retrenched, but has been since restored by the charity of a private person. The descriptions of Cairo say much of the large revenues belonging to the hospital, and to many of the mosques. But the same thing happens here as in other places: The administrators of the revenues enrich themselves at the expence of the foundations; so that new bequests from the pious are from time to time necessary, to prevent them from falling into utter decay.

In this city are a great many *kans* or *oguals*, as they are called in Egypt. These are large and strong buildings consisting of ware-rooms and small chambers for the use of foreign merchants. Here, as well as at Constantinople, are several elegant houses, where fresh water is distributed gratis to passengers.

The public baths are very numerous. Although externally very plain buildings, they have handsome apartments within, paved with marble, and ornamented in the fashion of the country. Several servants attend, each of whom has his particular task, in waiting upon and assisting those who come to bathe. Strangers are surprised when those bathers begin to handle them, and afraid of having their limbs dislocated. But after being a little accustomed to the ceremony, they find it sufficiently agreeable.

The *birkets*, or ponds, formed by the waters of the Nile, which, when it rises, fills the hollows, are very common about and in Cairo. Those ponds, or rather marshes, become meadows, every year after the water is evaporated. This vicissitude renders them very agreeable; And the most considerable persons in the country live upon their banks. The palaces of the great are no ornaments to the city; for nothing about them can be seen but the high walls that surround them.

OF THE DIVERSIONS OF THE ORIENTALS.

From the same.

IT may appear trifling to descend to a detail of the arts by which a people have contrived to while away the leisure hours that hang heavy on their hands: Yet are these arts expressive of the character and manners of a nation. The nature of the amusements followed in any country can never be a matter of indifference to an observer, who wishes to study the character of its inhabitants. Besides, what renders the amusements of the East peculiarly interesting, these are all of ancient origin, and an

acquaintance with them clears up some difficulties concerning old customs.

The climate, customs, and government, conspire to give the manners of the Orientals a melancholy cast. Their seriousness is increased by the want of social intercourse, from which they are secluded by means of that jealousy which hinders them from admitting one another into their houses. They are silent, because, when shut up with their women, where they have few topics for conversation, they unavoidably acquire habits of taciturnity. As power is confined to a few hands, and industry oppressed by Government, the subjects of the Eastern despots naturally become gloomy and languid for want of employment; and the more so, for their being unacquainted with letters, or with the fine arts, which afford the best relief from the *tedium* of such a life. The exactions of Government render fortune so precarious, as to bewilder the people in endless speculations about their interests, and to render them more attached to business than to pleasure.

The amusements of nations in such circumstances must be very different from those of a people among whom the idle and opulent form a numerous class; where the women lead the fashion, and give the tone to manners and conversation, while all the world are obliged to bend to their whimsies and humours. In Europe, all the pleasures of society are marked with the softness and domestic, sedentary life of the sex; and men are daily adopting more entirely the amusements of the women. But, in the East, amusements take their cast more from the transactions of public life, and have something more masculine and austere in them. The ignorance of the Orientals, indeed leaves them a relish for very insipid diversions.

In the evening, the great generally shut themselves up in their *harems*. We know not what passes in these solitary retreats: But, as the women of the East are excessively ignorant, and merely great children, it is very probable that the amusements of the *harems* are extremely childish. Some hints which have occasionally escaped from husbands of my acquaintance confirm me in this opinion.

The *Osmanli*, or Turks of distinction, who are still attached to the ancient military institutions of the nation, amuse themselves chiefly with equestrian exercises. The principal inhabitants of Cairo meet twice a-week in a large square, called *Mustafe*, with a number of attendants on horseback. In this square they play at *Gerid*; which consists in running, by two and two, with stirrups loose, pursuing one another, and tossing slaves four feet long; these they throw with such force, that if any one be not upon his guard, he is in danger of having a leg or an arm broken. Others, while riding at full gallop, throw balls into a pot placed upon a heap of sand. Others, again, shoot the bow; an exercise in such repute, that pillars are erected in honour of those who exhibit extraordinary proofs of strength or dexterity in launching the arrows.

When the Nile is at its greatest height, the great about Cairo divert themselves in little boats splendidly decked out, upon the *Birkets* in the middle of the city. Upon this occasion, they regale the inhabitants with music, and often with fire-works.

A man originally from Tripoli in Barbary informed me, that the Pacha of that city used sometimes to erect two scaffolds, with cords running between them, and upon these miniature models of ships of war, armed with cannons of a size in proportion to that of the vessel. Those vessels, thus suspended in the air, and commanded by naval officers, who directed the evolutions, and the fire of the small artillery, presented no unentertaining representation of a sea fight. The captain whose vessel first suffered considerable damage was considered as conquered. But this diversion often ended in serious quarrels among the commanders, and was therefore abolished.

The servants of the Egyptian nobles exercise themselves on foot, in throwing, one against another, staves five or six feet long; and thus learn to throw the *Gerid*, when on horseback. The common people and peasants divert themselves with cudgel-playing. Gladiators by profession there are, too, who exhibit in public. But staves are their only weapons; and a small cushion fastened under the left arm, serves them as a buckler.

Through the villages, the young people amuse themselves at diversions much the same as several of those which are practised in Europe. They run, leap, play at the ball, sometimes at odds and evens, and at tossing a number of small stones into the air, and receiving them again into the hand.

It is natural for people who live in seclusion from society, and in subjection to arbitrary authority, to be fond of public festivals. These are celebrated in Egypt with much pomp and ceremony, particularly the festival upon the departure of the pilgrims for Mecca, of which several authors have given a description. The other feasts besides this, are numerous: each mosque celebrates a feast in honour of its founder; upon occasion of which there is a procession of persons of all ranks; and the people are permitted to divert themselves in an adjoining square. The Copts have their feasts, as well as the Mahometans, and contribute, by their ceremonies to the general amusement.

These festivals are sometimes celebrated by night. The streets are then illuminated by the blaze of resinous wood in a chaffing dish, held up on a long pole. They use also another more luminous flambeau, which is a machine consisting of divers pieces of light wood, to which are hung a number of small lamps, and the whole carried on a pole, as the former. When these festivals are celebrated by day, the people divert themselves upon swings, and with other similar amusements.

In Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, the favourite amusement of persons in any degree above the very lowest classes, is, to spend the

evening in a public coffee-house, where they hear musicians, singers, and tale-tellers, who frequent those houses in order to earn a trifle by the exercise of their respective arts. In those places of public amusement, the Orientals maintain a profound silence, and often sit whole evenings without uttering a word. They prefer conversing with their pipe; and its narcotic fumes seem very fit to allay the ferment of their boiling blood. Without recurring to a physical reason, it would be hard to account for the general relish which these people have for tobacco: by smoking, they divert the spleen and languor which hang about them, and bring themselves, in a slight degree, into the same state of spirits which the opium-eaters obtain from that drug. Tobacco serves them instead of strong liquors, which they are forbidden to use.

This fondness for tobacco has rendered them very nice, with respect to the form and materials of their pipes. Those used by the common people, have the bole of burnt clay, with a reed for a stalk. Persons of condition have their pipes made of some more precious matter, and more ornamented. They cover the stalk with a piece of cloth which they wet, when the heat is excessive, in order to cool the smoke, as they inhale it. Over great part of Asia, the Persian pipe is used, which by passing the smoke through water, renders it milder, and more agreeable to those who swallow it. In Egypt, the Persian pipe is nothing but a cocoa nutshell, half filled with water, with two stalks, one communicating with the bole, the other entering the mouth of the person who smokes. *Kerim-Kan*, the present *Schah* in the south of Persia, seems to distinguish himself at this amusement; for the pipe that is most in fashion, is called, after him, a *Kerim-Kan*.

Smoking with the Persian pipe serves to warm a person upon occasion, as well as to amuse. The smoke inhaled from it enters the lungs, and thus communicates through the whole body a gentle heat. In a voyage upon the Euphrates, which I performed in winter, the boatmen were often obliged to go into the water, to set the boat a-float. As they durst not drink brandy to save themselves from suffering by the cold, I could not do them a greater pleasure, than by giving them a pipe of tobacco in this way.

CURIOSITIES.

ACCOUNT OF A MAN WHO LIVED UPON LARGE QUANTITIES OF RAW FLESH.

In a Letter from Dr. Johnson, Commissioner of sick and wounded Seamen, to Dr. Blanc.

MY DEAR SIR,

Somerset Place, Oct. 28, 1799.

HAVING in August and September last been engaged in a tour of public duty, for the purpose of selecting from among the prisoners of war such men as, from their infirmities, were fit

objects for being released without equivalent, I heard, upon my arrival at Liverpool, an account of one of these prisoners being endowed with an appetite and digestion so far beyond any thing that had ever occurred to me, either in my observation, reading, or by report, that I was desirous of ascertaining the particulars of it by ocular proof, or undeniable testimony. Dr. Cochrane, fellow of the college of physicians at Edinburgh, and our medical agent at Liverpool, is fortunately a gentleman upon whose fidelity and accuracy I could perfectly depend ; and I requested him to institute an enquiry upon this subject during my stay at that place. I enclose you an attested copy of the result of this ; and as it may probably appear to you, as it did to me, a document containing facts extremely interesting, both in a natural and medical view, I will beg you to procure its insertion in some respectable periodical work.

Some farther points of inquiry concerning this extraordinary person having occurred to me since my arrival in town, I sent them in the form of queries to Dr. Cochrane, who has obligingly returned satisfactory answers. These I send along with the above-mentioned attested statement, to which I beg you to subjoin such reflections as may occur to you on this subject.

I am, dear Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
J. JOHNSTONE.

*To Gilbert Blane, M. D. F. R. S.
and one of the Commissioners.
of sick and wounded Seamen.*

CHARLES DOMERY, a native of Benche, on the frontiers of Poland, aged twenty-one, was brought to the prison of Liverpool in February, 1799, having been a soldier in the French service, on board the Hoche, captured by the Squadron under the command of Sir J. B. Warren off Ireland.

He is one of nine brothers, who, with their father, have been remarkable for the voraciousness of their appetites. They were all placed early in the army : and the peculiar craving for food in this young man began at thirteen years of age.

He was allowed two rations in the army, and by his earnings, or the indulgence of his comrades, procured an additional supply.

When in the camp, if bread or meat were scarce, he made up the deficiency by eating four or five pounds of grass daily ; and in one year devoured 174 cats (not their skins) dead or alive ! and says he had several conflicts in the act of destroying them, by feeling the effects of their torments on his face and hands : sometimes he killed them before eating, but when very hungry, did not wait to perform this humane office !

Dogs and rats equally suffered from his merciless jaws ; and, if much pinched by famine, the entrails of animals indiscriminately became his prey. The above facts are attested by Picard, a

respectable man, who was his comrade in the same regiment, on board the Hoche, and is now present—and who assures me he has often seen him feed on those animals.

When the ship, on board of which he was, had surrendered, after an obstinate action, finding himself, as usual hungry, and nothing else in his way but a man's leg (which was shot off) lying before him, he attacked it greedily, and was feeding heartily, when a sailor snatched it from him, and threw it over board.

Since he came to this prison, he has eat one dead cat and about twenty rats. But what he delights most in is raw meat, beef or mutton, of which, though plentifully supplied (by eating the rations of ten men daily*) he complains he has not the same quantity, nor indulged in eating so much as he used to do, when in France.

He often devours a bullock's liver raw, three pounds of candles, and a few pounds of raw beef, in one day, without tasting bread or vegetables, washing it down with water, if his allowance of beer is expended.

His subsistence at present, independent of his own rations, arises from the generosity of the prisoners, who give him a share of their allowance.—Nor is his stomach confined to meat; for when in the hospital, where some of the patients refused to take their medicines, Domery had no objection to perform this for them; his stomach never rejected any thing, as he never vomits, whatever be the contents, or however large.

Wishing fairly to try how much he could eat in one day—on the 17th of September, 1799, at 4 o'clock in the morning, he breakfasted on four pounds of raw cow's udder; at half past nine, in presence of Dr. Johnstone, commissioner of sick and wounded seamen, Admiral Child and his Son, Mr. Foster, agent for prisoners, and several respectable gentlemen, he exhibited his power as follows:—There was set before him five pounds of raw beef, and twelve candles of a pound weight, and one bottle of porter; these he finished by half past ten o'clock. At one o'clock there was again put before him five pounds of beef and one pound of candles, with three bottles of porter; at which time he was locked up in the room, and sentries placed at the windows to prevent his throwing away any of his provisions. At two o'clock, when I again saw him, with two friends, he had nearly finished the whole of the candles, and a great part of the beef, but had neither evacuation by vomiting, stool, or urine; his skin was cool, and pulse regular, and in good spirits. At a quarter past six, when he was to be returned to his prison, he had devoured the

* The French prisoners of war were at this time maintained at the expence of their own nation, and were each allowed the following daily ration:—Twenty-six ounces of bread, half a pound of greens, two ounces of butter, or six ounces of cheese.

whole, and declared he could have eat more ; but from the prisoners without, telling him we wished to make some experiment on him, he began to be alarmed. It is also to be observed, that the day was hot, and not having his usual exercise in the yard, it may be presumed he would otherwise had a better appetite. On recapitulating the whole consumption of this day, it stands thus :

Raw cow's udder	- -	4 lb.
Raw beef	- - - -	10
Candles	- - - -	2

Total 16 lb.

Besides five bottles of porter.

The eagerness with which he attacks his beef, when his stomach is not gorged, resembles the voracity of a hungry wolf tearing off and swallowing peices with canine greediness. When his throat is dry from continued exercise, he lubricates it by stripping the greafe off the candles between his teeth, which he generally finishes at three mouthfuls, and wrapping the wick like a ball, string and all, sends it after in a swallow. He can, when no choice is left, make shift to dine on immense quantities of raw potatoes or turnips ; but from choice, would never desire to taste bread or vegetables.

He is in every respect healthy, his tongue clean, and his eyes lively.

After he went to the prison, he danced, smoked his pipe, and drank a bottle of porter ; and, by four the next morning, he awoke with his usual ravenous appetite, which he quieted by a few pounds of raw beef.

He is six feet three inches high, pale complexion, grey eyes, long brown hair, well made but thin, his countenance rather pleasant, and is good tempered.

The above is written from his own mouth, in the presence of, and attested by—

Destauban, French surgeon ;

Le Fournier, steward of the hospital ;

Revet, commissaire de la prison ;

Le Flem, foldat de la 1^{re} demi brigade.

Thomas Cochrane, M. D. inspector and surgeon of the prison, and agent, &c. for sick and wounded seamen.

Liverpool, Sept. 9. 1799.

(A true copy.)

John Bynion, clerk in the office for sick and wounded seamen.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

1st. What are the circumstances of his sleep and perspiration ?

He gets to bed at eight o'clock at night, immediately after which he begins to sweat, and that so profusely, as to be obliged to throw off his shirt. He feels extremely hot, and in an hour or two after goes to sleep, which lasts untill one in the morning,

after which he always feels himself hungry, even though he had lain down with a full stomach. He then eats bread or beef, or whatever provision he may have reserved through the day; and if he has none, he beguiles the time in smoking tobacco. About two o'clock he goes to sleep again, and awakes again at five or six in the morning in a violent perspiration, with great heat. This quits him on getting up; and when he has laid in a fresh cargo of raw meat (to use his own expression) he feels his body in a good state. He sweats while he is eating; and it is probably owing to this constant propensity to exhalation from the surface of the body, that his skin is commonly found to be cool.

2d. What is his heat by the thermometer?

I have often tried it, and found it to be of the standard temperature of the human body. His pulse is now eighty-four—full and regular.

3d. Can this ravenous appetite be traced higher than his father?

He knows nothing of his ancestors beyond his father. When he left the country, eleven years ago, his father was alive, aged about fifty—a tall stout man, always healthy, and can remember he was a great eater, but was too young to remember the quantity, but that he eat his meat half boiled. He does not recollect that either himself or his brothers had any ailment, excepting the small-pox, which ended favourably with them all—he was then an infant; his face is perfectly smooth.

4th. Is his muscular strength greater or less than that of other men at his time of life?

Though his muscles are pretty firm, I do not think they are so full or so plump as those of other men. He has, however, by his own declaration, carried a load of three hundred weight of flour in France, and marched fourteen leagues in a day.

5th. Is he dull or intelligent?

He can neither read nor write, but is very intelligent and conversable, and can give a distinct and consistent answer to any question put to him. I have put a variety at different times, and in different shapes, tending to throw all the light possible on his history, and never found that he varied; so that I am inclined to believe that he adheres to truth.

6th. Under what circumstances did his voracious disposition first come on?

It came on at the age of thirteen, as has been already stated. He was then in the service of Prussia, at the siege of Thionville: They were at that time much straitened for provisions, and as he found this did not suit him, he deserted into the town. He was conducted to the French general, who presented him with a large melon, which he devoured, rind and all, and then an immense quantity and variety of other species of food, to the great entertainment of that officer and his suite. From that time he has preferred raw to dressed meat; and when he eats a moderate quantity of what has been either roasted or boiled, he throws it

up immediately. What is stated above, therefore, respecting his never vomiting, is not to be understood literally, but imports merely that those things which are most nauseous to others had no effect upon his stomach.

There is nothing farther to remark, but that since the attested narrative was drawn up he has repeatedly indulged himself in the cruel repasts before described, devouring the whole animal, except the skin, bones, and bowels; but this has been put a stop to, on account of the scandal which it justly excited.

In considering this case, it seems to afford some matters for reflection, which are not only objects of considerable novelty and curiosity, but interesting and important, by throwing light on the process by which the food is digested and disposed of.

Monstrosity and disease, whether in the structure of parts, or in the functions and appetites, illustrate parts of the animal economy, by exhibiting them in certain relations in which they are not to be met with in the common course of nature. The power of the stomach, in so quickly dissolving, assimilating, and disposing of the aliment in ordinary cases, must strike every reflecting person with wonder; but the history of this case affords a more palpable proof, and more clear conception of these processes, just as objects of sight become more sensible and striking when viewed by a magnifying glass, or when exhibited on a larger scale.

The facts here set forth tend also to place in a stronger light the great importance of the discharge by the skin, and to prove that it is by this outlet, more than by the bowels, that thecrementitious parts of the aliment are evacuated; that there is an admirable co-operation established between the skin and the stomach, by means of that consent of parts so observable, and so necessary to the other functions of the animal economy; and, that the purpose of aliment is not merely to administer to the growth and repair of the body, but by its bulk and peculiar stimulus to maintain the play of the organs essential to life.

CURIOUS MEMOIRS OF A PARISH CLERK.

BY THE CELEBRATED DEAN SWIFT.

Extracted from the new edition of his works just published by Mr. John Nichols.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary treatise consisted of two large volumes in folio, which might justly be entitled, "The Importance of a man to himself:" but, as it can be of very little use to any body besides, I have contented myself to give only this short abstract of it, as a taste of the true spirit of memoir-writers.

IN the name of the Lord. Amen. I, F. P. by the grace of God, clerk of this parish, writeth this History.

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a parish clerk: and to that end, it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish-clerks of this land—such, I mean, as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to pass, that I was born in the year of our Lord, *Anno Domini*, 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor esquire Bret did add one bell to the ring of this parish. So that it hath been wittily said, that “one and the same day did give to this our church two rare gifts—its great bell and its clerk.”

Even when I was at school, my mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was farthermore observed, that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as the Lady and Death, the Children in the Wood, and Chevy chase; and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always ventured to lead the psalm next after master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed, to the glory of God) was a most excellent parish-clerk in that his day. Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of sixteen I became a company keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to ringing; insomuch that in a short time I was acquainted with every set of bells in the whole country: neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies, I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for a hat that was edged with silver galloon; but in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, weaver, and behold, my head was broken a second time!—At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, tanner, when lo, thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom! But I administered to my comfort, saying within myself, “what man is there, howsoever dextrous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard?” A week after I had a base-born child laid unto me—for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal phantasies: Thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susannah Smith, who first tempted me, and then put me to shame—for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the justice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate, and, to do away mine offen-

ces and make her some atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the sabbath-day following.

How often do tho'e things which seem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage ! for the minister (who had long looked on Sufannah as the most lovely of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanor, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good master William Harris.

No sooner was I elected into mine office, but I laid aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band (which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy) I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou may'st conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me when I first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear ! and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me ! I said within myself, " Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship, the wise Mr. justice Freeman, the grave Mr. justice Thomson, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters ; nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby, knight and baronet, and my younger master the esquire, who shall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation— but the Lord forbid I should glory therein !

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog which yelped not, neither was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness (though sore against my heart) unto poor babes, in tearing from them half-eaten apples which they privily munched at church : but verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands I did make plain and smooth the dogs ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, the pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender, yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water ; and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

Shoes, saith he, did I make (and, if entreated, mend) with good approbation ; Faces also did I shave, and I clipped the hair.

Chirurgery also I practised in the worming of dogs ; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my two-fold profession there passed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearsed ; how that being overtaken in liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking, for shoes instead of washball, and with lamblack powdered his peruke. But these were sayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth—for it is well known that great was my skill in these my crafts ; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself without fetching blood. Farthermore I was sought unto geld the Lady Frances her spaniel, which was won't to go astray : he was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And thirdly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said lady to set a heel-piece thereon ; and I received such therefore, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the king to mend shoes for his majesty—whom God preserve ! Amen.

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of bastards ; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish : even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, so far as the church hath been witness of her disgrace : let the father, who hath made due composition with the church-wardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace ; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the psalms of King David should be hymned unto the same tunes to which he played them upon his harp ; so was I informed by my singing-master a man right cunning in psalmody. Now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the sol-fa, in such guise as is sung in his majesty's chapel. We had London singing-masters sent into every parish, like unto excisemen ; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow parishioners in this new manner of worship. What though they accused me of humming through the nostril as a sackbut, yet would I not forego that harmony—It having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psaltry, and the church on the Sunday was filled with these new hallelujahs.

We are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated year in which the church of England was tried in the person of Dr. Sacheverell. I had ever the interest of our high church at heart, neither would I at any season mingle myself in the societies of fanatics, whom I from my infancy abhorred more than the heathen or gentile. It was in these days I bethought myself that much profit might accrue unto our parish, and even unto the nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit,

who might argue, refine, and define upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose I did institute a weekly assembly of divers worthy men, at the Rose and Crown alehouse, over whom myself (though unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read to them the Post-boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterward among ourselves.

Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late exciseman; and myself. First of the first, Robert Jenkins:

He was a man of bright parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shod a horse of a whip or a fanatic, but he lamed him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of speech, inasmuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his uncle by the mother's side had formerly been servitor at Maudlin college, where the glorious Sacheverell was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space the minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof unto the ministers at London, so that even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, Sir Thomas, member of parliament, spake of the same unto other members of parliament, who spake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our councils enter into the hearts of our generals and our law-givers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

In the church-yard I read this epitaph, said to be written by himself.

O reader, if that thou canst read,
Look down upon this stone;
Do all we can, death is a man
That never spareth none.

PRETERNATURAL OPERATION OF THE SENSES.

FATHER Paul Sarpi, a person of singular qualifications and profound learning, had all his senses so vivacious and sprightly, as few other men were blessed with. His taste was so perfect, that he was able to discern almost insensible things: But in compound meats, it was a wonder how quickly he could distinguish what was beneficial, from what was dangerous, and thereby prevented the attempts of his enemies to poison him, and preserved himself to a very old age, being seventy and one when he died.

—Sir Kenelm Digby says, that it is the custom of some hermits that abide in the deserts, by their smell and taste, to inform themselves, whether the herbs, fruits and roots, they meet withal in those solitary and unfrequented places, be proper for them to feed on or not, and accordingly eat or refuse them.

Cardanus reports, that he knew Augustus Corbegas, an eminent patrician of their city, whose smell was very good, but he had no taste at all. He could smell ginger, pepper, or cloves, but could not taste them, or discern their potential heat, and so of other things.

Lazarus, commonly called the Glass-eater, was well known to all in Venice and Ferrara. He never had any taste, or knew what it was, could not discern between sweet and sour, fresh and salt, insipid and bitter; but all things, whether glass, stones, wood, coals, linen or woolen cloth, tallow, candles, or the dung of animals, came all alike to him; he found neither pleasure nor offence in eating. When he was dead, Columbus opened him, and found that the fourth conjugation of nerves, which in other men (for their taste sake) is extended long, in this man did not bend itself towards the palate or tongue, but was turned back to the hinder part of the head.

Meeting casually says Mr. Boyle, with the deservedly famous Dr. Finch, extraordinary anatomist to the Duke of Tuscany, he told me of a great rarity he had seen at Maestrich in the Low Countries: A man that could discern colours by the touch of his finger, but could not do it unless he was fasting; any quantity of drink taking from him that exquisiteness of touch, which is requisite to so nice a sensation.

It is credibly reported of count Mansfield, that though he was blind of both his eyes, yet by his touch only, he could distinguish between black and white, and name them in their proper colours, which was the one, and which was the other, without ever being mistaken.

A certain young man, says Bartholinus, had totally lost his senses of tasting and feeling, nor was he at any time an hungry, yet eat as other men do to sustain life, but more out of custom than necessity. He could not walk but upon crutches, and the reason of it was, he did not know where his feet were, or whether he had any or not.

That excellent Lithotomist, Mr. Hillier, acquaints us, says Mr. Boyle, that among other infirm people, that were sent to be cured in a great hospital wherein he was employed as a surgeon, a maid of about eighteen or nineteen years of age, had so utterly lost the sense of feeling in all the external parts of her body, that severe trials of pinching and burning were employed but to no purpose; for she was as unconcerned at them, as if they had been tried upon wood, stone, or a dead body. Having thus remained a long time in the hospital, without any symptom of amendment, or hope of cure, Dr. Harvey upon the strangeness

of the accident, and to satisfy his curiosity, sometimes made her a visit, and suspecting her distemper to be uterine, and curtable only by hymeneal exercises, he advised her parents, who were of good substance (and did not send her thither out of poverty) to take her home, and provide her a husband; they followed the doctor's advice, and were not long before they disposed of her in marriage, which in effect was her perfect cure, as the doctor had prognosticated.

The number of teeth are thirty-two, and when they exceed that number, they are accounted preternatural, and when they come short of it, Nature is said to be defective. Columbus says, he saw one over in a certain nobleman. Some have but twenty-eight, which is thought to be the lowest, and yet the same author observed, that cardinal Nicholas Ardinghellus had only twenty-six in his mouth, and yet had never lost any as himself related.

Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, had no teeth in his upper jaw, that is to say, not distinguishable one from another, as in other people, but only one intire bone possessing his gums, notched a little on the top, where the teeth in other men are divided.

It is credibly reported that Louis XIII. king of France, had a double row of teeth in one of his jaws, which was the cause that he had an impediment in his speech.

The lord Michael de Romagnano, at the age of ninety years cast his teeth, and had a new set that came in their places. The emperor Charles IV. had one of his grinders dropt out, and another came in the room of it, though he was then in the seventy first year of his age. And an English gentleman (as has been reported) from a decrepid old age, grew upright, renewed his constitution, and had a new set of teeth, by the frequent use of bathing and drinking the Bath water, which has been customary ever since.

Amatus Lusitanus gives us a relation of one James, that had long hairs growing upon his tongue, which as often as they were pulled out would grow again. Schenkus speaks of divers persons that had stones taken out of their tongues as big as a pea, others as big as a bean, which obstructed the freedom of speech, which they recovered again, the cause being taken away.

The wife of Nausimenes the Athenian, having surprized her son and daughter in the horrid act of incestuous copulation, she was struck with such confusion, that she lost the use of her speech, and was mute as long as she lived.

Atys the son of king Cræsus, being dumb from his birth, seeing a soldier about to kill his father, cried out, O man, man, do not kill Cræsus; and by this violent passion loosing the strings of his tongue, he had ever after a free use of speech.

THE MUSICAL PIGEON—*As related by Mrs. Piozzi.*

AN odd thing to which I was this morning witness, has called my thoughts away to a curious train of reflections upon the animal race; and how far they may be made companionable and intelligent. The famous Ferdinand Bertoni, so well known in London by his long residence among us, and from the undisputed merit of his compositions, now inhabits this his native city, and being fond of dumb creatures, as we call them, took to petting a pigeon, one of the few animals that can live at Venice, where, as I observed, scarcely any quadrupeds can be admitted, or would exist with any degree of comfort to themselves. This creature has, however, by keeping his master company, I trust, obtained so perfect an ear and taste for music, that no one who sees his behaviour, can doubt for a moment of the pleasure he takes in hearing Mr. Bertoni play and sing; for as soon as he sits down to the instrument, Columbo begins shaking his wings, perches on the piano-forte, and expresses the most indubitable emotions of delight. If however he or any one else strike a note false, or make any discord upon the keys, the dove never fails to shew evident tokens of anger and distress; and if teased too long, grows quite enraged; pecking the offender's legs and fingers in such a manner, as to leave nothing less doubtful than the sincerity of his resentment. Signora Cecilia Giuliani, a scholar of Bertoni's, who has received some overtures from the London theatre lately, will, if she ever arrives there, bear testimony to the truth of an assertion very difficult to believe, and to which I should hardly myself give credit, were I not witness to it every morning that I chuse to call and confirm my own belief. A friend present protested he should feel afraid to touch the harpsichord before so nice a critic; and though we all laughed at the assertion, Bertoni declared he never knew the bird's judgment fail; and that he often kept him out of the room, for fear of his affronting or tormenting those who came to take musical instructions. With regard to other actions of life, I saw nothing particularly in the pigeon, but his tameness, and strong attachment to his master; for though never winged, and only clipped a very little, he never seeks to range away from the house, or quit his master's service, any more than the dove of Anacreon:

While his better lot bestows
Sweet repast and soft repose;
And when feast and frolic tire,
Drops asleep upon his lyre.

AN ACCOUNT OF A MERMAN, OR SEA MONSTER.

Seen off at Brest ; in a letter from one of the Spectators.

THE wind being easterly, we had thirty fathoms of water, when at ten o'clock in the morning a sea-monster like a man appeared near our ship ; first on the larboard where the mate was, whose name is William Lomone, who took a grappling-iron to pull him up ; but our captain named Oliver Morin, hindred him, being afraid that the monster would drag him away into the sea. The said Lomone struck him only on the back, to make him turn about, that he might view him the better. The monster being struck, shewed his face having his two hands closed, as if he had expressed some anger. Afterwards he went round the ship ; when he was at the stern, he took hold of the helm with both his hands, and we were obliged to make it fast, lest he should damage it. From thence he proceeded to the starboard, swimming still as men do. When he came to the fore-part of the ship, he viewed for some time the figure that was in our prow, which represented a beautiful woman ; and then he rose out of the water, as if he had been willing to catch that figure. All this happened in sight of the whole crew. Afterwards he came again to the larboard, where they presented to him a codfish hanging down with a rope ; he handled it without spoiling it, and then removed the length of a cable, and came again to the stern, where he took hold of the helm a second time. At that very moment, captain Morin got a harping-iron ready, and took it himself to strike him with it ; but the cordage being entangled he missed his aim, and the harping-iron touched only the monster, who turned about shewing his face as he had done before. Afterwards he came again to the fore-part, and viewed again the figure in our prow. The mate called for the harping-iron ; but he was frightened, fancying that this monster was one La Commune, who had killed himself in the ship the year before, and had been thrown into the sea in the same passage. He was contented to push his back with the harping-iron, and then the monster shewed his face, as he had done at other times. Afterwards he came along the board, so that one might have given him the hand. He had the boldness to take a rope held up by John Mazier, and John Dessiète, who being willing to pluck it out of his hands, drew him to our board, but he fell into the water, and then removed at the distance of a gun's shot. He came again immediately near our board, and rising out of the water to the naval, we observed that his breast was as large as that of a woman of the best plight. He turned upon his back, and appeared to be a male. Afterwards he swam again round the ship, and then went away ; we have never seen him since.

I believe that from ten o'clock to twelve that this monster was along our board, if the crew had not been frightened, he might have been taken many times with the hand, being only two feet

distant. The monster is about eight feet long ; his skin is brown and tawny, without any scales : All his motions are like those of men ; the eyes of a proportionable size, a little mouth, a large and flat nose, very white teeth, black hair, the chin covered with a mossy beard, a sort of whiskers under the nose, the ears like those of men, fins between the fingers and toes of his hands and feet, like those of ducks. In a word, he is like a well shaped man ; which is certified to be true by captain Oliver Morin, and John Martin, pilot, and by the whole crew, consisting of two and thirty men.

A WHIMSICAL LETTER,

Containing some remarkable Anecdotes relative to Dogs.

PAYING a visit the other day, to an old lady of my acquaintance, whilst we were in the midst of an elegant supper, a mastiff, that is the security of a neighbouring carpenter's yard, interrupted our regale with a most hideous, frightful howling. The old gentlewoman stopped short, with abundance of gravity laid down her knife and fork, and turned as pale as her handkerchief. Surprized, and thinking some sudden disorder had attacked her I halloed out to the servants, and at the expence of over-setting our good cheer, hastened to her assistance myself, and began to chafe her temples, and feel her pulse ; while she seemed to regard me only with dying looks ;—all trembling and cold, she reclined her head upon my shoulder, and only answered to my repeated enquiries after her health with,——*Alas ! oh !——Good God, how unfortunate I am !——That cursed Dog !——I wish he had been shot a year ago !——My poor husband had just the same warning !——*&c. Finding she began to express herself with some strength, I signified my desire to be acquainted with what connexion there was between her sudden indisposition and the dog. When she informed me, that his howling was a certain sign of some body's dying in the neighbourhood, and she was sure it was herself, from a dream she had that day three weeks, which she also recited to me, and gave me, without my being able to put in one word, a long narration of the several times of his howling, for some years, and the great mortality that followed thereupon in her vicinity. It was in vain, I found to attack this favourite superstition of her's which had been rivetted, by so many examples, into her imagination ; and therefore, after staying till she was put to bed, with all the symptoms of an approaching fever, caused by this accident, I took my leave.

Arrived at home, I began to muse upon this nonsensical notion, which has, it seems, distracted the brains of abundance of silly people, and by the very apprehension of death, may possibly put an end to the life of my good old acquaintance. In vain has the inimitable Spectator combated such whims as these in his in-

structive papers ; they still spread far and wide, and by the ~~old~~ and illiterate, are fixed as firmly in their belief as their religion.

The howling that these persons take notice of, I find, upon enquiry, must be accompanied with the following circumstances to make it a prognostick. It must be late at night, or very early in the morning, when the creatures may be supposed to be more inclined to rest than to disturb their masters with such noisy salutations. Their cry must be hollow, long continued, and ending in a faintish kind of cadence : In short, not like the common cry of dogs, but as if some extraordinary emotion compelled them to it.

My reveries carried me, at length, to an admiration of the sagacity of animals, which manifests itself on so many occasions and of which we have, from history and experience, such well warranted stories. I then could not help entertaining a thought that dogs may find themselves really disturbed, and somewhat altered, when the atmosphere about them is in the least degree tainted. Diseased and Morbid persons, let their case be what it will, alter the particular air they breathe in, which the fine scent of a dog may immediately discover ; for they, no doubt, enjoy the faculty of smelling, in an almost infinitely greater degree than human creatures. It is the scent by which they find their homes, or masters, when lost ; and by their posture when running by themselves, you may discern they trace their way by it. They are so habituated to the well known effluvia of the persons they belong to, that when the owner stops, though he is mixed with an hundred other people, the dog losing the particular savour he is used to, stops short, yet without turning about to look.—Let the owner approach nearer, the cur will resume his old pace, though his eyes were never employed to discover his want. This would almost indicate, that we are of as great a variety of smells as we are of features and complexions. Blood-hounds, and all sorts of game-dogs, are too well known for their excellent noses to need much illustration. Murderers and game-killers have been found out by the former, at 20 miles distance from the place where they committed the fact : And so retentive are these organs in them, that a dog having been present at the murder, upon seeing the murderer of his master again 20 years after, has fallen upon him, and by that means discovered him ; of this we have many well attested stories. A physician whom I knew, and was very intimate with abroad, had so much reliance upon this discerning faculty in his dog, that, saving your readers presence, whenever he untrussed a point the dog only smelt at the contents he left behind him, and retired without tasting, he immediately physicked himself, as apprehensive his body was out of order ; and assured me several times, that he had experienced the verity of this observation. And it was, no doubt, more by this sense than his sight, that Argus, Ulysses's dog, discovered his master after so long an absence—

Tho' just expiring on the ground he lay.

Him when he saw, he rose, and crawl'd to meet,

"I was all he could—and crawl'd, and lick'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy ;—then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and dy'd.

I think it should be read—'Him when he *smelt*'—as he may be supposed to be very dim-sighted, for he must be near 30 years old. Why then may not we suppose, that on a person's being disordered, and in bad health, tho' perhaps he has not yet discovered it himself, he may have tainted the circumjacent air, sufficiently to disturb and annoy the delicate organs of smell of a neighbouring dog, which may occasion uneasy sensations in the brute, and those complaints he is wont to make by such expressive howling.—Therefore it may be a portent, perhaps, of sickness to somebody about him ; his continuing to howl, and his howling more, of the increase of the disease ; and though I cannot find how he is the prognosticator of death, yet when he howls almost continually, somebody must be bad indeed.

A dog of the pointing kind, that I brought from Charleston, in South-Carolina, to Edinburgh, in June last, where he died, was by this sense a remarkable prognosticator of bad weather : Whenever I observed him prick up his ears in a listening posture, scratching the deck, and rearing himself up to look over to windward, where he would eagerly snuff up the wind, though it was the finest weather imaginable, I was sure of a succeeding tempest ; and he was grown so useful to us, that whenever we perceived the fit upon him, we immediately reefed our sails, and took in our spare canvas to prepare for the worst. Other animals are prognosticators of weather too. I never was in a storm at sea, but it was foretold by some natural philosophers on board, many hours before the gale. Cats and pigs, for instance, no doubt, perceiving, though we cannot, the alteration in the atmosphere, by some particular effect it has on their bodies, will run about wild things. Puss will dance up and down the shrouds, gnaw the ropes, and divert herself with every thread that stirs. The pigs will sport fore and aft, race about, bite one another, and commence perfect posture-masters. You may laugh, sir, but what I tell you is really true, and they get many a kick from the apprehensive sailor. Poultry on ship-board, also, before the approach of windy weather, I have observed to be greatly disturbed, beat their wings about their coops, and droop prodigiously, making a low, mournful kind of cackling.

Sharks should seem to have very good scents, by their following a vessel many days wherein was a diseased person ; but then I have also observed them follow us, in like manner, when no one has been sick during the whole voyage. And, no doubt, the reason of their keeping company thus with ships, is not so much from their being sensible of an approaching meal upon a dead body, as to feed upon the excrements, and other trash and filth that is generally hove overboard ; besides, I have feasted heartily on a shark, which when first opened, I found had abundance of sea ware in

his stomach; this makes me think they are only fishes of prey when necessity presses them, or some enemy has driven them from their usual haunts; and if I remember right, Atkins, or some other voyager, is of my opinion.

More need not be said to support the probability of dogs being able to foretel approaching sickness and disease by their exquisite scent. However, I do assure you, sir, that I very much condemn the weakness of those people, who imagine, that a dog is made the messenger of fate to them; that notion is as ridiculous and absurd as any thing can possibly be; and let me inform our antiquated soothsaying sages of both sexes, that, according to my hypothesis, any other uncommon stink, beside the disordered human body, may occasion these uneasy, dreaded cries from the disturbed brute.

'Tis impious and profane to the last degree, to suppose, that the all-wise Creator, upon every trifling occasion, goes out of his ordinary way of governing the world, and supernaturally inspires every vile creature to give signs and tokens to the human race, and that only to a few individuals, in no respects raised above the rest of the species, and when, after all, it can answer no wise end or purpose. What end would these warnings answer, when given so immediately before death? they would only serve to terrify and distract the poor wretches; seeing that, according to my notions of things, nothing can be so mean, so despicable, as a death-bed repentance. 'Tis like the honesty of a man when arrested, and in duance for a just debt, which he then consents to pay, because else he must suffer imprisonment. These, and an hundred other fooleries, I am sensible, with some persons, are the indubitable and principal proofs of the existence of a Divine Being. I pity them much—that they are not capable of gathering enough from the all-wise and beautiful creation, from reason and philosophy, aided by the sacred evidence of the holy scriptures, to prove that existence; but that they must have recourse to such idle and groundless fancies, and musty tales and fables, which indeed have received too much credit in all ages since the æra of our redemption, by the mistaken zeal of so many champions of the faith, who have given such wounds to it by their credulity, and to religion in general.

The sagacity of those dogs that lead the blind ought to have been touched on. It has oftentimes amazed me, with what care and concern they avoid any thing that may give their masters disturbance; and by their stopping so opportunely, sometimes, one would be apt to think they could even smell the qualities of one's mind, and distinguish generosity from inhumanity.

Since I made these reflections, I recollect a story, that now no longer surprises me. A gentleman, late in Turkey, has a fine pointer that he very greatly values, and is a constant attendant on him. Stepping into a public assembly three years ago with this gentleman, we paid our compliments to a certain noted bar-

baet, who has received so many wounds in the cause of Venus, that his whole carcase is a corrupted mass of distempers. Hector immediately made up to the same corner of the assembly, and for two or three moments, with great briskness, snuffled about this hero's garments, and then with a mortified look, taking two or three traverses round the room, he hung his ears, and with his tail between his legs, fairly scampered down stairs, notwithstanding the repeated calls we made after him. As I always regarded the actions of this beast as somewhat above common instinct, for he is a remarkable cunning creature, this immediately struck me, and I ran down after him, where I found him drinking out of a gutter that ran from a pump before the door; that finished, he rolled himself in the dust two or three times, gave some yelps, and quietly laid himself before the threshold to wait our coming out; nor could all my intreaties or menaces get him in again. Is there any thing surprising in this? No—the gentleman was grown such a stink-pot, that even a brute could not endure him, and was forced to use methods to get rid of the hauntgout, even after he had left him. Indeed, we, more complaisant than honest Hector, stood the whole nauseous perfume, at the expence of sickened stomachs, to preserve the appearance of good manners.

If persons who have reduced themselves to so low an ebb by their vices, had any modesty remaining, they would not pester public places with their company, and endanger the loss of many a good cur, whose nose may not be so complaisant as their masters. And let me tell them, that a good dog is of infinitely more worth, and fills up his rank in the creation with much greater grace and decorum, than such filthy mongrels as they do, who have forfeited all right to humanity, and rendered themselves more despicable than the beast that perisheth: Shadowy remains of guilty pleasure! Relics of disastrous debauchery! they but crawl about to the offence of their fellow-creatures, and when the fatal sisters, at last, taking compassion upon the sufferings of those about them, cut the fine spun hair of their lives, they drop, and are a bye-word to posterity.

Dogs of all kinds are sensible when they encounter such wretched objects; nay, within these few days I have observed more than ordinarily their actions in the street, and found they have made a large circuit to avoid some persons who have looked pallid and emaciated, whilst they have passed close by those of sanguine, healthy phizes.

*Some Account of S. BISSET, the extraordinary Teacher of Animals
and a Wonderful Instance of Eccentricity and Patience.*

(From the Anthologia Hibernica.)

PERHAPS no period has produced so singular a character as Bisset; though in this age of apathy, his merit was but little rewarded. At any former æra of time, the man who could assume a command over the dumb creation, and make them act with a docility which went far beyond mere brutal instinct, would have been looked upon as possessed of supernatural powers, according to the Pagan notions; or, be burned as a wizard, according to the christian system.

Bisset was born at Perth, in Scotland, about the year 1721; he had one or two brothers bred to the watch-making business, who settled in this kingdom; but having himself served a regular time to a shoe-maker, and a remarkable hand at what is called women's work; he went to London, where he married a woman who brought him some property, turned broker, and continued to accumulate money, until the notion of teaching the quadruped kind attracted his attention in the year 1739. Reading an account of a remarkable horse shewn at the fair of St. Germain's, curiosity led him to try his hand on a horse and a dog which he bought in London, and he succeeded beyond all expectation. Two monkies were the next pupils he took in hand, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on the rope; whilst the other held a candle, with one paw, for his companion, and with the other played a barrel organ. These antic animals he also instructed to play several fanciful tricks, such as drinking to the company, riding and tumbling upon the horse's back, and going through several regular dances with the dog. Being a man of unwearied patience, three young cats were the next objects of his tuition. He taught those domestic tigers, to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer, as to produce several regular tunes, having music books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert. In such a city as London, such a matter could not fail of making some noise; his house was every day crowded, and great interruption given to his business. Among the rest he was visited by an exhibitor of wonders;—Pinchbeck, brother to the little gentleman whose elegant trifling in the toy-way has been well known to attract the attention of royalty. This gentleman advised him to a public exhibition of his animals at the Haymarket, and even promised, on receiving a moiety, to be concerned in the exhibition. Bisset agreed, but the day before the performance, Pinchbeck declined, and the other was left to act for himself. The well known *Cat's Opera* was advertised in the Haymarket; the horse, the dog, the monkies, and the cats, went through their several parts, with uncommon applause, to crowded houses; and in a few days Bisset

found himself possessed of near a thousand pounds profit to reward his ingenuity.

This success excited a desire of extending his dominion over other animals, including even the feathered kind. He procured a leveret, and reared it to beat several marches on the drum with its hind legs, until it became a good stout hare. This creature which is always set down as the most timid, he has declared to the writer of this article, to be as mischievous and bold an animal, to the extent of its power, as any he has known. He taught Canary birds, linnets, and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and play many other surprising fancies; he trained six turkey-cocks to go through a regular country-dance; but in doing this he confessed he adopted the Eastern method, by which camels are made to dance, by heating the floor. In the course of six months teaching, he made a turtle fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor, and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name of the company. It is not, however, imagined, that the very great time he employed in teaching those different creatures, could ever make him a return for the neglect of his industry. He found himself constrained, in the course of a few years, to make an itinerant exhibition of part of his grouse, and to sell some others of them. In the year 1775, he shewed his animals in this city, to the very great astonishment of thousands; after which he took the north-west circuit of the kingdom, and settled at length at Belfast, where he established himself in a public-house, determined to have nothing more to do with any other but the rational part of animated nature.

But the habits and the amusements of life cannot be all at once abandoned. He trained a dog and a cat (now in the possession of his widow at Belfast,) to go through many amazing performances. His confidence even led him to try experiments on a gold-fish, which he did not despair of making perfectly tractable. But some time afterwards, a doubt being started to him, whether the obstinacy of a pig could be conquered, his usual patient fortitude was practised to try the experiment. He bought a black sucking pig in the market of Belfast for three shillings, and trained it to lie under the stool, or kit, on which he sat at his work. At various intervals, during six or seven months, he tried in vain to bring the young boar to his purpose; and despairing of every kind of success, he was on the point of giving it away, when it struck him to adopt a new mode of teaching; in consequence of which, in the course of sixteen months, he made an animal, supposed the most obstinate and perverse in nature, to become the most tractable. In August 1783, he once again turned itinerant, and brought his learned pig to Dublin, where it was first shewn for two or three nights at Ranelagh. It was not only under full command, but appeared as pliant and good natured as a spaniel. When the weather having made it necessary he should remove to the city,

he obtained the permission of the chief magistrate, and advertised the pig in Dame-street. It was seen two or three days by many persons of condition, to spell without any apparent direction, the name or names of those in company, to cast up accounts, and to point out even the words thought of by persons present; to tell exactly the hour, minutes, and seconds; to point out the married and unmarried; to kneel and, make his obeisance to the company, &c. &c. Poor Bisset was thus in a fair way of "bringing his pig to a good market," when a man, whose ignorance and insolence disgraced authority, broke into the room, without any sort of pretext, and armed with that brutality which the idea of power gives (what Shakespeare calls,) "a pelting petty officer," he assaulted the inoffending man, broke and destroyed every thing by which the performance was directed, and drew his sword to kill the swine, which Pope would have called *half-reasoning*, instead of *grovelling*—an animal, that in the practice of good manners, was at least the superior of the assailant. The injured Bisset pleaded, without any purpose, the permission he obtained from the chief magistrate: he was threatened to be dragged to prison, if he was found any more offending in the same manner; in consequence of which he was constrained to return home, but not before the agitation of his mind had thrown him into a fit of illness, from which he never effectually recovered; and died a few days after at Chester, on his way to London.

NARRATIVE.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SPANISH BIRD HERMIT,

In Montserrat Hermitage.

THE mountain of Montserrat is situate in Catalonia, and has many hermitages dispersed about the higher parts.

Mr. Thicknesse, whose travels have afforded the public much entertainment and useful information, gives us the following account of a visit he paid to the Bird-Hermit, so called, because the feathered tribe are his constant associates.

The second hermitage, in the order they are usually visited, is that of St. Catherine, situated in a deep and solitary vale; it, however, commands a most extensive and pleasing prospect at noon-day to the east and west. The buildings, garden, &c. are confined within small limits, being fixed in a most picturesque and secure recess under the foot of one of the high pines. Though this hermit's habitation is the most retired and solitary abode of any, and far removed from the din of men, yet the courteous, affable, and sprightly inhabitant seems not to feel the loss of human society, though no man, I think, can be a greater ornament to human nature. If he is not much accustomed to hear the

voice of men; he is amply recompenced by the mellifluous notes of birds; for it is their sanctuary as well as his; for no part of the mountain is so well inhabited by the feathered race of beings as this delightful spot. Perhaps, indeed, they have sagacity enough to know, that there is no other so perfectly secure. Here the nightingale, the blackbird, the linnet, and an infinite variety of little songsters, greater strangers to my eyes than fearful of my hands, dwell in perfect security, and live in the most friendly intimacy with their holy protector, and obedient to his call: for, says the hermit,

“Haste here, ye feather’d race of various song,
Bring all your pleasing melody along!
O come, ye tender, faithful, plaintive doves,
Perch on my hands, and sing your absent loves!”

When instantly the whole vocal band quit their sprays, and surround the person of their daily benefactor, some settling upon his beard; and, in the true sense of the word, take his bread even out of his mouth; but it is freely given; their confidence is so great, (for the holy father is their bondsman) that the stranger too partakes of their familiarity and caresses. These hermits are not allowed to keep within their walls either dog, cat, bird, or any living thing, lest their attention should be withdrawn from heavenly to earthly affections. I am sorry to arraign this good man; he cannot be said to transgress the law, but he certainly evades it; for though his feathered band do not live within his walls, they are always attendant upon his court: nor can any prince or princess upon earth boast of heads so elegantly plumed, as may be seen at the court of St. Catharine; or of vassals, who pay their tributes with half the cheerfulness they are given and received by the humble monarch of this sequestered vale. If his meals are scanty, his desert is served up with a song, and he is huffed to sleep by the nightingale; and when we consider, that he has but few days in the whole year which are inferior to some of our best in the months of May and June, you may easily conceive, that a man who breathes such pure air, who feeds on such light food, whose blood circulates freely from moderate exercise, and whose mind is never ruffled by worldly affairs; whose short sleeps are sweet and refreshing, and who lives confident of finding in death a more heavenly residence; lives a life to be envied, not pitied.—Turn but your eyes one minute from this man’s situation, to that of any monarch or minister on earth, and say, on which side does the balance turn? While some princes may be embruing their hands in the blood of their subjects, this man is offering up his prayers to God to preserve all mankind; whilst some ministers are sending forth fleets and armies to wreak their own private vengeance on a brave and uncorrupted people, this solitary man is feeding, from his own scanty allowance, the birds of the air. Conceive him, in his last hour, upon his straw bed, and see with what

composure and resignation he meets it ! Look in the face of a dying king, or a plundering and blood-thirsty minister—what terrors the sight of their velvet beds, adorned with crimson plumage, must bring to their affrighted imagination. In that awful hour, it will remind them of the innocent blood they have spilt ; nay, they will perhaps think, they were dyed with the blood of men scalped and massacred, to support their vanity and ambition. In short, while kings and ministers are torn to pieces by a thirst after power and riches, and disturbed by a thousand anxious cares, this poor hermit can have but one, lest he should be removed (as the prior of the convent has a power to do) to some other cell, for that is sometimes done, and very properly.

The youngest and most hardy constitutions are generally put into the higher hermitages, or those to which the access is most difficult ; for the air is so fine in the highest parts of the mountain, that they say it often renders the respiration painful. Nothing therefore can be more reasonable than that, as these good men grow older, and less able to bear the fatigues and inconveniences the highest abodes unavoidably subject them to, they should be removed to more convenient dwellings, and that the younger and stouter men should succeed them.

As the hermits never eat meat, I could not help observing to him, how fortunate a circumstance it was for the safety of his little feathered friends ; and that there were no boys to disturb their young, nor any sportsman to kill the parent. "God forbid," said he, "that one of them should fall, but by his hands who gave it life !" "Give me your hand," said I, "and bless me." I believe it did ; but it shortened my visit : so I stepped into the grot, and stole a pound of chocolate upon his stone stable, and took myself away.

If there is a happy man upon this earth, I have seen that extraordinary man, and here he dwells ! His features, his manners, all his looks and actions announce it ; yet he had not even a single maravedi in his pocket. Money is as useless to him as to one of his blackbirds.

Within a gunshot of this remnant of Eden, are the remains of an ancient hermitage, called St. Pedro. While I was there, my hermit followed me ; but I too coveted retirement. I had just bought a fine fowling piece at Barcelona ; and when he came, I was availing myself of the hallowed spot, to make my vow never to use it. In truth, there are some sorts of pleasure too powerful for the body to bear, as well as some sorts of pain : and here I was wrecked upon the wheel of felicity ; and could only say, like the poor criminal who suffered at Dijon—O God ! O God ! at every *coup*.

I was sorry my host did not understand English, nor I Spanish enough, to give him the sense of the lines written in poor Shenstone's alcove.

"O you that bathe in courtlye blifs,
Or toyle in fortune's giddy spheare;
Do not too rashly deeme amisse
Of him that bides contented here."

I forgot the other lines, but they conclude thus:

"For faults there beene in busy life
From which these peaceful glennes are free."

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF THE EXACT OBEDIENCE WHICH SOME HAVE YIELDED TO THEIR SUPERIORS.

WHEN Metellus had disinherited his sons, they chose rather to have no share in his estate, than to admit of any disputation about the force of his will: and some have freely parted with liberty and life itself, when either has come into competition with the commandment of their superiors.

1. Tiribafus was a stout and valiant man; and when some Persians came to lay hold on him, he drew his scymeter, and manfully defended himself. His aggressors thereupon fearing to be worsted by him, cried out, "That what they did was by the King's command." Tiribafus no sooner heard this, but he threw away his weapon, and gave his hands to be bound by them.

2. The great Bassa of Aleppo, who was also an emir or hereditary prince, the year before my coming thither had revolted from his emperor, and fighting the Bassas of Damascus and Carahemen, overcame them. The year following, and in my being there, the Grand Signior sent from Constantinople a Chiaus and two Janizaries in embassage to him. When they came to Aleppo, the Bassa was in his own country of Mesopotamia; the messengers made haste after him, but in their journey they met with him coming to Aleppo, accompanied with his two sons and five hundred horsemen. Upon the highway they delivered their message, where he stood still and heard them. The proffer of Sultan Achmet was, that if he would acknowledge his rebellion, and for that treason committed send him his head, his eldest son should both inherit his possessions and the Bassaship of Aleppo; that otherwise he would come with great forces in all expedition, and in his own person would extirpate him and all his from the face of the earth. At the hearing of which the Bassa, knowing he was not able to resist the invincible army of his master in his own person, dismounted from his horse, and went to counsel with his sons, and nearest friends; where he and they concluded it was best for him to die, being an old man, to save his race undestroyed, and to preserve his son in his authority and inheritance. This done, the Bassa went to prayer, and taking his leave of them all, kneeled down on his knees, where the Chiaus struck off his head, putting

it into a box to carry with him to Aleppo. The dead corpse was carried to Aleppo, and honourably buried; for I was an eye-witness to that funeral feast.—*Lithgow.*

3. No monarch had ever the glory of being so exactly obeyed as was that poor *fister-boy* in Naples, vulgarly called *Masaniello*. He ordered that men should go without cloaks, gowns, wide castocks, or such-like; which was universally obeyed, not only of the common sort, but the nobility, all churchmen and religious orders, the two cardinals, Filomarino and Trivultio, the apostolical nuncio and all the bishops in that city. He commanded that all women, of what degree or quality soever, should go without their farthingales; and that when they went abroad they should tuck their petticoats somewhat high, that no arms might be carried by them. This order was also obeyed. He commanded that all cavaliers should deliver their arms, as also all noble persons, to the hands of such officers as he should send with commission to receive them. It was done. He had at his back an hundred and fifty thousand men; and in the presence of the viceroy of Naples, he made them cry out, "Let God live, let the holy virgin of Carmine live, let the king of Spain live! live Filomarino and the duke of Arcos, with the most faithful people of Naples!" The people followed him in every clause; and at last he ended with, "Let the ill government die!" which they also echoed. This was his first proof. He made a second upon the people; putting his finger to his mouth, there was a profound universal silence, and scarce a man was known to breathe. For a last proof of his authority, and the people's obedience, he commanded with a loud voice (out of a balcony wherein he was,) that every soul there present, under pain of rebellion and death, should retire from the place where they then stood; which was punctually and presently obeyed, not one remaining behind; so that the viceroy was amazed at such a ready and marvellous obedience. If he said, "Bring me the head of such a one," or, "Let such a palace be burnt, and the house of such a one be plundered," or any other the least thing commanded; at the very instant, without any doubts or replies, it was put in execution. All this was at Naples in the year of our Lord 1647, in the month of July.

4. Thienkius the emperor of China had advanced an Eunuch, called Gueio, to such height and power, that he styled him by the name of Father, and passed the absolute and sovereign command into his hands; so that persons of the greatest eminency were put to death by his orders for trivial matters; it was enough if they could not bow themselves to flatter and fawn upon him. Zunchinius succeeded in the empire, his brother being dead without issue, and he having resolved the destruction of his over-potent eunuch, sent him an order to go visit the tombs of his ancestors, to consider if any of those ancient monuments wanted reparation. He had not gone far upon his journey, but there was presented to him, by order from the emperor, a silver box, with a halter of

ilk folded up in it; by which he understood he was commanded to hang himself, which he accordingly did.

5. Amongst the Persians before the palace there perpetually stands a seat of iron with three feet; if it so fall out, that the King is more than ordinarily displeased with any Persian, he may not fly to any temple or any sanguinary; but standing at this Tripos of the king's, he is there to expect his sentence; and oftentimes, at the distance of some days, the king sends one to put an end to his fearful expectation, by taking away his life.

6. In that part of Syria, which the Persians once held, there is a people called Assassines, or as Niceras calls them Chasians: these are wont so to reverence and observe the commands of their prince, that they perform them with all readiness and alacrity, how dangerous or difficult soever the execution of them be. At the first sign or intimation by gesture of their king, they will immediately cast themselves headlong from rocks and towers, leap into the waves, throw themselves into the fire, or being sent by him to kill any such prince whose death he desires, they set themselves about it, despising all the tortures they must endure after they have performed the murder, or discovery of their intention. When Henry earl of Campania passed from Antioch towards Tyrus, having obtained a safe conduct, the prince of this people, called Verus, gave him a strange assurance of his people's obedience; for he shewed him several persons standing upon the top of a high tower: one of these he called out by name, who no sooner understood his command, but without any delay he cast himself down from thence in their sight, and, broken in pieces with the fall, he immediately died. The king would have called others out to trial, and was with difficulty diverted from his designs, by the earnest intreaties of the earl, who was astonished with wonder and horror at the experiment. The Salidas of Sequimar of Arabia the Happy, perform the same at their prince's command.

7. When Hannibal made war against the Romans in Italy, he at that time had under his standard Carthagenians, Numidians, Moors, Spaniards, Baleares, Gauls, Ligurians, and a number of Italian people, and yet the general was of that authority amongst them, that though his army consisted of so many and different nations, and that the war was drawn out into so long a continuance, and that there was such a variety of events therein, yet in all that time there never was known that there was any stir, tumult, or sedition amongst them.

8. Instead of crowns and sceptres, the ornaments of the kings of Peru, whereby they shew their majesty, are these: they wear certain tassels of red wool, bound about their heads, hanging down upon their shoulders, almost covering their eyes, whereat they hang other threads, which they use when they would have any thing done or executed. They give that thread unto one of the Lords that attend upon them; by this token they command

in all their provinces; and the king hath done whatsoever he doth desire. At the sight of this thread his pleasure is by his subjects with so great a diligence and dutiful obedience fulfilled, that the like is not known in any place of the world: for if (by this way) he chance to command that a whole province shall be destroyed, and utterly left desolate, both of men and all living creatures whatsoever, it is done. If he send but one of his servants to execute the severest of his commands, although he send no other power or aid of men, nor other commission, than one of the threads of his quispel, it is sufficient; and they willingly yield themselves to all dangers, even to death and destruction.

9. Xerxes flying out of Greece, the ship or boat was so overpressed with the numbers of such as were got within her, that a tempest arising, they were all brought to the hazard of their lives. Here it was that Xerxes spoke to them in this manner: "Since upon you O Persians! depends the safety of your king, let me now understand how far you take yourselves to be concerned therein." He had no sooner spoken these words, but that having first adored him, most of them leaped into the sea, and by their death freed their king of his present danger.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS WIFE.

PHILO the Philosopher was one day invited, with his wife, to dine at the house of a lady remarkable for two things, which are said to gratify the first and strongest of the human passions. She had, at her command, all the power which is conferred either by beauty or by riches.—Philo was sitting at her table, when a servant appeared loaded with a sack of a considerable size. It was thrown carelessly upon the floor, and there left to remain, as it were a load of feathers: the solid sound hit our Philosopher and his Wife on the nerves, and made them start. "Heavens! (said Philo) that must be money—What a bouncing sum! yet our hostess is so accustomed to receive sacks of this sort that it makes no impression upon her. What a slap has it given me, who am only a spectator!" Odds bobs! (cried the Philosopher's Wife, casting one eye on the sack, and one upon her husband) a third of that bag would make a rich woman of me forever!"—"That sum! (replied the lady, with inconceivable sang-froid)—Alas!—A very nothing—scarce worth telling—follow me." The Philosopher and his Wife, in silent wonder, followed the lady, who opened a large portable drawer, and discovered it full of guineas.—"Hem!" said the Philosopher.—Mercy! (cried his Wife, catching up an handful, as much as to say) oh! that ye were mine." The lady shut the drawer with the calm hand she had opened it, and returned in the utmost ease to her seat. "'Tis all a custom (said she, in a tone of voice perfectly sensible;) I am so used to receive large sums, and to have those drawers filled with

guineas, that the custom passes now amongst the ordinary occurrences of life, and seldom excites an emotion either of pleasure or of pain; but 'tis thus, my friends, with every other possession."—"God bless my soul! (cried the Philosopher's Wife) Drink a glass of that lady's Burgundy, my dear!"—quoth Philo, "and pray, give me another."—"God bless my soul!" repeated his wife, pouring out the wine. The Philosopher drank three bumpers, one after another, as fast as he could pour them down; and after every bumper, his sensations, with regard to money, became more philosophic; at the third glass, he bowed to the lady of the house, and retired to ascend the lofty flight of stairs that led into his own apartments. As he was ascending, the liquor operated, and the spirit mounted his brain as he mounted the staircase. "Adorable juice of the grape! (cried he) what a power hast thou to heal the wounds of an empty purse! I swear to Bacchus (added he, snapping his fingers,) I do not care *this* for all the money that is now in mine hostess's strong box." As Philo entered his lodgings, a dog who had been long of his household, was found snoring in profundity of sleep on the threshold.—"Happy being! (said Philo, stepping over him cautiously) thou hast no money, and art yet happier even than Philo." He entered the first chamber, and looking to the farther end of it, beheld the bed that had so often received a poor, but affectionate couple. "Good again! (said our Philosopher with a disordered voice) I am sure of a large stock in love, though I may be sometimes short of money." He next entered his study, the scene of his contemplation, and looking into one of the drawers, the first thing that struck him was a file of receipts.—"Better and better (said he,) I have these to shew for a good heart, were all other points to fail me.—These testimonials of my honesty, are so many letters of credit, and vouch that my character is much better than my circumstances."—The second drawer which he opened, contained the flights of his fancy, written when the fit of composition was upon him. "Hah, hah! (cried he, at the discovery of a treasure) have I found my *optimum*, my *summum bonum*, at last! Here are evidences of pleasure enjoyed and of value received, which even money itself cannot purchase, with all its sovereignty.—Oh, Imagination! Imagination! how hast thou soothed, how hast thou charmed me! When, but for thee, Reason would have distracted, and matter of fact driven me to despair—how hast thou sparkled in my cup, and timely infused into it the balms of Hope!" He opened a third box; and taking thence a little purse, with his finger and thumb he held it inverted, and produced the sum of his present substance.—Eight crowns, hoarded against the day of trouble, shone on his table.—"Hoity, toity! (exclaimed he) Why I am a very Cræsus—eight crowns!—Clodius has but four—Mercurius three—Marcius two—Sporus only one.—Catullus none.—Vertumnus hath perhaps been running half over this plentiful city for a dinner; and hapless Curiatius knows not

where he shall obtain this night a bed.—There is misery ! but for Philo—there is no praying for him !—I have a good bed, a good wife, much health, more philosophy, a large file of receipts to look back upon, and eight crowns to look forward with : in such a flow of prosperity, let me not be proud ; let me learn to humiliate—let me be grateful—let me bow to the supreme bestower.”

A violent burst of laughter here interrupted our Philosopher’s rhapsody. It proceeded from a visitor, in a rich suit of clothes, who overheard his effusions. “ Paltry fellow ! (cried Philo,) thy fortune is on thy back, while mine is in my heart.”—After this disagreeable intruder was gone, our Philosopher sat himself down in a corner of his study to meditate. He first represented the lady with whom he dined, in the act of passing her fair fingers over heaps of gold, which he regarded not ; and then he opened a little box, in which he had put several gold trinkets, &c.

“ ’Tis just thus (said he :) these gold trinkets have been in this drawer a long time—I have lost through frequency the very power of admiring them—I scarce see them :—but thee, oh my PEN !—my plumed associate—source of life, and weapon of defence :—my friend—my patron !—*Thou* art forever agreeable !—With thee I can transcribe my sensations.—When my purse is empty, with thy aid I can ideally replenish it.—When my creditors call, I can draw my bill upon Imagination at sight.—When the sun does not chuse to shine in the Heavens, I can cause his beams to play through my assistance upon paper.—Eight crowns only are, it is true, now actually in my possession ; but it is in thy power to increase it, oh delightful instrument, to eighty thousand ! Does misery drop a tear ?—Thou shalt procure the penny which, well-timed, shall sometimes dry it up more effectually than a pound.—Am I myself at any time in want ? *A la bonne heure*, I shall give those who are in better circumstances, and have as good a heart, an opportunity to relieve me ; but with regard to fortune, I am now resolved to try an experiment.—Oh Spirit of Rancour attend !—Here Philo rose hastily ; and opening his bureau with great formality, took a sheet of paper, and cutting it into small round pieces, put them into a drawer, and shut it with the utmost caution.”

“ In that drawer (said he to himself) suppose me now to have deposited a thousand guineas. ’Tis an object that must be guarded well. It behoves me to take great care of so immense a treasure—I tremble while I possess it :—well, what is to be done first ? It is a new thing with me to have so large a sum in my house, and I must take extraordinary measures to secure it.”—From this moment commenced the real misery of our Philosopher. In shutting the drawer, he found, for the first time in his life, a defect in the catch of the lock.—“ Oh, ho ! (said he) this must be rectified.—I was a very good protector for eight crowns, but will by no means do to guarantee a thousand guineas.”

Just at this crisis, in came the Philosopher’s Wife, who was no sooner informed of the treasure, than she laid out eight hundred

and eighteen pounds in decorations. Imaginary wants grow out of imaginary riches—when Philo went to bed, he never found either his pillow or his sensations so uneasy.

“Lord bless me, Polly, (said he in a fearful tone) take care that the fire is safe; for if any spark should get into my bureau, we are ruined for ever.”—The Philosopher’s Wife, who was at this time dreaming she had jewels in her ears, cried out to some visionary spectator, “have they not a fine water, Madam? Are they not sparklers, Sir?”

The next morning, Philo read an account of a robbery committed at two hundred miles distance; and his heart throbbed with apprehension at the intelligence. His Wife said gapeingly, “I declare, Philo, I have not closed my eyes since you had that thousand pounds.”—“And my head aches miserably,” replied Philo.—“For my part, I think (said she) to *wish* is better than to *possess*.”—“By my faith (answered Philo) unless we could make the receipt of such sums a matter of practice and indifference to us, like the handsome lady with whom we yesterday dined, I believe so too.”—“Since that is the case, husband, (rejoined the Wife) let us get rid of this thousand pounds as fast as we can, and after it is spent, let us live as usual; half our time in the management of our little, and the other half in labouring for a fresh supply.”—“You are perfectly right; my dear (said the Philosopher, taking his Wife by the hand, and leading her to the bureau which contained the imaginary thousand pounds,) our money is all in paper, child (said he :) I tried an experiment. I wished to flatter myself with being the owner of a thousand pounds—the very idea has cost us loss of sleep, great fear, great folly, and great care. I am very happy to have the pleasure of telling you, that we are just as we were.”—“Have we not eight crowns still (said the Philosopher’s Wife?) And don’t we look for more by the post?”—“And is there not my Essay on Fortune—my Poem on the Danger of Wealth, and my Treatise on Economy,” said the Philosopher.—“True, (answered his Wife;) so let us warm the broth which was left at dinner, and go comfortably to bed; for, honest Poverty is a friend to repose.”—The lock of the bureau had that night the key in it; for there was nothing to fear, and they slept off the fumes of their late fancies without any interruption; for they were no longer put out of their way, by an idea of possessions to which they were unaccustomed, and which deranged their little system. On their awaking, the Philosopher’s Wife declared she was perfectly refreshed.

“Ay, (said her husband, gently taking hold of her hand) eight crowns and a good feather-bed are absolutely necessary, and what we are used to; but the weight of a thousand pounds in the drawer, is too mighty to be borne in the brain of honest, little folks, without making the head ache.”

Such were the sensations of a Philosopher and his Wife at the sight of a sum of money

ADVENTURES OF A PEN.

SOME evenings ago, as I was meditating on the surprising events which variegated human existence, I sunk gradually into a soft and benignant repose, which produced at length a kind of allegoric vision that presented the following circumstances :— Methought the Pen with which I had been writing, lifted itself erect on its standish, and assuming the power of writing, without being, as heretofore, governed by the human hand, thus marked its own eventful history on the paper which I had left upon the table in my library.

"As to that part of me which relates to my original body in its state of goosehood, it was eaten on the birth-day of my mistress, and the very wing on which I grew, afforded her fair sister— afterwards a Duchesse, a Michaelmas dinner. I was flung into the common kitchen, and underwent the most servile offices of culinary drudgery; the scullion-wench using me for a time to sweep the dust from the chimney-piece, till the foot-boy, in a fit of frolic, tossed me on the back of the fire, where I had been infallibly burnt, had not the coachman, a grave prudent personage, happening that moment to want a quill, snatched me from the flames; he withdrew with me to his stable (after I had undergone an immersion from the pump; and was at length brought to my natural transparency.) From this advance in fortune, I first became a *Pen*, though "sent into this breathing world but half made up," as King Richard says. My first employ, after this migration, was to write the dictates of my simple protector's heart, to a young woman on whom he had cast the eye of affection; but I scorn to tell the secrets of any man whose acquaintance I have enjoyed, being a pen of stricter honour; yet I cannot help noticing, that though the stile of the coachman was without refinement, and the sentiment without elegance, yet it was full of a much better thing, sincerity. Having super-subscribed his epistle to his beloved, I was placed in a stout machine of horn, where I had not stood long before the butler, coming into the stable, and having a memorandum to put down, made me write in the leaf of a small pocket, as follows: Mem:— The five dozen of burgundy for my private friends, to be charged to the account of election-riots, January 17—&c. and the large silver cup and salver, which I presented to dear Jenny Catchim, to be laid to black Jack that was hanged for a highway robbery. N. B. Dead men tell no tales. Methought I felt my very feathers stand erect upon my back with indignation, at the villany of this unfaithful steward, and heartily wished for the unassisted power of writing, to detect him. Having taken these minutes of his knavery, he replaced me in the inkhorn; from whence I was again suddenly drawn forth by the eldest son of the family, a wild young gentleman, who being suspected of certain practices by his parents, retired into this privacy, to pen a few lines to a poor

young creature who had surrendered up to him, first her affections, and lastly her virtue. But mum : a pen of integrity should never blab. There are secrets in all families. The youth, with my assistance, made another appointment, which the deluded fair one no doubt observed. Here a second time I began to feel my rage swell at the thought, that I was in any measure forced into the service of vice, and become, literally, an instrument to so heinous a seduction : at that moment my detestation of the act so wholly possessed me, that I twirled myself round in his hand, and dropt a large blot on those contents which ought to remain blotted forever ; but, alas ! this effort of virtue, so far from availing any thing, had nearly proved my destruction ; for the rash young man compelled me to do the hateful work over again ; and still expressing my dislike, by a refusal to make the vile sentiment legible, he damned me for a good-for-nothing son of a goose, and deepened the slit of my tongue ; and not even then answering his vile purposes, he dashed me with his full force against the corn-binn, which served him for a table ; and then seeing me gaping in the jaws of ruin, swore, I was a sad scoundrel, and left me gasping on the ground. I had not lain long in this lacerated situation, before my good friend the coachman, observing my distress, took me up, and bestowed an hearty curse upon my oppressor ; but seeing my sad plight, and that I was now no longer likely to do him service, (copying the friendships of this world) he forsook me in my adversity, and let me drop again without the least emotion. From this condition, I was removed to a much worse ; being taken up and pitched upon a dunghill amongst the litter of the stable, where I remained in disgraceful inaction till I was carried to manure the field. From whence I was picked up by a sportsman, whose piece flashing in the pan, made him suppose a stoppage in the touch-hole. I luckily answered the gunner's purpose, for which he rewarded me with a place in his pocket, where I lay snug betwixt a small brandy-bottle and a powder-horn. After the sport, upon my arrival at the house of my benefactor, I was hung over a screen with his clothes, at the kitchen-fire. This was a lucky accident ; it restored my strength, invigorated my frame, and about two hours after, the sportsman feeling in his pocket, found me hard, round, and in short, a pen of capability. This my new protector, was clerk to a country attorney, who had taken advantage of his master's absence, to borrow not only his gun but his time : however, I was considered a fit associate, and was received into the service of a lawyer. To the business of the law, I went then immediately, inasmuch that the young man doubling his diligence to escape detection, and appearing honest, that he might the better carry on roguery, engrossed that night three skins of parchment ; and the day after I drew the copy of an old woman's will, who had resolved to disinherit her only child, because he had flung himself away upon a young girl, in possession of no other qualities to render the marriage state hap-

py, than those of virtue, beauty, innocence, and love. In the morning, I was tucked into my master's hair, between his ear and curling papers, and sometimes had the honour to "pen a stanza" of most lamentable poetry, "when I should engross." But soon after fell into the hands of the lawyer himself, and was in this promotion *exalted* into the deepest disgrace, being, I shiver to say, instrumental in many concerns, causes and cases, that under the veil of equity, robbed the orphan of property, the heir of birthright, the matron of pittance, and the widow of her jointure. While I remained a drudge in this scandalous station, I was one day taken by the wretch, my master, to go into a small black leathern case, which he usually carried with him, filled with several of my brethren, to a poor man, labouring with a large, unfed, and naked family, whose goods he was going to distrain, as it is called; and that, through the mere avaricious malice of the landlord, who was offended with his tenant, not only for being behind hand with his rent, but for meeting him with a lamb under his arm that had died of the rot, and which he swore he had killed. I felt myself shake, as I inserted in his barbarous inventory, the bedding of these unhappy people; and the ink absolutely ran crimson to my nib, and then fell back in a sable stream, as refusing to flow for some time, ere I could be persuaded to include in the wretch's cruel catalogue, the very cradle-liner of an infant, who was at the time sleeping between thread-worn blankets. By some forgetfulness, I was left in the unfurnished house of this disastrous family; and as soon as I was perceived, a sweet rose-lipped boy, which seemed to blossom in misery, and to smile upon misfortune, carried me as a prize to his father; saying he would write a letter of comfort with me to his poor dear papa. The father, from his child's recommendation, though overwhelmed in sorrow, took such notice of me, as to stick me carefully in the casement between two small scraps of paper, that I suppose were receipts. I cannot describe the excess of anguish this family underwent; and indeed, I am only to beg your patience to hear my own story without my comments. The first use to which the good man put me, was to write the most suppliant and imploring letter to his savage landlord; every word dictated by a misery poignant beyond my description, and only to be felt. This appeal, however, was returned by a saucy minion in a laced livery, the trimming of which, would have made rich the afflicted family, inclosing an answer fraught with all the impudence of command, and the haughtiness of second-hand authority. The application failing, I was next employed in a short circular letter to his neighbours, for a little subcriptive assistance; and was, by all but an old day-labourer, who had lately been robbed of a month's hire as he was going from work, refused with rustic insolence, as if the wretches had learned the language of denial, and had hardened their hearts by a long and hypocritical commerce with their betters. It was not long, before the goods thus item'd, were appraised.

and sold on the premises, and the poor creatures drawn out of their little dwelling and thrust into the streets. An old fellow having purchased a small lot, took me down to insert a memorandum of the articles, after which liking my appearance, which was even yet tolerable, he wrapt me up in a piece of paper, and carried me home in his pocket, from whence I was the next day removed to adjust an agreement between him and a young officer, who, to supply the extravagance of a prostitute, was privately contracting to sell his commission. My new master was a money-broker; and scarce was the business of the commission over, ere I was made subservient to other purposes, the most horrid in nature. What a change of servitude! from a lawyer to a money-broker. "Severer for severe!" And now scarcely a day passed, wherein I did not enter into some covenant whereby profusion was clandestinely promoted, Vice secretly supplied, and Virtue artfully deluded. I particularly remember, that one day I was put into the hand of a young fellow, who had just whirled away his last guinea of a large fortune; and had persuaded his poor lady to sell a little annuity, her only refuge from his extravagance. I was obliged to sign and to attest the accursed contract.—From hence I was conveyed by one who came on business, but my master disliking the security, the person was almost driven to madness: he had no other resource in the world, and was, besides, deeply involved in debt; finding, therefore, his last hopes frustrated, he rolled his eyes some time about the room, till the scorpions of reflection working him to frenzy, he caught hold of me in a sort of delirium, and biting me in a distracted manner between his teeth almost in two, at the same time hitting his forehead, he walked away, and had almost champed me to pieces as he descended into a cellar, after having winded through all the allies of St. Giles's. Here he had no sooner arrived than he flung himself into a chair. At length, as if by having found his situation irremediably desperate, he grew so disordered, that, inclining his head till he saw it would hit an iron hook which stuck in the middle of a mantle-piece, he was preparing to dash himself against it; when, springing from the posture, as possessed with a new hope, I could see his eyes brighten when he beheld me, mangled as I was. Catching me then from the ground where I had fallen, and having more than once read a letter which he took from his bosom, almost mad with agony, he sat down to write—what, in truth, we were both too distressed to perform well—a letter to his wife, whom I found he had brought to extreme poverty by his extravagance. After having branded himself, therefore, with every ignominious epithet, he concluded with observing, that he felt himself so vile, that he never should dare to return to her again, unless he returned with assistance.—That very night—dreadful necessity! (for as I had administered so opportunely to his occasions, he had put me into his waistcoat pocket) I was in some measure aiding and abetting him in several robberies; and at length we mutually

completed a capital forgery, which succeeded : But, alas ! he had no natural flintiness of bosom ; for as he presented the pistol, his hand shook, and his teeth gnashed ; his voice also broke as he stopt the passengers ; one of whom being a sturdy seaman, who had just received his pay, was coming up to town to spend it like a sailor, and resolved to fight for it like a sailor, in case he should be attacked. Wrenching, therefore, the pistol from my master's hand, he struck him on the temples with a bludgeon, which threw him at the feet of the conqueror. It was a public machine, and all the passengers, within and without, gathered about him, prognosticating a holiday ; that is, an execution, which is always the festival of a mob. Considering him as lawful prize, they began to plunder, and the sailor finding me in company with a comb and snuff-box, flung me into the coach, swearing that we were not worth stowage ; however, I was not yet destitute, being eagerly caught at by a thin meagre spectre of a man, who appeared to have been considering ever since the fall of the thief, how he could reconcile to philosophical principles, and the rule of rectitude, the killing a man for accommodating his necessities. He took me up, declaring that I would do well enough to give the finishing touches to his Essay on the Natural Rights of Men to the Fruits of the Earth wherever and however they might be attained, and also to his Treatise upon the Virtues of Nettle-water. I now found myself, after all my changes, the property of an author, and never was I in more deplorable circumstances, the slave of the press, the drudge of letters. My keeper happened to be what is called a party-writer ; and to do him justice, with equal zeal did he espouse both sides of the question, answering to day the charges he had alledged yesterday, and sometimes contradicting himself to so violent a degree, that this *ambo dexter* hero quarrelled and waged war with himself in papers, squibs, and hand-bills under fifty different signatures.—Never did man at the same time so much deserve abuse of others, or so much abuse himself ; till at length I, for another's fault, was thought to be the most lying, scandalous Pen that was ever dipped in a standish. Sometimes however, I was the companion of his relaxation, and even of his poetical amusement ; and many productions in the newspapers and magazines, under the titles of Philaethes, Damon, Daphne, Cato, Dramaticus, Silvia, Corydon, and Phyllis, were the joint efforts of me and my incomparable patron. A beau came one day into the garret ; and after having sworn it was easier to mount the Monument, than to penetrate Old Spatter's lucubratory, threw down a half-crown upon the table, and desired the poet to write an extempore acrostic to a damn'd fine girl. After having said this, he clapped the bard on the shoulder, and uttered out, " You understand me, old Grecian." The poet sat for some time, swelling as if he were casting nativities ; and having scribbled a few lines, delivered it to the fop, saying it was *terfely tender*, and would do his business. He read it, and swore it was damn'd stuff ; then snatching me out of his hand,

declared he could write a better himself ; and declared as he departed, the bard ought to lose his *pen* for ever. On this he hastened down stairs, (forgetting, probably, I was within his gripe ;) but on feeling for his handkerchief, he by some accident put me up with it ; in which good company I immediately, for the first time, had the honour of mounting a splendid carriage, and was driven with expedition to a West-street ; where alighting, my spark knocked at the door, and soon entered a genteel apartment, in which he was received with uncommon vivacity by a young lady of very lovely appearance, whom I soon found, by their conversation to be his mistress. A beau is nothing without a white handkerchief. It was presently wanted. I was found in its folds, but had unluckily, rubbed my sides so much against it as to clean *myself*—as is often the case of those who keep bad company—at the expence of my associate. I was instantly seized and thrown at the fire ; but happily hitting the tip of the grate's back, fell behind it, and was, after dinner, removed in the fire-shovel with some cinders ; when my mistress not being able to find her etwee, and exceedingly wanting one of its little instruments, at that moment casting her bright eyes upon me, rescued me once more from my impending ruin, by cutting me into a toothpick. I soon underwent many fresh changes, till I was in the end, like all mortal things, fairly *worn out*. At length, after passing through a short and active existence; I was found wholly unfit for service, and by way of recompence, was left to "moulder and to rot in cold oblivion," once more upon a dunghill : *Sic transit gloria mundi !*

Here I awoke, and could not help smiling at the whimsical sportings of Fancy while Queen Mab had been with me. And yet is not the life of Man subject to revolutions equally rapid and extraordinary ? And will not the Reader confess, the above History was written by a Pen who had SEEN THE WORLD ?

THE CAVERN OF STROZZI.

IT is near three months since I was at Venice. After having visited whatever was worthy of curiosity in that great city, I was preparing to quit it, when an unforeseen and extraordinary incident prolonged my stay. One morning, as I was exploring the spacious rooms of the library of St. Mark, my eyes were by chance attracted towards a large folio volume, with this title on the back of it—*A Description of the Cavern of Strozzi*. Expecting, by the perusal of the work, to find something that might be applicable to one I was composing, upon the singular productions of Nature in the mineral reign, I went and requested the librarian to give me the book : as soon as I had it in my hands I retired to one of the window-seats, to peruse it the more at my ease.

I had already read a few of the first pages, without receiving

any very great satisfaction : at the ninth page I was going to throw down the book ; when, on turning the leaf, I thought I perceived transparent characters in the paper, as the light reflected upon it. Curious of ascertaining what they expressed, I raised the book to the window and placed the leaf that had interested my curiosity before it, and between the first thirteen lines, which commenced the history of the petrifications of the Cavern of Strozzi, I distinctly read these words, although Gothic characters had been employed in order to trace them :

“The wonders which nature has collected together in the Cavern of Strozzi are less surprizing than the delirium of those passions which are there exhibited in all their horror.”

There was something so enigmatical in these lines, and the manner in which I had discovered them was so mysterious that I could not restrain the emotions they produced, I confess my astonishment was increased when upon carefully examining the rest of the leaves, I found the same inscription repeated on every thirteenth. I am not in the least superstitious yet this number, to which human weakness attaches a kind of fatal influence, did not seem to me to have been the effect of chance ; therefore the prejudice which actuated the writer in using it, rendered the inscription still more surprizing. I copied it with a pencil upon a card : I did not forget to note down the title of the work, the name of the bookseller who had published it, the place and year it had been printed, and the numbers of the fatal pages on which the inscription had been interlined ; I also remarked the shelf of the library on which the volume was placed ; and then, returning it to the librarian, I asked him, affecting as much indifference as I possessed curiosity whether he could inform me of the name of the author of the work. The good Friar (for they are of the order of Dominicans who have the charge of the library of St. Mark) answered in the negative ; but he presumed it was some one who had attentively examined the rare productions of the Cavern of Strozzi. To me, who had not read much of the contents of the book, this answer might have conveyed a double meaning ; but I perceived by the rest of the discourse, that he was less informed on the subject than myself ; therefore taking leave of him, I went to indulge in those reflections this event had suggested.

Having retired to one of the solitary walks in the garden belonging to the library of St. Mark, I read the mysterious lines again and again ; but the more I meditated, the less could I discover their meaning : and though they were written in Gothic characters, yet as the book was of a recent date, these lines must evidently be so too. Then I said to myself, “Of what passions can a dark and insolated Cavern be the theatre ?—Even supposing murders to have been meditated or committed there, how can it now exhibit a representation of horrors that are past ?—Besides, the author of the inscription has not pointed out the period to which he refers,—it was possible some hermit, wearied

of the follies of youth, and the victim of his own passions, had inhabited the cavern.—But did he still reside there?—Who was he?—He must have been heard of at Venice.” Such were the questions I had to resolve—such the doubts to clear up.

Night surprised me in the midst of my meditations, which were the more painful as I had no clue to direct them; but in whatever way I considered the subject, my mind was still embarrassed; and at a loss to form any reasonable conjecture.

Neither the dead silence of the night, nor the depth of my reflections, afforded me any assistance in my researches. When day appeared, I went to every bookseller in Venice, to enquire for the Description of the Cavern of Strozzi; but among thirty I only found three who had ever heard of the book, and only one who could procure it for me. I bought this single copy, and shut myself up in my study, to discover the sense of the oracle which appeared so mysterious. My hopes were deceived; it was in vain I turned to every thirteenth leaf; I found none of the transparent characters, and was obliged to refer again to my card.

All these obstacles, instead of stifling my curiosity, rendered it more active. I have often traversed miles to gather remarkable plants, or discover the rare productions of nature; but I would travel to the remotest parts of the globe, if by so doing I could discover a new region in the heart of man, or develope a secret fold in which some new passion was concealed.

The leaves of the hieroglyphic volume, which I compared to those of the Sybil, promised me this satisfaction; and I was anxious not to neglect an opportunity which might never again present itself.

I informed myself respecting the Cavern of Strozzi; I learned that it was situated in a small island of the same name in the Adriatic Gulph, to the north of Venice, about the distance of five miles; had it been an hundred I should have gone. The next day I bargained with a gondolier, and having provided myself with arms and some provisions, I embarked at sunset.

The nature of this recital does not allow me to interrupt it, to describe the magnificent effect of that beautiful planet which was slowly sinking into the tranquil wave gilded by its rays; nor is my hasty pen worthy so grand a picture; but I cannot avoid recommending to those who are desirous of enjoying such a scene, to figure to themselves the infinite number of barks and gondolas which at that moment covered the sea, and whose floating streamers seemed to reflect, by the pleasing variety of their colours, the glowing tints which are painted in the heavens.

After a passage of an hour and a quarter we anchored in a little creek of the island; when the gondolier, after having put me on shore, and received my orders to return at the same hour next day, wished me a good night, and rowed off.

I had landed on the side nearest the Cavern, and had not proceeded two hundred paces, when, from the difference of the soil

on which I stood, and the dampness of the air, I conjectured I was near it. To the rich and luxuriant fields I had quitted, succeeded barren heaths and arid sands. My sight, which had at first been gratified by the appearance of poplars and palm trees, whose foliage, lightly waving, presented a moving shadow, now saddened at the mournful aspect of the yew and weeping willow. I soon found myself sensibly descending, and in a few minutes was at the mouth of the Cavern. Rugged and steep rocks obstructed the entrance, and between their cavities were planted gloomy cypresses. A sort of brownish moss grew about the rocks; whose white summits formed a strong contrast with the dull aspect of surrounding nature, and rendered the prospect still more dismal. The expiring rays of the sun, which reflected on them, coloured their extremest points; but the faint tint they bestowed, instead of enlivening the scene, added to its horror. Never was my soul so harrowed as when contemplating this dreadful picture. It was in vain I looked round me; the sun had disappeared, and I seemed as though plunged into an immense tunnel, the sides of which, thick sown with pointed flints, and trees of mournful hue, announced nought but despair and death.

"Alas!" I exclaimed involuntarily, as if transported by one of those rapid emotions which a soul violently agitated cannot command—"Alas! how, in such a desert, can man be a slave of passions?—Is it here they reign with full sway?—What! where nature seems extinct, can the passions still exist?—Where is the soul intrepid enough not to be intimidated at this scene?—What flame, however devouring, but this place must extinguish?—Oh passions! wild ungovernable passions! if ye disturb these rocks, what lonely cottage can ye leave in peace?"

The day, or rather evening, glided insensibly away, and was replaced by the pale and trembling light of the moon. This circumstance still added to the horror of the situation; the gigantic forms of the rocks became more hideous, and the immense shadows they projected froze my soul with terror. On a sudden I figured to my imagination that this dreadful Cavern had been stained with the blood of some sad victims; and from the midst of a large and dark opening, which seemed like the jaws of Death threatening me, I thought I beheld pale phantoms sitting along: doubtless it was nothing more than an illusion. Reason calmed the sallies of my disturbed imagination, and I proceeded in search of some place of security where I might pass the night.

I explored the Cavern a considerable time, during which I almost repented having attempted so hazardous an adventure. At length, having found a spot shaded by a willow, I seated myself, examined my pistols, which I found in good order, took a little refreshment, drew my sword, and wrapping myself in my cloak, I lay down, in the hope of enjoying the sweets of sleep.

I had been in this position about half an hour, and had began to doze, when an hollow and distant murmur drew my attention. I pushed back the hood of my cloak, with which I had covered my head, placed myself on my seat, and listened with the most silent attention. The noise, which at first seemed as if approaching me, suddenly ceased, and for some minutes I heard no more; but it soon became more distinct. By the sound, I thought it was produced by chains dragged along under the vaults of the Cavern; and their horrid clanking appeared to advance nearer and nearer; presently a part of the rock, which formed an entrance to a more secret part of the Cavern, was removed, with a noise that made the whole place resound, and I saw a tall figure, clad in white, and chained, led out by another, who appeared somewhat shorter. After several windings, during which the two spectres preserved a profound silence, they changed their direction, and were proceeding towards the spot where I was; I had just time to rise, seize my arms, and retreat behind the willow, whose aged trunk was sufficiently large to have concealed three persons. I was in the shade, and consequently my motions were not discovered. The figure in white, and the one who held it enchained, arrived at the spot I had just quitted; and the former having seated himself, the other fastened the chain of his companion, or rather his prisoner, to a ring placed in the rock, which I had not perceived; he then withdrew to a short distance, pulled out a steel, struck it, lighted a pipe, muttered a few oaths, and began to smoke.

After a mournful silence of ten or twelve minutes, which was only interrupted by the sighs of the personage who was seated, the latter addressed the one who appeared to be his keeper:—

"Ricardo," said he, "what's the hour?"

"Past midnight," replied the other surlily.

"Midnight!" exclaimed the prisoner, uttering a heavy sigh—"Alas! all hours are to me equal, for they are all equally attended with grief;—must I be condemned to die daily, and am I prevented ridding myself of a loathsome life?"

"S'death!" said Ricardo—"it depends only on yourself to render your life agreeable; your obstinacy causes all your miseries; you might be happy if you were complying."

"Great God!" replied the prisoner, "if I can purchase liberty only at the price of honour, I prefer dying with her I love to living with her I detest."

"Sensible determination," replied the goaler; "to detest a charming woman, and doat upon a loathsome carcase."

"Ricardo," said the other, in an accent mingled with grief and indignation, "you are placed here to guard me, not to give me advice.—Is it not enough you tyrannize over my person, but must you also be master of my thoughts!"

Ricardo vented an oath, and was silent. The prisoner sighed, and leaning his head upon his hands seemed to weep.

For myself struck as I was with the scene I beheld, and the mysterious words I had heard I thought the whole a dream.

Ricardo who had finished smoking his pipe, amused himself by climbing to a part of the rock of steep ascent; and when he was at a sufficient distance not to hear me, I thought I would venture to utter a few consoling words that might afford a ray of hope to the wretched prisoner; but that I might not startle him, I sung a few plaintive notes in a very low voice. The unexpected sounds excited his attention; surprise and fear forced an involuntary exclamation from him, which however the gaoler did not hear. Conceiving his first alarm had subsided, I softly sung the first couplet of the following stanza, which perfectly accorded with his situation.

Oh thou, the victim of sad care and grief!
 Who liv'st immur'd in cavern here forlorn,
 The hand is near that means to bring relief,
 And heal those mis'ries thou so long hast born.
 Thy sorrows cease, no more thy lot bewail;
 Of happiness man ne'er can be bereft,
 Howe'er adversity with woes assail,
 While hope, that soother of the soul is left.
 Reflect how many by a tyrant's power,
 Like thee, deplore the dungeon's gloomy night,
 Till gracious Heav'n, at the appointed hour,
 The tyrant strikes, and brings his crimes to light.
 Oft days of pleasure follow nights of pain,
 And thou may'st wake to happiness and joy;
 Then let sweet hope thy sinking soul sustain,
 For guilt alone can soothing hope destroy.

The prisoner was upon the point of answering—he was preparing his voice—when Ricardo, wearied of his amusement, descended from the crag of the rock, and approaching him, said, in the most brutal manner, “Come, let us return.”

“To-morrow then,” cried the prisoner, as he was leaving the willow which concealed me.

“To-morrow,” replied I.

“The devil!” said Ricardo, “did I not hear some one speak?”

“It was the echo,” answered the prisoner, “which repeated my words—To-morrow.”

Ricardo contented himself with saying—He had not before observed the echo; and having untied the chain of his victim, they returned into the Cavern.

Left alone, and abandoned to my reflections, I recalled every circumstance of the scene I had beheld; I compared them together in the order in which they had appeared with the words I had extracted from the book at the library. I presumed that the unhappy wretch who was confined in the Cavern of Strozzi was

the victim of the passion of some powerful lady, to whose desires he refused to yield. "But why should he have said that he preferred dying with her he loved to living with her he detested?—Perhaps his mistress was a prisoner as well as himself, and the wretched pair were both immured in this dreadful Cavern.—Why talk of dying with her?—Was it intended to sacrifice them?"—Again, "What could Ricardo mean by the words "Cherish a loathsome carcase?"

All these thoughts, and a crowd of others floated on my brain. As soon as I had solved one question, some objection, which I had not foreseen, plunged me in doubt. The night and part of the day passed in this manner; a thousand schemes entered my imagination:—sometimes yielding to a cowardly fear, I thought of flying for ever from this scene of horror and danger: sometimes animated by a more noble sentiment, I determined to inform the holy inquisitors of what I had seen. Evening had arrived, and I had adopted no fixed resolution. I ran towards the shore:—my gondola appeared; but I desired the gondolier to return again next day, pretending (what indeed was but too true) that the singularities and wonders of the Cavern required more than a day to examine them thoroughly.

The day had quite departed; night had veiled the earth, and the moon shed her faint and glimmering rays over a sea of clouds; a southerly wind, which blew from Venice, made me distinctly hear the hours strike. Still concealed behind the old willow, I counted eleven without having perceived any thing. At length a few minutes before midnight, the entrance to the inmost Cavern was unloosed, and the prisoner came forward, followed by the brutal Ricardo. Both placed themselves on the rock near the willow. Ricardo chained his victim as before, lighted his pipe, and walked to a short distance. I repeated, in a low voice, the stanza I sung yesterday, which the prisoner listened to with attention; then cautiously extending part of my body towards him, keeping the other concealed behind the tree, I said to him, "Are you acquainted with a certain book in the library of St. Mark?"

He started—"I see," said he, "you have read the thirteenth pages; but I am too much observed to speak: If you can feel for my misfortunes, act as this letter directs you; and when you shall have read it, pursue the dictates of your own heart."

I was about to reply, but the return of Ricardo only gave me time to put forth my hand, and take the letter the prisoner presented. I then again concealed myself. Ricardo repeated the same circumstances I have described to have taken place yesterday; and the prisoner, as he was going away, turned his head towards the place where I was, and sung these words in a melancholy tone of voice:

"Who aids the cause of innocence opprefs'd
 "Is by the act alone supremely blest'd ;
 "No greater rapture man on earth can know,
 "Than that of feeling and relieving woe,"

The moon was not sufficiently clear to enable me to read the letter he had given me, and it would been imprudent to have struck a light ; I therefore left the Cavern, and waited on the sea shore the return of the day. But as I had passed the preceeding night without sleep, was wearied by the ideas this extraordinary adventure had excited, and was lulled by the monotonous sound of the billows beneath me, I yielded to these various impulses, and fell into a profound sleep.

It was broad day-light when I awoke. The fatigue I had undergone, the sleep I had enjoyed, added to the sharp and nitrous air from the sea, had excited the cravings of hunger in an extreme degree ; but I had but little provision left ; therefore I could only assuage without satisfying it.

I saw, with some uneasiness, that in order to enable myself to explore the end of this adventure, it was necessary I should return to Venice ; and my regret was increased when I read the prisoner's letter.—It was to this effect :

"What you have already seen of my misfortunes, dreadful as
 "they may have appeared to you, can give you no idea of those
 "of which you are still ignorant. If you are desirous of be-
 "coming acquainted with them, and of rescuing the most mis-
 "erable of men, repair to-morrow about midnight to the sea shore,
 "near the bay which is opposite to Venice ; a bark will land
 "there ; follow those whom you see leave it, without, if possible,
 "being perceived by them ; observe them, and act as honour and
 "pity dictate."

It is easy to imagine what my impatience was during the rest of the day—an impatience which was encreased by the calls of hunger. I traversed the island, but it only presented singular petrifications, and spars of every form and colour—things which at any other time I should have felt a lively interest in, but which then only augmented my hunger, my impatience, and my fatigue.

This tedious day at length closed.—The sun quitted the horizon, and my faithful gondolier did not fail to make his appearance. We soon crossed the strait that separated us from Venice.—When I had arrived at that city, I only delayed the necessary time to obtain a fresh supply of provisions, and in half an hour after returned to the island of Strozzi.

In order the better to follow the instructions contained in the prisoner's letter, I concealed myself behind a rising ground near the bay, where, by raising my head, I could discover the sea. I remained a full hour in this position. Towards midnight, as I judged by the moon, which had just risen, (for the wind having

changed, I could not hear the sound of the clocks at Venice) the noise of oars, which agitated the calm billows, announced the arrival of the bark. It soon touched ground, and five persons came silently from it: one of them fastened it to the shore, a second uncovered a dark lantern, with which he appeared to examine the place round him, and all of them proceeded towards the Cavern.

Leaving the retreat in which I had concealed myself, I followed them; neither of them spoke, but walked with slow and solemn steps. The noise of their footsteps echoed round them, and the Cavern, which they were now near, repeated the sounds.—What a scene!—what a situation!—A gloomy night scarce rendered visible, by the faint light of the moon, a parched and barren soil, covered with briars; a dreadful mass of rocks piled one upon another, and rearing their colossal forms above the horizon; a wide, dark, and horrid Cavern; weeping willows; mournful cypresses; and, to add to these horrors, a dread silence which rendered the distant dashing of the billows and the blood-stained steps of the five murderers still more frightful.

They arrived at the Cavern. One of them struck a projection of the rock with the hilt of his poniard; an instant after a hoarse voice from the inside of the Cavern cried, "*Treason.*" The five persons replied, "*Vengeance:*" and the entrance was opened after the three first had repeated the words "*Vengeance!—vengeance!—vengeance!*"

In the meantime, favoured by the darkness and the confusion which agitated the conspirators, I glided, unperceived, among them. The light of the lantern hardly extended two steps beyond him who held it, and we were in such a winding and intricate path that we could only walk one abreast. It was consequently difficult, nay almost impossible, to have perceived me; but if I had been discovered, and they had offered me any violence, I was provided with arms in good condition, and would have dearly sold my life. But the idea of being serviceable to an unhappy being, and a short and fervent prayer I addressed to Heaven, banished fear from my soul: I only thought of justifying that confidence the oppressed had reposed in me.

Whilst I was actuated by this reflection, I felt a hand leaning on me, which from its smallness and softness, I judged to be a woman's. This hand, apparently heated by a burning fever, grasped mine with a convulsive motion, and pressing it to her heart, which beat with violent and unequal palpitations. I continued silent, when I heard a voice in soft accents, but evidently agitated, say to me, "Do you not feel how it beats?—it is rage—it is love."*

* The inconsistency of the Lady's conduct can only be accounted for from the disordered and agitated state of her passions at the moment.

As we advanced, the Cavern seemed to enlarge itself. The glimmerings of light which at intervals shot from the lantern, reflected upon the roof and sides of the rock, whose crystalline productions sparkled with a thousand colours. We soon breathed a damp air, infected with pestilential vapours. I felt myself unwell, and remarked that three of those I accompanied were in a similar situation. The three others, I mean the gaoler, who had opened the entrance of the Cavern, he who carried the lantern, and she who had taken me by the hand, were in no ways affected.

At a little distance we descended some steps, rudely cut out in the rock; at the bottom of the last of them was a small door, which, upon being struck by him who went first, was immediately opened.—We entered:—the darkness did not permit me to distinguish the objects; however, by the faint light that preceded us, I observed in one of the corners a figure dressed in white; it was the only object I could distinctly perceive; for the man who held the lantern having taken it to light a torch by, a gust of wind extinguished it, and we were left in utter darkness. I confess whatever firmness I possessed I could not at that instant resist the impulse of terror.

The dread scene that surrounded me, the fearful silence preserved by my criminal companions, the horrid darkness, the damp dews of the Cavern—all these circumstances united convinced me I was among a set of murderers, whose dark deeds perhaps I was on the point of witnessing. I however recalled my troubled spirits, and resolved notwithstanding the numbers against me, to exert the courage of justice, which is ever an even match for guilt.

(To be continued.)

LADIES LITERATURE, No. I.

FEMALE DEBATES.

From a Foreign Publication.

TO THE EDITORS,

GENTLEMEN,

The novelty and whimsicality of the following curious Debates upon several absurd and ridiculous questions, by a society of ladies, who met once a week for their own amusement, will, I flatter myself, afford some entertainment to your numerous readers, and make a few additions among your wonders. I assure you I have hazarded my character much by running the risque of getting them, having been necessitated to use the powerful means of bribery to procure a place of concealment, wherein by the means of pencil and paper, and the happy art

of short hand, I have made a *verbatim* copy of those very ingenious arguments ; previous to the publication of which I think it my duty to prefix

An Apology to the Female Society.

LADIES,

I AM sensible of the very great accusations which may be urged against me by your very praise-worthy and honourable society, and am, therefore, willing to say a few words, not by way of defence, but palliation. The charges which I expect to be laid against me are these—

First. That I have dared to practise clandestine means of concealing myself during the evenings of your debate.

Secondly. That I have availed myself of this opportunity, and by the happy knack of short hand, made an exact copy of those debates.

Thirdly. That I have presumed to offer them without the society's permission to the public.

To these three charges I plead—Guilty ; but flatter myself I shall be able to advance such powerful reasons as will at least moderate, if not entirely abate any sentence your court of equity may think proper to pass upon the poor culprit.

In justification of my being guilty of the first charge, in having concealed myself during the evenings of your debate, I am happy in being able to refer to one of those very debates, which has declared curiosity in men or women not only excusable, but commendable when it is *pro bono publico*. On account of this remark, I not only confess, but exult in the commission of this charge, for I will be bold to declare, that these debates will be productive of more good and entertainment than many publications of a greater size ; in therefore confessing my curiosity I accordingly acknowledge the second accusation, and think after having gone so far in procuring the means of overhearing, if I had not committed what I heard to paper, my crime would still have been the same, without being of any advantage to myself ; but can it be deemed a fault to seek instruction and convey it to others ? If, ladies, you are determined to bring this matter to trial, believe me, that in my turn I shall arraign you for the selfish intention of retaining to yourselves so much sound argument and entertainment. 'Tis true, the greatest charge against me is the last—For daring to publish these debates without permission. But as I knew it impracticable to obtain this permission, any application for the same would be of course not only needless, but perhaps have defeated my design. However, dishonourable as this act may be, I presume that I have displayed some *honor* in the publication ; for I have not dared to divulge *when* or *where* these debates were held, nor even the ladies names at full who supported them, for as the reader may easily perceive, they are either sic-

titious or merely the initials; therefore, ladies, notwithstanding the discovery of your plan, and the publication of your speeches, there is not the least revelation or even intimation of your characters or motives for the same. Though great as my offence is then, seeing it might have been *greater*, I hope it will be excused. Ought I to keep so much learning to myself, and not communicate it to the public?—It may be urged against me, that I should have waited till after your deaths. Ah ladies—my life is as precarious as your's, and there can be but little dependance placed upon our successors. I was unwilling to run any hazard of delaying this publication, for fear these debates, which certainly reflect great honor and credit on the fair speakers, should either be mislaid or abused; now they are rescued from oblivion, while the orators are still concealed. Further apology would undoubtedly be needless, I have said all that propriety can dictate to palliate my offences; were I to attempt an entire vindication, I am conscious it would be an aggravation of my faults, I shall therefore beg leave to submit the following pages to the candid reader, by whose decision I am willing to abide, whether or no my crime is pardonable or not. I am convinced that that curiosity, which, ladies, you acknowledge yourselves to be possessed of, will render you desirous of knowing by whose assistance I obtained admission behind the curtain—but pardon me here—though I confessed myself guilty of all the charges which (to my knowledge) can be urged against me, yet I have no right to criminate others. Suffice it to say, that my concealment was originally designed for the public utility; and when you, ladies, are pleased to declare yourselves, and will permit me to prefix your real titles to your several arguments, pro and con, I will then venture to announce my assistants, and subscribe myself at full, your obliged servant, though at present

ENCOG.

Rules of the Female Society.

1. THAT no question should be adjourned, but on the contrary (the time for debate being unlimited) the speakers should sit, be it ever so late, till it was decided.

2. that no additional members should be admitted.

3. That the ladies (the society consisting of thirteen) should each be president in rotation, and that the president of one night should be at liberty to deliver her question (to be decided) for the succeeding, and that such president should appoint five members, with herself to support that question, and six others to oppose it; it remaining with the president of the evening (being the thirteenth) to decide the question, by making the majority according to her partial opinion of the arguments which were urged for and against it.

4. That each member may be at liberty to introduce a couple of female auditors.

5. That no gentleman shall upon any account be admitted as an auditor.
6. That tea or wine shall be handed about at proper intervals.
7. That if one of the members be under the necessity of leaving the room, her presence shall be waited for.
8. That all forfeits in case of non-attendance, untimely interruptions, &c. &c. shall be appropriated for the purpose of furnishing a library.

Whimsical Debates on curious Questions, by a Society of Ladies, never before published.

QUESTION I. (*Miss L. in the Chair.*)

"Whether is fashion productive of greater Good or Evil?"

Mrs. G. whose question this was, rose and opened the debate as follows:

MRS. PRESIDENT,

Though fashion may be held in the greatest contempt by those reverend gentry, who being past the age of gaiety, are consequently enemies to all manner of dress and elegance, yet I confess myself a strong advocate in its favour; for fashion, insignificant as it may be deemed, is productive of the greatest utility; upon my honour I cannot see what evil arises from fashion, on the contrary we reap the greatest advantage from it. Fashion (in the first place) is a great encourager of trade. What would tailors do if there were not continually a change? What would milliners do if our caps and small *etceteras* continued in the same form? Fashion also promotes industry in ourselves; for "if a lady's circumstances cannot afford to encourage the tradesman, she must condescend to apply herself to the needle, and make the necessary alterations in her bonnet or cap, which fashion may command. Fashion also encourages merit, for were it not fashionable there would be no dedications, no favour granted to literature. Fashion also advances charity, for were it not for fashion few charity sermons would avail the poor. In short, fashion is one of the greatest blessings we have, and were it not for fashion, I will be bold to say, we should be all negligent, slovenly, disagreeable, and uncharitable.

Lady Mergravine. I have listened, with profound attention, to my worthy friend, and am surprised to hear such weak arguments escape so strong an understanding. I differ entirely from all that has been urged in favour of fashion, for in my humble opinion fashion is productive of the greatest evil. What encouragement does fashion give to trade? Clothes we must have in spite of fashion, and if it does encourage the tailor in some instances, how many others are thereby ruined. When several puppy-sons of mechanics aspiring to the stile and apeing the follies of the ton, too frequently plunge their fathers in debt for the gratification

of their fashionable desires. I have known some young gentlemen who, being awhile in London, have returned to the country such complete monkeys by the means of fashion, that they were totally unfit for employment. How can fashion be said to promote trade, when to my knowledge BUCKLES were a long time *out of fashion*, and ladies frequently appear uncovered? How does it promote industry?—for while miss is employing herself in *altering* a cap or bonnet, she should perhaps be *making* something more material, or *mending* her stockings. As to merit, that has been so long out of fashion, it must of course be unfashionable to encourage it. It is more the fashion by going to Italian operas (which few understand) to reward *foreign* performers in preference to our own *actors*. I never knew nor heard it before hinted that any charity was derived from fashion. My worthy friend mistakes what charity is, if our alms are for fashion sake; I say it is ostentation then which prompts us to give, and I am apprehensive that those *fashionable* donors will find Heaven hereafter a very *unfashionable* place. I must therefore insist that fashion is productive of every evil by corrupting our dress and manners, by making monkeys of men, and shuttlecocks of women.

Mrs. C. Notwithstanding the vehemence of the last speaker, I must agree with the lady that opened this debate. What is it which constitutes any distinction between master and men, mistress and maid—but fashion? If fashion did not ordain proper modes and uniformity, we should all be a motley crew, dressed according to our own fancy, without any regulation or order. As it must be obvious then to every common understanding, it requires very little argument to support the question. London has long been deemed a place of elegance, because of its fashions; and ladies in the country are very happy in having an opportunity of seeing London to acquire taste, which is the greatest addition to beauty.

Mrs. T. Notwithstanding the great partiality which English ladies may have for fashion, I must think their beauty requires an *addition* of something when it cannot give satisfaction by itself; but real beauty requires no fashions to adorn it—real beauty shews *more*, the *less* there is shewn upon it. How did the ancients? There were no fashions (as I can read of) in their times, and yet they have not been represented to us as a motley crew.

Mrs. F. The lady is mistaken. If we do not read of fashions among the ancients, we read of *customs*, which was the *old-fashioned* word, and of the same signification.

Lady D. I. O. Mrs. President, I have forbore speaking this some time, but as I found it was not the fashion for ladies to be silent, for FASHION SAKE I rise. I must confess that I think fashion, in many instances, extremely rude and uncivil; she makes us dress, talk, walk, and act, just as she likes—and who is she?—a lady of quality!—for it must be such to make fashions for us,

while a gentleman of distinction sets them up for the other sex. Is it not beneath us to say that we must dress according to *their* taste?—they constitute fashions for their *own* advantage, and *we* must follow them let them be ever so inconvenient to us. What in the name of wonder could induce any lady of quality to set up the odd, whimsical fashion of *Pads*? Where was the occasion of raising a strange projection *before*, and moving the fash out of its due place; of making us all bodies and no waist, except that *that* lady was in a *certain situation*, which required a disguise, and we of course must appear in *that* situation to keep her in countenance? I don't know what name fashion might have had with the ancients, but really she has so many new titles now, I must demer her no better than a swindler, and an impostor, for she is fashion, *alias* the TON, *alias* the TIPPY, *alias* the STILE, *alias* the THING, *alias* the SORT, *alias* the ETIQUETTE, *alias* the TASTE, &c. &c. I understand, however, that there is a distinction between these names in the city and St. James's; in the latter place you may find fashion in the characters of the *ton*, the *taste*, the *etiquette*, &c. in the city they are all the *tippy*, the *thing*, the *sort*, &c. and pretty *things* they are, Heaven knows!—with a *sort* of a cane, which being twelve inches long, one blow of an Irishman's shillalagh would drive *twelve yards* away. In Queen Elizabeth's days it was the fashion to eat a clumsy beef-steak for breakfast, but the fashionable gentry of the present day would turn up their noses at such diet. Where then is that consistency, that uniformity which was mentioned in fashion? It was Henry the Eighth, I suppose, who brought divorces into fashion, to answer *his* purpose; this I believe is the only fashion of any duration, and indeed it is become so fashionable now, that a man may have a plurality of wives, and a woman a plurality of husbands, without ever offending the laws. Fashion *could* be productive of good if the fashion-makers were well disposed—for instance—if integrity was the fashion, it would not be so much the fashion to break promises as it is; if benevolence were recommended, fashion would be of some service then, but where is there any good or honesty in it at present? The *fashionable* lover is void of all truth, constancy, and honor; the *fashionable* man, or the *man of the world*, may be of use to brothels and taverns, but very little to the community; the *fashionable* lady, or the *lady of bon ton* or *high life*, spends her mornings in bed, and her nights at the card-table; these are *fashionable levities*, as a learned counsellor calls them. These are the *follies of fashion*, as I myself have endeavoured to represent them in a dramatic attempt.

Miss Charlotte S. There are faults as well as good qualities among us all, and such, I take it, is the case with fashion; but though there are many fashionable vices, still the good which results from fashion, in my humble opinion, predominates. As to the multitude of names which belong to fashion, I cannot see why that should lessen it in our estimation. My worthy friend

might as well call the chaste Diana, and the bright god of the Sun, impostors and swindlers, as well as fashion, for the variety of their titles.

Lady Margravine. I don't know one good quality belonging to fashion, except that of reconciliation; for I know not how but it renders all its votaries content with its rules, let them be ever so opposite to its former ones. A buck of ninety could not bear broad backs, they were deemed a *Monmouth* cut; but he is now perfectly reconciled to them, and admires them vastly. The ladies idolized the high-crowned hats last year because they added so much to their height, but now they can't bear them, it absolutely made them grenadiers out of all proportion. The bucks some years ago praised the large buckles, because they contributed so much towards the beauty of the shoe; then (when fashion ordered the change) they soon discovered that they were dangerous to the ankles, and of course small ones were preferable; at last buckles became quite disagreeable, there were nothing like strings to keep the shoes tight: thus notwithstanding a multiplicity of changes, fashion has still the means of reconciling her votaries to them all. I remember a Scotch gentleman who made it a rule always to dress in opposition to the fashions; this, no doubt was soon taken notice of. You are an oddity, says a friend, why are you not in the fashion?—Because I have a son that is a fashionable gentleman, and I have often heard my wife swear there never should be more than one *monkey* in a house with her.

Mrs. F. I acknowledge the evils arising from fashion, but insist upon it there is one good it is productive of which makes more than ample amends. I allude to that honor which fashion has erected, and which undoubtedly binds even the great.

Lady D. I. O. And what is fashionable honor?—Does the lady allude to that honor which has rendered duelling a custom among gentlemen, or to that honor which makes the ladies pay their debts of extravagance in preference to the tradesman's bills. (*Here was great applause.*) If this be the fashion alluded to, and I know none other that originates from fashion, I must think it, and I will also declare it to be productive of more evil than good. In the course of these debates it has been mentioned that fashion makes a proper distinction between the master and man, the mistress and maid; this I deny, the lower class continually ape their superiors in what perhaps they cannot afford, and are thereby driven to want and distress. But suppose the master in the pink of the fashion, and his servant a plain man, is this a proper distinction?—No—for a rational being would at first sight take the servant for the gentleman, and the master for a French valet. That fashion is the "Road to Ruin," has been too evidently proved. Neither titles nor estate can support for any length of time the unmeaning extravagancies of fashionable theatricals, and

the consequence in general is, we live unregarded, and die unregretted. (*Applause repeated.*)

[The President's opinion being now desired,]

Miss L. rose—I am indeed so much delighted with the arguments on both sides, that I find it rather difficult to make the decision. The arguments for fashion have been very ingenious, but those against it certainly more powerful. I do not hesitate then to declare that it is now my firm opinion, that fashion is productive of more evil than good.

QUESTION II. (*Mrs. C. in the Chair.*)

“Is it a just insinuation, that Curiosity is to be found more among Ladies than Gentlemen?”

Miss L. I am anxious for the honour of our sex, that this question should have an early discussion.—Why women should be supposed to have more curiosity than men, I confess I am weary of conjecture—I am not experienced sufficiently, nor do I suppose any of us are, in the grounds of philosophy to give logical reasons for this supposition; I flatter myself there is no occasion for such superficial learning to examine impartially this question—I repeat impartially, for though our assembly consists of females only, still I hope no lady will be backward in delivering her real and candid opinion.—Let us first of all see if the gentlemen are not equally prone to curiosity as women. It is said, that it chiefly belongs to our sex in having originated with the first woman Eve. Now it has always struck me that Adam was in every degree as curious as his rib. It was Adam, not Eve, that received the divine prohibition; the disobedience of Adam was therefore greater than that of Eve, consequently *his* curiosity is more to be blamed than *her's*—for the honor of our sex I won't allow that Adam had a greater share of sense than Eve, though it would certainly assist my opinion, for I suppose the gentlemen pride themselves that being possessed of more sense, they have consequently less curiosity. If Adam had indeed more sense, the greater was his sin. Now it strikes me that Eve was induced to eat the apple by the dint of persuasion, and not through the force of curiosity; on the contrary, Adam being told of the superior sweetness of this fruit was curious to make the trial. I cannot therefore agree, that Eve's curiosity was greater than Adam's, or that curiosity originated with her. But what examples have we of the prevalence of curiosity in the female sex—do we read of any extraordinary instances?—I can recollect none;—for my part, I think that authors, though they very industriously attribute curiosity to us, give in general stronger proofs of the contrary—for I have remarked in all the plays I have seen and read, that for one lady who retires behind the screen or into the closet, for the purpose of listening, twenty gentlemen do the same. It is curiosity (for no other reason in the world can be given) that

induces Major Dennis O'Flaherty to go behind the screen when he overhears the lawyer. It is not curiosity which conceals lady Teazle, but undoubtedly it is curiosity which prompts her husband to go into the closet.—Some wives, I understand, are induced by curiosity to peep into their husband's letters; this is exemplified by the comedy of the *Jealous Wife*. There are husbands however, (as the *Suspicious Husband* shews) who are equally given to jealousy, and will make no scruple of opening their wives letters. It is said that our sex has declared a great deal of curiosity in respect to the Freemason's Society—I confess myself anxious to know them, and is it to be supposed that if the men had not the means of knowing, they would not be as curious too? I cannot therefore suppose the insinuation just that our sex is the more curious.

Mrs. F. Mrs. President—With shame for my sex, I must confess, that it is my opinion, curiosity belongs to us; let any person come into a mixed room with a declaration of having great news, and I will venture my life that a woman is the first who will inquire what it is. What is the reason that novels are the chief study of women? Only because we are curious to know how my lady This and my lord That settle their affairs—if the hero dies, if the father relents, if the husband returns, if the couple are married, and all that—were it not for the curiosity of women, novel writers would have little encouragement—is not female curiosity also awakened by riddles? I have known many young girls sit up whole nights, vex and tease themselves about the solutions of a few trifling problems—it is therefore palpable that the curiosity of a female is greater than that of a man.

Lady Margravine. I must confess that I think the arguments of the last speaker very weak and futile indeed. Literature is intended to awaken curiosity, and we find men equally curious in respect to this. What fills the coffee houses so full, but the curiosity of politicians? What constitutes so many antiquarians but curiosity? It is therefore my humble opinion that men are more curious than women.

Lady D. I. O. I deny it—Women are more curious than men. I myself have been so curious to hear the parliamentary debates, that I have been presumptuous enough to wear the breeches, and keep my seat in spite of the lookers-on. Though it has been said that there is no instance given in history of the curiosity of women, I beg leave to remind the company here of a most excellent text in scripture, "Remember Lot's wife." Her curiosity turned her into a pillar of salt; and I am very sure if female curiosity was always punished thus, salt would become so cheap that it might be had for the bare carriage. Momus, when he wanted to create mischief, began it by arousing the three goddesses—Curiosity with the golden pippin. I think the lady is mistaken who has declared that for one instance of a woman's curiosity in a play, there are twenty of that of a man's. For my

part I think, whenever there is a plot to be discovered (for example in *Venice Preserved*) a woman is always represented as the principal performer. There is a difference between the curiosity of a man and that of a woman; when the former is curious it is on account of some intimations, or for some design in view; but a woman is frequently curious (I am sorry to remark it) without any reason; there is a sort of itching in our nature, which puts us always on the fidgets, whenever there is the least appearance of something in embryo. I speak, Mrs. P. according to my own sensations. If I hear the imperfect sounds of a whisper, believe me, I can't sit easy on my chair till I know what it is about; if I see a strange act, I am all on fire till I know the intention; in short, if I were excluded from this society, I am sure I should endeavour by some means or other to secrete myself behind the curtain, or cock my ear at the key-hole. Why is curiosity described by the painters as a female?—Because it belongs chiefly to our sex—For that reason curiosity is of the feminine gender. It is also a remark that the male monkeys are more antic and full of tricks, but the female ones are more curious. Women think of marriage at an earlier age than men, and I have some reason to suspect the thought proceeds from a little curiosity. I shall conclude, Mrs. P. with a short anecdote of a married lady, who was always very desirous to know what toast it was her husband gave as soon as the ladies retired from the table. She had often listened but to no purpose, and indeed I don't wonder at this desire, for I assure you I feel just the same. Such was the curiosity of this lady, the toast which she knew (from the anxiety of the gentleman to drink always in a bumper and in private) to be the same, was continually given in different forms, such as *Here she goes*, or perhaps a better. Madam, however, took an opportunity when her husband was intoxicated to coax him into an explanation. The husband at last assured her that it was the *Church*, which really appeared the truth, as she had frequently heard him give the initial. One day, however, when there was great company, and there had been previously no altercation between her and her good man, the ladies having retired according to custom after dinner, she pleaded some excuse, and resolved to expose her husband, waited till the usual toast of *the Church* was given, upon which she opened the door, and addressed the gentlemen thus:—“I assure you, sirs, notwithstanding my husband drinks *it*, he never goes *there*.” A loud laugh ensued, which gratified the wife exceedingly.

Miss Charlotte S. I must differ in *toto* from the worthy lady I have the honor of succeeding, though I cannot forbear saying her remarks have been very sagacious and ingenious; but I think notwithstanding the men are more curious than the women. When the famous bottle-conjuror promised to perform, I am told that three parts of the audience, who waited for the completion of his promise, were men. So when the impostor advertized the horse, with his head and tail mis-placed—I have heard that numbers of

men were duped, but the account does not mention a woman. We have, however, ocular demonstrations now—look at every ballad-singer, and you may perceive the circle consists chiefly of men, who with bundles in their hands, or baskets on their backs, evidently shew us they are neglecting their business through curiosity. When the gentleman who had acquired for *great a Name*, near Long-Acre, first put it over his shop, the number of gazers chiefly consisted of men; and afterwards when he had reversed his grand name, the remark was still the same. As to curiosity being of the feminine gender, we might as well lay claim to wisdom, virtue, and fortune, whom painters have represented as females too. I dare say that if any gentleman knew of our assembly here, there would be some of them as eager to listen at the door, or go behind the curtain as a lady, and perhaps assume petticoats as she assumed breeches. I have heard of some young gentlemen, who have wantonly concealed themselves under a marriage-bed; and I was told of a lad, who overhearing an appointment between two women, for one to come when it was dark with a basket to take something (unknown) away, as it was the wish of Miss that her father should not know any thing about it.—Curious to know what it was, particularly as he heard the epithets of *sweet* and *fine*, and all that, absolutely personated the woman, and when he examined the basket found a child for his pains. It is therefore my opinion that the men are more curious than the women.

Mrs. C. And in my opinion the women are more curious.—Ask the fortune-tellers—Ask Mrs. Williams—I believe were it not for our custom, they would all be obliged to decline business; ask the editors of the Wonderful Magazine—were it not for us, their wonders would certainly cease.

Mrs. T. And in my opinion men and women are *equally* curious, nor is curiosity by any means a failing; it is our duty to be curious for our own sakes, and the good of the public. Where would be our desire for improvement, industry, and wisdom, were it not for curiosity. I confess (and nature has so wisely ordained it) the curiosity of men or women may differ in some respects, but still they are equally curious, and curiosity is commendable; there would else be no true friendship, no encouragement for merit, no inventions, nor no attention to domestic affairs. We would all be inanimate and dull without it. Our family affairs would be neglected were it not for curiosity; servants would impose upon us were it not for curiosity; however, I must condemn that curiosity which induces us to neglect our business; and without any fulsome compliments to either sex, I verily believe it may be found occasionally in both.

[The President's opinion being now demanded, Mrs. G. rose.]

I own I was for some time divided in my opinion, but the candid and impartial manner of the last speaker confirms me in a belief that curiosity is equal in both men and women.

[To be continued.]

LADIES LITERATURE, No. II.

JULIA TO CAROLINE.

IN vain, dear Caroline, you urge me to *think* I profess only to *feel*.

"Reflect upon my own feelings? analyse my notions of happiness! explain to you my system!"—My system! But I have no system: *that* is the very difference between us. My notions of happiness cannot be resolved into simple, fixed, principles. Nor dare I even attempt to analyse them; the subtle essence would escape in the process; just punishment to the alchemist in morality!

You, Caroline, are of a more sedate, contemplative character. Philosophy becomes the rigid mistress of your life, enchanting enthusiasm the companion of mine. Suppose she lead me now and then in pursuit of a meteor; am not I happy in the chase? When one illusion vanishes, another shall appear, and still leading me forward towards an horizon that retreats as I advance, the happy prospect of futurity shall vanish only with my existence.

"Reflect upon my feelings!"—Dear Caroline, is it not enough that I do feel?—all that I dread is that *apathy* which philosophers call tranquility. You tell me that by continually *indulging* I shall weaken my natural sensibility;—are not all the faculties of the soul improved, refined by exercise, and why shall *this* be excepted from the general law?

But I must not, you tell me, indulge my taste for romance and poetry, lest I waste that sympathy on *fiction* which *reality* so much better deserves. My dear friend, let us cherish the precious propensity to pity! no matter what the object; sympathy with fiction or reality, arises from the same disposition.

When the sigh of compassion rises in my bosom, when the spontaneous tear starts from my eye, what frigid moralist shall "stop the genial current of the soul;" shall say to the tide of passion, *so far shalt thou go and no farther?*—Shall man presume to circumscribe that which Providence has left unbounded?

But, Oh Caroline! if our feelings as well as our days are numbered; if by the immutable law of nature, apathy be the sleep of passion, and languor the necessary consequence of exertion; if indeed the pleasures of life are so ill-proportioned to its duration, oh may that duration be shortened to me!—Kind heaven, let not my soul die before my body!

Yes, if at this instant my guardian genius were to appear before me, and offering me the choice of my future destiny; on the one hand, the even temper, the poised judgment, the stoical serenity of philosophy; on the other, the eager genius, the exquisite sensibility of enthusiasm:—If the genius said to me "*choose*."—The lot of the one is great pleasure, and great pain—great virtues.

and great defects—ardent hope, and severe disappointment—extacy and despair. The lot of the other is calm happiness unmixed with violent grief, virtue without heroism—respect without admiration, and a length of life, in which to every moment is allotted its proper portion of felicity—Gracious genius, I should exclaim, if half my existence must be the sacrifice, take it ; *enthusiasm is my choice.*

Such, my dear friend, would be my choice were I a man ; as a woman, how much more readily should I determine !

What has woman to do with philosophy ? The graces flourish not under her empire ; a woman's part in life is to please, and Providence has assigned to *her success* all the pride and pleasure of her being.

Then leave us our weakness, leave us our follies ; they are our best arms.

“ Leave us to trifle with more grace and ease,
“ Whom folly pleases and whose follies please.”

The moment grave sense, and solid merit appear, adieu the bewitching caprice, the “ *lively nonsense*,” the exquisite, yet childish susceptibility which charms, interests, captivates.—Believe me, our *amiable defects* win more than our noblest virtues. Love requires sympathy, and sympathy is seldom connected with a sense of superiority. I envy none their “ *painful pre-eminence*.” Alas ! whether it be deformity or excellence which makes us say with Richard the Third,

“ I am myself alone.”——

it comes to much the same thing. Then let us, Caroline, content ourselves to gain in love what we lose in esteem.

Man is to be held only by the *slightest* chains ; with the idea that he can break them at pleasure, he submits to them in sport ; but his pride revolts against the power to which his *reason* tells him he ought to submit. What then can woman gain by reason ! Can she prove by argument that she is amiable ? or demonstrate that she is an angel ?

Vain was the industry of the artist, who, to produce the image of perfect beauty, selected from the fairest faces their most faultless features. Equally vain must be the efforts of the philosopher, who would excite the idea of mental perfection, by combining an assemblage of party-coloured virtues.

Such, I had almost said, is my *system*, but I mean my *sentiments*, I am not accurate enough to compose a *system*. After all, how vain are systems ! and theories and reasonings !

We may *declaim*, but what do we really know ? All is uncertainty—Human prudence does nothing—Fortune every thing ; I leave every thing therefore to fortune ; *you* leave nothing. Such is the difference between us,—and which shall be the happiest, time alone can decide.

Farewell, dear Caroline, I love you better than I thought I could love a philosopher.

Your ever affectionate

JULIA.

CAROLINE'S ANSWER TO JULIA.

AT the hazard of ceasing to be "*charming*," "*interesting*," "*captivating*," I must, dear Julia, venture to reason with you, to examine your favourite doctrine of "*amiable defects*," and if possible to dissipate that unjust dread of perfection which you seem to have continually before your eyes.

It is the sole object of a woman's life, you say, to *please*. Her *amiable defects please* more than her noblest virtues, her follies more than her wisdom, her caprice more than her temper, and *something*, a nameless something, which no art can imitate and no science can teach, more than all.

Art, you say, spoils the graces and corrupts the heart of woman; and at best can produce only a cold model of perfection; which, though perhaps strictly conformable to *rule*, can never touch the soul, or please the unprejudiced taste, like one simple stroke of genuine nature.

I have often observed, dear Julia, that an inaccurate use of words produces such a strange confusion in all reasoning, that in the heat of debate, the combatants, unable to distinguish their friends from their foes, fall promiscuously on both. A skilful disputant knows well how to take advantage of this confusion, and sometimes endeavours to create it. I don't know whether I am to suspect you of such a design; but I must guard against it.

You have with great address availed yourself of the *two* ideas connected with the word *art*; first as opposed to simplicity it implies artifice, and next as opposed to ignorance, it comprehends all the improvements of science, which, leading us to search for general causes, rewards us with a dominion over their dependant effects. That which instructs how to pursue the objects which we may have in view, with the greatest probability of success. All men who act from general principles are so far philosophers. Their objects may be, when attained, insufficient to their happiness, or they may not previously have known all the necessary means to obtain them. But they must not therefore complain, if they do not meet with success, which they have no reason to expect.

Parrhasius, in collecting the most admired excellencies from various models, to produce perfection, concluded from general principles that mankind would be pleased again with what had once excited their admiration.—So far he was a philosopher.—But he was disappointed of success.—Yes, for he was ignorant of the cause necessary to produce it. The separate features might

be perfect, but they were unsuited to each other, and in their forced union he could not give to the whole countenance, symmetry, and an appropriate expression.

There was, as you say, a *something* wanting, which his science had not taught him. He should then have set himself to examine what that *something* was, and how it was to be obtained. His want of success arose from the *insufficiency*, not the *fallacy* of theory. Your object, dear Julia, we will suppose is "to please." If general observation and experience have taught you that slight accomplishments, and a trivial character, succeed more certainly in obtaining this end, than higher worth, and sense, you act from principle in rejecting the one and aiming at the other. You have discovered, or think you have discovered, the secret causes which produce the desired effect, and you employ them. Do not call this *instinct* or *nature*; this also, though you scorn it, is *philosophy*.

But when you come soberly to reflect, you have a feeling in your mind that reason and cool judgment disapprove of the part you are acting.

Let us, however, distinguish between disapprobation of the *object* and the means.

Averse as enthusiasm is to the retrograde motion of analysis, let me, my dear friend, lead you one step backward.

Why do you wish to please? I except at present from the question, the desire to please, arising from a passion which requires a reciprocal return. Confined as *this* wish must be in a woman's heart to one object alone, when you say, Julia, *that the admiration of others* will be absolutely necessary to your happiness, I must suppose you mean to express only a *general* desire to please?

Then under this limitation—let me ask you again, why do you wish to please?

Do not let a word stop you. The word *vanity* conveys to us a disagreeable idea. There seems something *selfish* in the sentiment—That all the pleasure we feel in pleasing others, arises from the gratification it affords to our own *vanity*.

We refine and explain, and never can bring ourselves fairly to make a confession, which we are sensible must lower us in the opinion of others, and consequently mortify the very *vanity* we would conceal. So strangely then do we deceive ourselves as to deny the existence of a motive, which at the instant prompts the denial. But let us, dear Julia, exchange the word *vanity* for a less odious word, self-complacency; let us acknowledge that we wish to please, because the success raises our self-complacency. If you ask why raising our self-approbation gives us pleasure, I must answer, that I do not know. Yet I see and feel that it does; I observe that the voice of numbers is capable of raising the highest transport or the most fatal despair. The eye of man seems to possess a fascinating power over his fellow-creatures, to raise the blush of shame, or the glow of pride.

I look around me and I see riches, titles, dignities pursued with such eagerness by thousands, only as the signs of distinction. Nay, are not all these things sacrificed the moment they cease to be distinctions. The moment the prize of glory is to be won by other means, do not millions sacrifice their fortunes, their peace, their health, their lives, for *fame*. Then amongst the highest pleasures of human beings, I must place self-approbation. With this belief, let us endeavour to secure it in the greatest extent, and to the longest duration.

Then Julia, the wish to please becomes only a secondary motive subordinate to the desire I have to secure my own self-complacency. We will examine how far they are connected.

In reflecting upon my own mind, I observe that I am flattered by the opinion of others, in proportion to the opinion I have previously formed of their judgment; or, I perceive that the opinion of numbers merely as numbers has power to give me great pleasure or great pain. I would unite both these pleasures if I could, but in general I cannot—they are incompatible. The opinion of the vulgar crowd and the enlightened individual, the applause of the highest and the lowest of mankind, cannot be obtained by the same means.

Another question then arises, whom shall we wish to please?—We must choose, and be decided in the choice.

You say that you are proud; I am prouder.—You will be content with indiscriminate admiration—nothing will content me but what is *select*. As long as I have the use of my reason—as long as my heart can feel the delightful sense of a “well-earned praise,” I will fix my eye on the highest pitch of excellence, and steadily endeavour to attain it.

Conscious of her worth, and daring to assert it, I would have a woman, early in life, know that she is capable of filling the heart of a man of sense and merit—that she is worthy to be his companion and friend. With all the energy of her soul, with all the powers of her understanding, I would have a woman endeavour to please those whom she esteems and loves.

She runs a risk, you will say, of never meeting her equal.—Hearts and understandings of a superior order are seldom met with in the world; or when met with, it may not be her particular good fortune to win them.—True; but if ever she *wins*, she will *keep* them; and the prize appears to me well worth the pains and difficulty of attaining.

I, Julia, admire and feel enthusiasm; but I would have philosophy directed to the highest objects. I dread apathy, as much as you can, and I would endeavour to prevent it, not by sacrificing half my existence, but by enjoying the whole with moderation.

You ask why exercise does not increase sensibility, and why sympathy with imaginary distress will not also increase the disposition to sympathize with what is real?—Because pity should, I

think, always be associated with the active desire to relieve. If it be suffered to become a *passive sensation*, it is a *useless weakness*, not a virtue. The species of reading you speak of must be hurtful, even in this respect, to the mind, as it indulges all the luxury of woe in sympathy with fictitious distress, without requiring the exertion which reality demands: Besides, universal experience proves to us that habit, so far from increasing sensibility, absolutely destroys it, by familiarising it with objects of compassion.

Let me, my dear friend, appeal even to your own experience in the very instances you mention. Is there any pathetic writer in the world, who could move you as much at the "twentieth reading,*" as at the first. Speak naturally, and at the third or fourth reading, you would probably say, It is very pathetic, but I have read it before—I liked it better the first time; that is to say, it *did* touch me once—I know it *ought* to touch me now, but it *does not*:—beware of this!—Do not let life become as tedious as a twice-told tale.

Farewel, dear Julia; this is the answer of fact against eloquence, philosophy against enthusiasm. You appeal from my understanding to my heart—I appeal from the heart to the understanding of my judge; and ten years hence the decision perhaps will be in my favour.

Yours, sincerely,

CAROLINE.

MISCELLANEA,

A TREATISE ON MISCELLANIES.

Written by D^r ISRAELI.

I GIVE some observations on Miscellanies, which, like their subject, may perhaps require an apology for their unconnected state. The Miscellanists satirise the Pedants; and the Pedants abuse the Miscellanists; but little has been hitherto gained by this inglorious contest; since Pedants will always be read by Pedants, and the Miscellanists by the tasteful, the volatile, and the amiable.

Literary essays are classed under philological studies; but philology formerly consisted rather of the labours of arid grammarians, and conjectural critics, than of that more elegant philosophy which has been lately introduced into literature, and which by its graces and investigation, can augment the beauties of original genius, by beauties of its own. This delightful science has been termed in Germany the *ÆSTHETIC*, from a Greek term, signifying *feeling*. It is something more than the perfect theoretical knowledge of polite literature, and the fine arts, for while it embraces not only their common principles, and the particular precepts of every kind of literature, and of every art, it decides on the beautiful by *TASTE*, and not by *Logic*; by the acuteness of

* Hume said, that Parnell's poems were as fresh at the twentieth reading as at the first.

the senses it instantly *FEELS* what pleases or displeases. Longinus and Addison were æsthetic critics. Aristotle and Bossu depend on accuracy of judgment, and logical definitions, and *know*, though they may not *feel* what ought to please. Imagination, sensibility, and congeniality of mind are required in an æsthetic critic, who however has often been contemptuously appreciated by the critics of the adverse school. Warburton has called Addison an empty superficial writer; nor let it be forgotten how the *logical* critic has been little sensible to the character of genius: and that without sympathy, taste, and imagination, it is possible to form very elaborate criticisms. But one must *feel*, to *decide* in the school of Longinus and Addison.

It has been observed that philological pursuits inflate the mind with vanity, and have carried some men of learning to a curious and ridiculous extravagance. Perhaps this literary orgasm may arise from two causes. Philologists are apt to form too exalted an opinion of the nature of their studies, while they often make their peculiar taste, a standard by which they judge of the sentiments of others. It is not thus with the scientific and the moral writer; Science is modest and cautious, Morality is humble and exhortative, while Philology alone is arrogant and positive. *An experiment* in science is found with infinite labour, and may be overturned by a new discovery; and an *action* in morality may be so mingled with human passions, that we hesitate to pronounce it perfect, and analyse it with tranquility. But it is not difficult with some to persuade themselves that Virgil is an immaculate author, and that they are men of exquisite taste. The Pedants of the last age exercised a vanity and ferocity revived by those critics, who have been called Warburtonians. They employed similar language in their decisions to that of Du Moulin, a great lawyer of those days, who always prefixed to his consultations this defiance, "I who yield to no person, and whom no person can teach any thing."

By one of these was Montaigne, the venerable father of modern Miscellanies, called "a bold ignorant fellow." To thinking readers, this critical summary will appear mysterious; for Montaigne had imbibed the spirit of all modern writers of antiquity; and although he has made a capricious complaint of a defective memory, we cannot but wish the complaint had been more real; for we discover in his works nearly as much compilation, as reflection, and he is one of those authors who should quote rarely, but who deserves to be often quoted. Montaigne was censured by Scaliger, as Addison was censured by Warburton; because both, like Socrates, smiled at that mere erudition, which consists of knowing the thoughts of others, and having no thoughts of our own. To weigh syllables, and to arrange dates, to adjust texts, and to heap annotations, has generally proved the absence of the higher faculties. When a more adventurous spirit, of this heard, attempted some novel discovery, often men of taste beheld, with indignation, the perversions of

their understanding; and a Bentley in his Milton, or a Warburton on a Virgil, had either a singular imbecility concealed under the arrogance of the Scholar, or they did not believe what they told the Public; the one in his extraordinary invention of an interpolating editor, and the other in his more extraordinary explanation of the Eleusinian mysteries. But what was still worse, the froth of the head became venom, when it reached the heart.

Montaigne has also been censured for an apparent vanity, in making himself the idol of his lucubrations. If he had not done this, he had not performed the promise he makes at the commencement of his preface. An engaging tenderness prevails in these *naïve* expressions which shall not be injured by a version. "Je l'ay voué à la commodité particuliere de mes Parens et Amis; à ce que m'ayans perdu (ce qu'ils ont à faire bientôt) ils y puissent retrouver quelques traits de mes humeurs, et que par ce moyen ils nourrissent plus entiere et plus vive la connoissance qu'ils ont en de moi."

Those authors who appear sometimes to forget they are writers, and remember they are men, will be our favourites. He who writes from the heart, will write to the heart; every one is enabled to decide on his merits, and they will not be referred to learned heads, or a distant day. We are I think little interested if an author displays sublimity; but we should be much concerned to know whether he has sincerity.

Should not this author assume a fantastic air of novelty, I will still trust to every sentiment. I will assimilate his sensations with my own, and I will look into his works, as into my own heart. Why, says Boileau, are my verses read by all? it is only because they speak truths, and that I am convinced of the truths I write. Why have some of our fine writers interested more than others, who have not displayed inferior talents? because they have raised no artificial emotions, but poured forth the vigorous expressions of a heart, which seemed relieved from an oppression of sensibility, as it's ardent sentiments animated every period. Montaigne therefore preferred those of the ancients, who appear to write under a conviction of what they said; the eloquent Cicero declaims but coldly on liberty, while in the impetuous Brutus may be perceived a man, who is resolved to purchase it with his life. We know little of Plutarch; yet a spirit of honesty and persuasion in his works, expresses a philosophical character, capable of imitating as well as admiring the virtues he records. Why is Addison still the first of our essayists? he has sometimes been excelled in criticisms more philosophical, in topics more interesting, and in diction more coloured. But there is a personal charm in the character he has assumed, in his periodical Miscellanies, which is felt with such a gentle force, that we scarce advert to it. He has painted forth his little humours, his individual feelings, and eternalised himself to his readers. Johnson and Hawkesworth we receive with respect, and we dismiss with awe; we come from their

writings as from public lectures, and from Addison's as from private conversations.

Sterne perhaps derives a portion of his celebrity from the same influence; he interests us in his minutest motions, for he tells us all he feels.—Richardson was sensible of the power with which these minute strokes of description enter the heart, and which are so many fastenings to which the imagination clings. He says "If I give speeches and conversations I ought to give them justly; for the humours and characters of persons cannot be known, unless I repeat *what* they say, and their *manner* of saying." I confess I am infinitely pleased when Sir William Temple acquaints us with the size of his orange trees, and with the flavour of his peaches and grapes, confessed by Frenchmen to equal those of France; with his having had the honour to naturalize in this country four kinds of grapes, with his liberal distribution of them because "he ever thought all things of this kind the commoner they are the better." In a word with his passionate attachment to his garden, of his desire to escape from great employments, and having past five years without going to town, where, by the way, "he had a large house always ready to receive him." Dryden has interspersed many of these little particulars in his prosaic compositions, and I think that his character and dispositions, may be more correctly acquired by uniting these scattered notions, than by any biographical account which can now be given of this man of genius.

But we must now reject this pleasing egotism, that often relates to us all; this vanity, that has often so much simplicity; this self-flattery, that has often so much modesty. As refinement prevails, we seek to conceal ourselves from too familiar an inspection; simplicity of manners passes away with simplicity of style. When we write with sparkling antithesis, and solemn cadences, with elaborate elegancies and studied graces, an author is little desirous of painting himself in domestic negligence. Our writings resemble our fashions, various in their manner, but never simple, and our authors, like their fellow-citizens, are vying with each other in pomp and dignity. Hence, the personal acquaintance of a modern author, is always to his disadvantage; he has published himself a superior being; we approach and discover the imposture. The readers of Montaigne, had they met with him, would have felt differently; they would have found a friend complaining like themselves of his infirmities, and smiling with them, at the folly of his complaints.

From this agreeable mode of composition, a species of Miscellanies may be discriminated, which, above all others, becomes precious in the collections of a reader of taste. To the composition of these little works, which are often discovered in a fugitive state, their authors are prompted by the fine impulses of genius, derived from the peculiarity of their situation, or the enthusiasm of their prevailing passion. Dictated by the heart, or polished

with the fondness of delight, these productions are impressed by the seductive eloquence of genius, or attach us by the sensibility of taste. The object thus selected, is no task, imposed on the mind of the writer, for the mere ambition of literature; but is generally a voluntary effusion, warm with all the sensations of a pathetic writer. In a word, they are the compositions of genius, on a subject in which it is most deeply interested; which it revolves on all its sides, which it paints in all its tints, and which it finishes with the same ardour it began. Among such works may be placed the exiled Bolingbroke's "Reflections upon Exile." The retired Petrarch and Zimmerman's Essays on "Solitude." The imprisoned Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy." The oppressed Pierius Valerianus's Catalogue of "Literary Calamities." The deformed Hay's Essay on "Deformity." The projecting De Foe's "Essays on Projects." The liberal Shenstone's Poem on "Economy."

We may respect the profound genius of voluminous writers; they are a kind of painters who occupy great room, and fill up, as a satirist expresses it, "an acre of canvass." But we must prefer those delicate pieces which the Graces lay on the altar of taste. A groupe of Cupids; a Venus emerging from the waves; a Psyche or an Aglaia, embellish the cabinet of the man of taste, who connects these little pieces by wreaths of roses. Pliny mentions an artist who took great delight in painting small pictures, but was ridiculed at Rome for the confined space he employed; it is not however clear whether the defect arose from the futility of his pencil, or the affected gravity of the Romans. A Miscellanist should imitate two painters; the modern Albano, celebrated for painting the smallest and the most beautiful figures; and the ancient Parrhasius, who was ever in such good humour with himself as to sing at his labours, which happy circumstance, it is supposed, imparted so much gaiety to his compositions.

These little productions are not designed to be finished pieces; and in some respects resemble the modest idea that the ancient painters had of their own works. They marked them by imperfect inscriptions, and half designations; as thus—Appelles was *doing* this picture; Polycletus was *sculpturing* this image, as if they were but begun, and never could be finished by their hands. They rarely said *FACIT*, but only *FACIEBAT*.

But however exquisitely these little pieces may be formed, there is a race of students who fail not to contemn elegance as frivolity, and instructive knowledge as superficial erudition. The ponderous scholars have facetiously expressed their contempt by calling the agreeable writers "empty bottles." Usbek, the Persian of Montesquieu, is one of the profoundest philosophers; his letters are however but concise pages. Rochefoucault and La Bruyere are not superficial observers of human nature, although they have only written sentences. Of Tacitus it has been finely remarked by Montesquieu, that "he abridged every thing because he saw

every thing," and I have ever admired the character of Timanthes, the painter, of whom it is recorded, that he expressed more than he painted by an instructive and comprehensive reservedness.

It should, indeed, be the characteristic of good *Miscellanies*, to be multifarious and concise. Montaigne approves of Plutarch and Seneca, because their loose papers were suited to his dispositions, and where knowledge is acquired without a tedious study. It is, says he, no great attempt to take one in hand, and I give over at pleasure, for they have no sequel or connection. La Fontaine agreeably applauds short compositions :

Les longs ouvrages me font peur ;
Loin d'épuiser une matière
On n'en doit prendre que la fleur ;

and old Francis Osborne has a coarse and ludicrous image in favour of such opuscula ; he says, " Huge volumes, like the ox roasted whole at Bartholomew fair, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savory, and well concocted, than *smaller pieces*." To quote so light a genius as the enchanting La Fontaine, and so solid a mind as the sensible Osborne, is taking in all the climates of the human mind ; it is touching at the equator, and pushing on to the pole.

There are writers, as well as readers, who only consult books for their amusement ; and they alike are sensible, that four things are written and read with greater pleasure than one, though that one should be shorter than the four. If literature is only with some a mere amusement, I think it will not diminish it's importance in the affairs of human life ; and Dryden confesses, though he is pleased to add to his shame, that he never read any thing but for his pleasure.

Montaigne's works have been called by a Cardinal "the Breviary of Idlers." It is therefore the book of man ; for all men are idlers ; we have hours which we pass with lamentation, and which we know are always returning. At those moments miscellanists are conformable to all our humours. We dart along their airy and concise page, and their lively anecdote, or their profound observation are so many interstitial pleasures in our idle hours.

We find, in these literary miniatures, qualities incompatible with more voluminous performances. Sometimes a bolder, and sometimes a firmer touch ; for they are allowed but a few strokes ; and should not always trace an elegant phrase, but grave a forcible sentiment. They are permitted every kind of ornament, for how can the diminutive please, unless it charms by its finished decorations, its elaborate niceties, and its exquisite polish ? A concise work preserves a common subject from insipidity, and an uncommon one from error. An essayist expresses himself with a more real enthusiasm, than the writer of a volume ; for I have observed that the most fervid genius is apt to cool in a quarto.

Race-horses appear only to display their agile rapidity in the course, while on the road they soon become spiritless and tame.

The ancients were great admirers of Miscellanies; and this with some profound students, who affect to contemn these light and beautiful compositions, might be a solid argument to evince their bad taste. Aulus Gellius has preserved a copious list of titles of such works. These titles are so numerous, and include such gay and pleasing descriptions, that we may infer by their number that they were greatly admired by the public, and by their titles that they prove the great delight their authors experienced in their composition. Among the titles are a basket of flowers; an embroidered mantle; and a variegated meadow. Such a miscellanist as was the admirable Erasmus, deserves the happy description which Plutarch with an elegant enthusiasm bestows on Menander; he calls him the delight of philosophers fatigued with study; that they have recourse to his works as to a meadow enamelled with flowers, where the sense is delighted by a purer air; and very elegantly adds, that Menander has a salt peculiar to himself, drawn from the same waters that gave birth to Venus.

The Troubadours, Conteurs, and Jongleurs, practised what is yet called in the southern parts of France, *Le guay Saber*, or the gay science. I consider these as the Miscellanists of their day; they had their grave moralities, their tragical histories, and their sportive tales; their verse and their prose. The village was in motion at their approach; the castle was opened to the ambulatory poets, and the feudal hypochondriac listened to their solemn instruction and their airy fancy. I would call miscellaneous composition *LE GUAY SABER*, and I would have every miscellaneous writer as solemn and as gay, as various and as pleasing, as these lively artists of versatility.

Nature herself is most delightful in her miscellaneous scenes. When I hold a volume of Miscellanies, and run over with avidity the titles of its contents, my mind is enchanted, as if it were placed among the landscapes of Valais, which Rousseau has described with such picturesque beauty. I fancy myself seated in a cottage amid those mountains, those valleys, those rocks, encircled by the enchantments of optical illusion. I look, and behold at once the united seasons. "All climates in one place, all seasons in one instant." I gaze at once on a hundred rainbows, and trace the romantic figures of the shifting clouds. I seem to be in a temple dedicated to the service of the Goddess VARIETY.

DUELS.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

THE frequent Duels which have lately occurred in this Country, render the subject of this mode of combat interesting. Not doubting that your readers will be amused by the following historical anecdotes relative thereto, I have taken the liberty to inclose them to you for publication. The "Curiosities of Literature" afford them. Yours, &c. KALAT.

DUELS were so common, no later than in the beginning of the reign of Louis XIII. (about 1610) that Houssaie, in his *Memoires Historiques*, Vol. II. p. 259, informs us, that the first news enquired after every morning, when the people met in the streets or public places, were, ordinarily, Who has fought yesterday? and in the afternoon, Do you know who has fought this morning?

At this time there was one Bouteville, whom it was not necessary to provoke, to fight; for no man enjoyed with keener pleasure the clashing of swords. If he heard any one say by chance, and in the most friendly conversation, that such an one was courageous, he immediately addressed himself to that person, in these words: "Sir, I am told you are a brave fellow; we must fight together." There remained no alternative but to conclude with a duel, or continually to suffer his mad insults.

Every morning the duellists met at Bouteville's house in a great hall, where were always found bread and wine on a table ready prepared, with foils to fence. This hall was the school of duellists, or rather the place where the councils of war of these men were held. De Valencay, an officer of eminence, who was at the head of this society, had such an itch for fighting, that one day, he wanted to call out Bouteville, his most intimate friend, because this duellist had not chosen him for a second in a duel which he had had within a few days. Nor would this quarrel have been compromised; but for another that Bouteville, in the gaiety of his heart, had at that moment with the Marquis de Portes; at which meeting De Valencay amused himself with the Marquis's second, one Cavois, and wounded him dangerously.

Respecting this duel an anecdote is recorded, which will serve to characterise the duellists. When the Marquis de Portes introduced Cavois to De Valencay, he observed, that he brought one of the best scholars of Du Perche, (then the most skilful fencing-master in Paris) and therefore he said to De Valencay, you will meet a Rowland for your Oliver. When De Valencay pierced Cavois, he cried out, "My dear friend, this stroke does not come from Du Perche; but you will acknowledge it to be as good." Cavois fortunately recovered, and they were on the best terms im-

aginable, of which De Valencay gave a distinguished proof. When Cardinal Richelieu desired him to select a brave man to command a company of life-guard men, which he was then raising, he warmly recommended Cavois; and answered on his honour that his eminence could not find a braver. Cavois thus recommended was accepted without hesitation; and it was through this singular duel that the fortunes of this poor gentleman began to flourish.

Bouteville became the pest of Paris; and at length was punished with death. Such was the attractive generosity of his character, that he did not go to the place of execution unaccompanied by the lamentations of many persons. An ingenious appeal to his Majesty was drawn up, and which is remarkable for being a curious defence of duelling. Richelieu was desirous of saving his life, but his death was necessary.

The learned Selden has written a treatise on the *DUELLO*, or single Combat; it abounds with curious antiquarian information. He only considers this species of Combat in a legal view; and has collected, with great learning and industry, the ceremonies, institutions, and occasions in which it has been lawfully allowed. On judicial duels, it is not now necessary to dwell. The refinement of modern times has abolished such barbarous public decisions; and we should also abolish the resenting private injuries by an instant appeal to the sword or pistol, were we not deluded by a false spirit of honour; an idol to which we offer up human sacrifices every day.

I have now lying before me a collection of the Edicts, Declarations, Records, and other pieces concerning duels and rencounters, which were made at various periods by the Court of France, with a view of suppressing duels. From these materials a sketch of the history of modern duelling may be formed.

The first decree against duels is dated the 12th June, 1599. It declares, that by reason of the murders and homicides, continually committed in duels, to obviate their frequency, (and which duels are generally practised by persons who consider themselves injured and incapable, but by this mode of reparation, to fill those public occupations for which they are otherwise qualified) it is therefore decreed that those who revenge themselves of insults, by any other mode than the ordinary course of law, shall be deemed guilty of high treason, and their estates confiscated to the king.

The next edict is made by Henry IV. and is dated April 1602. This great monarch tells us, that so prevalent was the custom of fighting duels, and such was the daily effusion of blood of many brave men, that he should not consider himself as worthy of holding the sceptre if he deferred repressing this enormous crime by the severest laws. He, therefore, in the pathetic expressions of this edict, not being able of suffering any longer the just complaints of many fathers and others, who fear that the temerity of youth may precipitate their children to those dreadful

combats, fought by some through an ambition that is destructive of their friends and feelings, and accepted by others, who consider they cannot avoid the combat unless they would appear inferior in courage to their enemy; he declares, in conformity to the former decree of parliament, all who have fought duels, whether they be dead or alive, guilty of treason, and enforces the seizure of their estates, and employing every other means of preventing the effusion of blood.

However great the severity of these edicts may appear, they availed little against this false honour with which the French were so dreadfully infected. In the next edict, published only seven years afterwards, June 1609, we observe Henry lamenting, that notwithstanding the rigour of the laws, it seemed rather to provoke than banish this inhuman custom. He, therefore, besides the penalties before imposed, ordains punishments for all persons who are concerned, in any way whatever, of duelling; not only for principals, and seconds, and bearers of challenges, but also for spectators, who shall come to the field and not prevent the shedding blood. However, that he might in some manner not exasperate the prevailing disposition of the nation, he permits those who imagine themselves injured beyond the redress of law to make their application to himself, or to the marshals, governors, &c. and, according to the nature of the affront, he promises to allow them the duel, if no other satisfaction be deemed sufficient.

This severe edict was of great benefit during the latter part of the reign of Henry the Great. But in the commencement of the reign of Louis XIII. to elude its force, a novel mode of duel was invented; the parties gave no challenge, but met as if it had been by accident. On this Louis XIII. published a declaration, dated 3d July, 1611. He there confirms the preceding decrees in all their force, and extends them to all rencounters, whenever they could be proved not to have been occasioned by accident. On the 18th January, 1613, he was compelled to publish another, in which he declares, with a view that all hopes of pardon might be destroyed, that whoever shall dare to make application to his mother, the queen regent, to intercede for pardon of such offences shall incur his indignation, and also that whoever shall conceal the criminals shall be reputed an accessory to their crimes. In the next year we meet with an edict published by the parliament, at the motion of the king's attorney general, in consequence of the frequent duels which occurred in the streets of Paris.

We will pass over several edicts, in which always some new punishment was added to the former ones. In April, 1624, we find a remarkable one concerning our duellist, Bouteville. He and three others are there condemned for having fought a duel on Easter-day. They are sentenced to be degraded from all privileges and titles of honour, are declared infamous, to be hung on

a gibbet in Paris, and, if not apprehended, to be hung in effigy; their houses to be rased to the ground, never to be rebuilt; the trees growing about them to be cut off by the middle, that they may remain as a perpetual monument of their crimes; a pillar of free stone, with an inscription on a copper plate, to be erected there, containing an account of this demolition, and the estates and property of the culprits to be confiscated.

It merits observation, and clearly proves how universal must have been the practice of duelling (and in fact persons of the first distinction had rendered themselves obnoxious to the laws by it) that when the sister of the king of France was married to Charles I. that monarch being desirous of granting to his subjects some public act of grace as a mark of his joy on the occasion, none could be thought of more acceptable to them than a general pardon for duels.

In 1627, Bouteville and his accomplices were apprehended, and suffered condign punishment. In May, 1634, the rage of duelling was still alive; for by a declaration then published the parliament revives all former edicts, and solemnly swears to grant no pardons; and, in 1635, it declared the will of a person of distinction who had fought a duel to be null.

When Louis XIV. came to the crown, an elaborate edict was published, dated June, 1643. This monarch was more successful in his attempts to abolish this pernicious practice than his successors; and it is not to be accounted amongst the least of his great enterprizes. He effected this by having formed into a body a variety of useful regulations, which have been called the laws of honour. They originated from the following circumstance, worthy of being imitated by ourselves.

Several gentlemen of distinction in France, lamenting the deplorable progress of duelling, subscribed to a public declaration, in which they solemnly protested to refuse all kinds of challenges, and never to fight duels. This declaration they presented to the marshals of France, prelates and doctors of the Sorbonne, all of whom alledged their reasons for the abolition of this fatal and prevailing vice. The marshals were then enjoined, by an express order from his majesty, to meet together, and form a short code of laws concerning satisfactions and reparations of honour. This they have performed in nineteen regulations, afterwards confirmed and enlarged, signed by the great marshals of France, and dated August, 1653.

It must not be considered that this article relates merely to a curious incident in the history of other times. Duelling appears to be making no slow progress at the present moment; and if some great and good minds, who are always independent of the prejudices of their age, would now imitate the example of those persons whose declaration we have noticed, the public tranquillity would be less frequently disturbed, and our domestic felicities would preserve a stability, which, while this fatal practice is prevalent, they never can know.

MESS. EDITORS.

There is amusement in the following

GLANCE INTO THE FRENCH ACADEMY,

be pleased to give it a place among your miscellanies. It was written previous to the Revolution. Yours, &c. RICARDO.

IN the Republic of Letters the establishment of an Academy has always been a favourite project. It is perhaps one of the Utopian schemes of literature. Various Academies have been established, and the public have been astonished to see the united efforts of so many men of letters produce such inconsiderable fruit. Amongst these establishments the French Academy makes a splendid appearance. When this society however published their dictionary, that of Furetiere's became a formidable rival, and Johnson did as much as the forty themselves. Where it possible to observe the *junto* at their meetings, one might be enabled to form some opinion of the manner in which they employed their time. This I am fortunately enabled to do. The Queen of Sweden, when at Paris, took a sudden fancy to visit the Academy. Patru in one of his letters minutely describes what passed at that visit. I shall collect the circumstances from his lifeless detail; which will prove that they met to little purpose. From such an assembly nothing eminent could be reasonably expected.

The Queen of Sweden having resolved to visit the French Academy, she gave them so short a notice of her design, that it was impossible to inform the majority of the members of her intention. About four o'clock fifteen or sixteen Academicians were assembled. Mr. Gombaut one of the members, who did not know of the intended royal visit, and who was enraged against the Queen, because she did not relish his verses, thought proper to shew his resentment by quitting the assembly.

She was received in a spacious hall. In the middle was a table, covered with rich blue velvet, ornamented with a broad border of gold and silver. At its head was placed an arm-chair of black velvet embroidered with gold, and round the table chairs were placed with tapestry backs. The chancellor had forgotten to hang in the hall the portrait of the Queen, which she had presented to the academy, and which was considered by some as a great omission. About five, a footman belonging to the Queen, enquired if the company were assembled. Soon after, a servant of the King informed the chancellor that the Queen was at the end of the street; and immediately her carriage was seen to draw up in the court-yard. The chancellor, followed by the rest of

the members, went to receive her as she stepped out of her chariot ; but the crowd was so great, that few of them could reach her majesty : accompanied by the chancellor, she passed through the first hall, followed by one of her ladies, the captain of her guards, and one or two more of her suite.

When she entered the Academy she approached the fire, and spoke in a low voice to the chancellor : she then asked why Mr. Menage was not there ? and when she was told that he did not belong to the Academy, she asked why he did not ? She was answered, that however he might merit the honour, he had rendered himself unworthy of it by several disputes he had had with its members. She then enquired of the chancellor, (as was known afterwards) whether the Academicians were to sit, or stand before her ? On this, the chancellor consulted with a member, who observed, that in the time of Ronsard, there was held an assembly of men of letters before Charles IX. several times, and that they were always seated. The Queen conversed with M. Bourdelot ; and, suddenly turning to Madame De Bregis, told her that she believed she must not be present at the assembly. But it was agreed that this lady deserved the honour. As the Queen was talking with a member, she suddenly quitted him, as was her custom, and in her quick way sat down in the arm-chair ; and at the same time the members seated themselves. The Queen observing that they did not, out of respect to her, approach the table, desired them to come near ; and they accordingly approached it.

During these ceremonious preparations, several officers of state had entered the hall, and stood behind the Academicians. The chancellor sat at the Queen's left hand, by the fire-side ; and at the right was placed M. De la Chambre, the director, then Boifrobert, Patru, Pellisson, Cotin, the Abbe Tallemant, and others. M. De Mezeray sat at the bottom of the table facing the Queen, with an inkstand, paper, and the portfolio of the company laying before him ; he occupied the place of secretary. When they were all seated, the director rose, and the Academicians followed him, all but the chancellor, who remained in his seat. The director made his complimentary address in a low voice, his body was quite bent, and no person but the Queen and the chancellor could hear him. She received his address with great satisfaction.

These compliments concluded, they regained their seats. The director then told the Queen, that he had composed a treatise on pain, to add to his character of the passions, and, if it was agreeable to her majesty, he would read the first chapter. Very willingly, she answered. Having read it, he said to her Majesty, that he would read no more lest he should fatigue her. Not at all, she replied, for I suppose what follows resembles what I have heard.

Afterwards Mr. Mezeray mentioned, that Mr. Cotin had some verses, which her majesty would doubtless find beautiful, and if it was agreeable they should be read. Mr. Cotin read them ;

they were versions of two passages from Lucetius; the one in which he attacks a Providence, and the other, where he gives the origin of the world according to the Epicurian system; to these he added twenty lines of his own, in which he maintained the existence of a Providence. This done, an Abbé (whose name does not appear) rose, and without being desired, or ordered, read two sonnets, which by courtesy were allowed to be tolerable. It is remarkable, that both these *poets* read their verses standing, while the rest read their compositions seated.

After these readings, the director informed the Queen, that the ordinary exercise of the company, was to work on the dictionary, and that if her majesty should not find it disagreeable, they would read a *cabier* or paper book. Very willingly, she answered. Mr. De Mezeray then read what related to the word *Jeu*; *Game*. Amongst other proverbial expressions was this; *Game of princes which only please the players*; to express a malicious violence committed by one in power. At this the Queen laughed heartily; and they continued reading all that was fairly written. This lasted about an hour, when the Queen observed that nothing more remained, arose, made a bow to the company, and returned in the manner she had come.

Furetiere, who was himself an Academician, has described the miserable manner in which time was consumed at their assemblies. I confess he was a satirist, and had quarreled with the Academy; there must have been, notwithstanding, sufficient resemblance for the following picture, however it may be overcharged. He has been blamed for thus exposing the Eleusinian mysteries of literature to the uninitiated.

“He who bawls the loudest, is he whom they suppose has most reason. They all have the art of making long orations upon a trifle. The second repeats, like an echo, what the first has said; but generally three or four speak together. When there is a bench of five or six members, one reads, another decides, two converse, one sleeps, and another amuses himself with reading some dictionary which happens to lie before him. When a second member is to deliver his opinion, they are obliged to read again the article, which at the first perusal he had been too much engaged to hear. This is a happy manner of finishing their work. They can hardly get over two lines without long digressions; without some one telling a pleasant story, or the news of the day; or talking of affairs of state and reforming the government.”

If the assemblies of Academicians are thus triflingly passed, we need not regret that no Academy for polite literature is established in our country.

MESS. EDITORS,

IN this country the good sense and pertinent remarks of Shenstone are little known. His talents were certainly great, and his knowledge of mankind extensive. With your leave I will introduce him to your readers, and endeavour to transmit to them that information, which I have derived from a perusal of his prosaic writings. He seems to have been a contemplative man, and to have penned on almost every occasion his most important thoughts. His observations therefore may well be ranked among the *anas* of the day. Your giving them insertion will oblige

your humble servant,
TIMON.

SHENSTONIANA.

I actually dreamt that somebody told me I must not print my pieces separate: that certain stars, would, if single, be hardly conspicuous, which, united in a narrow compass, form a very splendid constellation.

I think I have observed universally that the quarrels of friends in the latter part of life, are never truly reconciled. "*Male facta gratia necquicquam coit, & rescinditur.*" A wound in the friendship of young persons, as in the bark of young trees, may be so grown over, as to leave no scar. The case is very different in regard to old persons and old timber. The reason of this may be accountable from the decline of the social passions, and the prevalence of spleen, suspicion, and rancour, toward the latter part of life.

Tully ever seemed to me an instance, how far a man devoid of courage, may be a spirited writer.

It is obvious to discover that imperfections of one kind have a visible tendency to produce perfections of another. Mr. Pope's bodily disadvantages must incline him to a more laborious cultivation of his talent, without which he foresaw that he must have languished in obscurity. The advantages of person are a good deal essential to popularity in the grave world as well as in the gay. Mr. Pope, by an unwearied application to poetry, became not only the favourite of the learned, but also of the ladies.

Poetry and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases.

A Poet, till he arrives at thirty, can see no other good than a poetical reputation. About that era, he begins to discover some other.

A Poet, that fails in writing, becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white wine makes at length excellent vinegar.

The most obsequious muses, like the fondest and most willing courtizans, seldom leave us any reason, to boast much of their avors.

Critics must excuse me, if I compare them to certain animals called asses : who, by knowing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.

A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.

The same qualities, joined with virtue, often furnish out a great man, which, united with a different principle, furnish out an highwayman ; I mean courage and strong passions. And they may both join in the same expression, tho' with a meaning somewhat varied.

"Tentand a via est, qua me quoque possum

"Tollere humo."

i. e. "Be promoted or be hanged."

An editor, or translator, collects the merits of different writers : and, forming all into a wreath, bestows it on his author's tomb. The thunder of Demosthenes, the weight of Tully, the judgment of Tacitus, the elegance of Livy, the sublimity of Homer, the majesty of Virgil, the wit of Ovid, the propriety of Horace, the accuracy of Terence, the brevity of Phædrus, and the poignancy of Juvenal, (with every name of note he can possibly recal to his mind) are given to some ancient scribbler, in whom affectation and the love of novelty disposes him to find out beauties.

I think, I never knew an instance of great quickness of parts being joined with great solidity. The most rapid rivers are seldom or never deep.

I believe, that, generally speaking, persons eminent in one branch of taste, have the principles of the rest ; and to try this, I have often solicited a stranger to hum a tune, and have seldom failed of success. This however does not extend to talents beyond the sphere of taste ; and Handel was evidently wrong, when he fancied himself born to command a troop of horse.

I have thought that genius and judgment may, in some respects, be represented by a liquid and a solid. The former is, generally speaking, remarkable for its sensibility, but then loses its impression soon : the latter is less susceptible of impression but retains it longer.

Dividing the world into an hundred parts, I am apt to believe the calculation might be thus adjusted :

Pedants	-	-	-	-	15
Persons of common sense	-	-	-	-	40
Wits	-	-	-	-	15
Fools	-	-	-	-	15
Persons of wild uncultivated taste	-	-	-	-	10
Persons of original taste, improved by art	-	-	-	-	5

Every single observation that is published by a man of of genius, be it ever so trivial, should be esteemed of importance, because he speaks from his own impressions; whereas common men publish common things, which they perhaps gleaned from frivolous writers.
(to be continued.)

ON "THE ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC," AND "THE AGE OF REASON."

RICHARDSON makes a pleasing comparison of national virtues, which, says he, are first like the seed, which produces the blade, then the green ear, and lastly the ripe corn. A progressive state is observable in the moral, like that in the natural world, and may also be traced in the character of an individual, as well as in that of a people.

But it is not with the human head, as with the human heart. The perfection of any virtue is obtainable, but perhaps never that, of knowledge; the actions of a hero are perfect, but the works of a scholar may in time be found erroneous; Alexander is still our hero, but Aristotle has ceased to be our preceptor. Virtue is similar and permanent, for an action of benevolence, or heroism, can never change its nature; but a system of philosophy, or a school of taste, must be annihilated by new philosophies and new tastes.

Some speculative moderns have formed extravagant notions of that almost unimaginable perfection, to which human knowledge is rapidly conducting us. Hartley, in one of his sublime and incomprehensible reveries, leaves it to the knowledge of the next age to trace and comprehend. Some living philosophers, who are only adding the English density of thinking to the French subtilty of fancy, conjecture that we may so improve our organisation, as to extend our duration; that the mind may attain an infinite perfectibility; and that the intellectual faculties are transmissible from the parent to the son, as sometimes are the features and the habits. Philosophical conjecture rolling with this oscillatory motion, is merely an inebriation of poetry.

We are, however, incessantly reminded of the *enlightened* state of the public; but the testimony of authors becomes suspicious, for in persuading us that we are thus illuminated, they infer by implication that they are singularly so, since they give us very useful instruction. The expression was, I think, first the happy coinage of Voltaire, made current by his numerous disciples; Voltaire adored the public and himself; and this artful expression is at once imprinted with adulation and egotism.

It is certain that in former periods the human mind shot from a radical vigour, and flourished in the richest luxuriance. Among the ancients, the fine and mechanical arts have been considered to have exceeded our happiest efforts; and as for the intellectual powers and the moral duties, though most of the com-

positions of these ancients have been lost, yet enough have remained to serve as models for our greatest poets; to instruct our orators in the arts of eloquence; our historians in the composition of history, and to leave nothing for our moralists, but an amplification of the observations of Seneca and Epictetus.

Had one of our modern philosophers lived in those ages, would he not, in the enthusiasm of his meditations, have expressed the flattering sentiment now so prevalent; and throwing his glance into remote futurity, have prognosticated a saturnian age, when every citizen should be a philosopher, and the universe one entire Rome? But it is the error of men, who, presuming to describe at so vast an interval, imagine circumstances and connexions which have no existence; as it is often found that lands, which appeared united when observed remotely, are in reality eternally separated by the ocean.

Among the most sanguine, and the most singular of modern philosophers, is the worthy Abbé de Saint Pierre. The honesty of his heart exceeded the rectitude of his understanding. His project of "An Universal Peace," by the infelicity of his style, could find no readers; a philanthropist as singular, but more eloquent, the celebrated Rousseau, embellished the neglected labour, enabled us to read the performance, and perceive it's humane imbecility. It was no dull conception of a Dutch trader, who having inscribed on his sign the words "Perpetual Peace," had painted under it, a church-yard. Our good Abbé had a notion that an age was not distant, when such would be the progress of that mass of light, which was daily gathering, that it would influence every species of knowledge, and penetrate to the lowest orders of society. This future generation is to be remarkable for the force of it's reason, and the severity of it's truth. It is therefore only to permit works of utility; to condemn the ornaments of eloquence, and the charms of poetry; but it may be necessary to observe, that our prophet was neither an orator nor a poet. He was once present at the recitation of one of those works which are only valued for the graces of their composition, and the felicity of their manner. A performance of such taste would not therefore be read by the more reasonable beings of his metaphysical age. He appeared frigid and unmoved, while the audience was enraptured. His opinion was asked; he smiled, and said—"It is a thing which is yet thought to be fine!"

Another of these chimerical, yet grand speculators, appears to me to have been the celebrated Leibnitz, who conceived the extravagant notion of forming one nation of all Europe; for he proposed to reduce Europe under one temporal power, in the Emperor, and under one spiritual, in the Pope; and to construct an universal philosophical language. This great scholar is an example of the fatal attachment which a superior mind may experience for a system of which it is blindly enamoured, and to which it sacrifices it's own sensations, and it's own convictions.

Leibnitz was a genuine philosopher, and a friend to humanity; his project of an universal language evinces this; but having once fixed on a system, he yielded up that dearest interest to a philosopher, the prosperity of the human mind; for what tyrant could have forged more permanent chains for intellectual freedom, than placing man under two such powers? If this project had been possible to effect, the other of the philosophical language had been useless; philosophy then would not have been allowed a language.

He who thinks, will perceive in every enlightened nation, three kinds of people; an inconsiderable number instructed by reason, and glowing with humanity; a countless multitude, barbarous and ignorant, intolerant and inhospitable; and a vacillating people with some reason and humanity, but with great prejudices, at once the half-echoes of philosophy, and the adherents of popular opinion. Can the *public* be denominated *enlightened*? Take an extensive view among the various orders of society, and observe how folly still wantons in the vigour of youth, and prejudice still stalks in the stubbornness of age.

To trace the human mind as it exists in a people, would be the only method to detect this fallacious expression. The unenlightened numbers, who are totally uninfluenced by the few, live in a foul world of their own creation. The moral arithmetician, as he looks for the sum total of the unenlightened, must resemble the algebraist, who riots in incalculable quantities, and who smiles at the simple savage, whose arithmetic extends not further than the number of three.

In a metropolis, we contemplate the human mind in all its inflections. If we were to judge of men by the condition of their *minds*, (which perhaps is the most impartial manner of judging) we should not consult the year of their birth, to date their ages; and an intellectual register might be drawn up, on a totally different plan from our parochial ones. A person may, according to the vulgar era, be in the maturity of life, when by our philosophical epocha he is born in the tenth century. That degree of mind which regulated the bigotry of a monk in the middle ages, may be discovered in a modern rector. An adventurous spirit in a red coat, who is almost as desirous (to use the wit of South) to receive a kiss from the mouth of a cannon, as from that of his mistress, belongs to the age of chivalry, and if he should compose verses, and be magnificently prodigal, he is a gay and noble troubadour. A sarcastic philosopher, who instructs his fellow citizens, and retires from their society, is a contemporary with Diogenes; and he who reforming the world, graces instruction with amenity, may be placed in the days of Plato. Our vulgar politicians must be arranged among the Roundheads and Olivers, and Tom Paine himself is so very ancient as to be a contemporary of Shimei. The result of our calculations would be, that the enlightened public form an inconsiderable number.

It must however be confessed, that what knowledge has been accumulated by modern philosophy, cannot easily perish ; the art of printing has imparted stability to our intellectual structures, in what depends on the mechanical preservation. A singular spectacle has, therefore, been exhibited ; and it is sometimes urged by those who contemplate, with pleasing astonishment, the actual progress of the human mind, as a proof of the immutability of truth, that in the present day, every enlightened individual, whether he resides at Paris, at Madrid, or at London, now thinks alike ; no variation of climate, no remoteness of place, not even national prejudices, more variable and more remote than either, destroy that unanimity of opinion, which they feel on certain topics essential to human welfare.

This appears to be a specious argument in favour of the enlightened public. But we should recollect, that this unanimity of opinion, which so frequently excites surprise, proceeds from their deriving their ideas from the same sources ; at Paris, at Madrid, and at London, the same authors are read, and, therefore, the same opinions are formed.

Thus we account for this unanimity of opinion ; and we may now reasonably enquire whether *unanimity of opinion*, always indicates *permanent truth* ? It is certain that very extravagant opinions were once universally received ; does any one deny that some of our modern opinions are marvellously extravagant ? May we not say to the greatest genius, look at what your equals have done, and observe how frequently they have erred. Reflect, that whenever an Aristotle, a Descartes, and a Newton appeared, they formed a new epocha in the annals of human knowledge, it is not unreasonable to add one, among your thousand conjectures, and say, that their future rivals may trace new connections, and collect new facts, which may tend to annihilate the systems of their predecessors. Is not opinion often local, and ever disguised by custom ? is not what we call truth often error ? and are not the passions and ideas of men of so very temporary a nature, that they scarcely endure with their century ? This enlightened public may discover that their notions become obsolete, and that with new systems of knowledge, and new modes of existence, their books may be closed for their successors, and only consulted by the curious of a future generation, as we now examine Aristotle and Descartes, Aristophanes and Chaucer. Our learning may no more be their learning, than our fashions will be their fashions. Every thing in this world is fashion.

It may also be conjectured, that amidst the multitude of future discoveries, the original authors of our own age, the Newtons and the Lockes, may have their conceptions become so long familiarised, as to be incorporated with the novel discoveries, as truths so incontestible, that very few shall even be acquainted with their first discoverers. It would therefore appear, that the

justness, as well as the extravagance of our authors, are alike inimical to their future celebrity.

But this instability never attends the noble exertions of virtue. Whoever immortalises his name, by an action of patriotism, or of philanthropy, will meet the certain admiration of posterity. To render a service to another is in the power of the meanest individual; but to aggrandise the gentle affections into sublime passions, to rise from the social circle to the public weal, to extend our ordinary life through years of glory, is performing that which once raised men into demi-gods.

ON CARDS—*A Fragment.*

—WE had passed our evening with some certain persons famous for their taste, their learning, and refinement: But, as ill-luck would have it, two fellows, duller than the rest, had contrived to put themselves upon a level, by introducing a game at cards.

It is a sign, said he, the world is far gone in absurdity, or surely the fashion of cards would be accounted no small one. Is it not surprising that men of sense should submit to join in this idle custom, which appears originally invented to supply its deficiency? But such is the fatality! imperfections give rise to fashions! and are followed by those who do not labour under the defects that introduced them. Nor is the hoop the only instance of a fashion invented by those who found their account in it; and afterwards countenanced by others to whose figure it was prejudicial.

How can men, who value themselves upon their reflections, give encouragement to a practice, which puts an end to thinking?

I intimated the old allusion of the bow, that requires fresh vigour by a temporary relaxation.

He answered, this might be applicable, provided I could shew, that cards did not require the pain of thinking; and merely exclude from it, the profit and the pleasure.

Cards, if one may guess from their first appearance, seem invented for the use of children; and, among the toys peculiar to infancy, the bells, the whistle, the rattle, and the hobby-horse, deserved their share of commendation. By degrees men, who came nearest to children in understanding and want of ideas, grew enamoured of the use of them as a suitable entertainment. Others also, pleased to reflect on the innocent part of their lives, had recourse to this amusement, as what recalled it to their minds. A knot of villains increased the party; who, regardless of that entertainment, which the former seemed to draw from cards, considered them in a more serious light, and made use of them as a more decent substitute to robbing on the road, or picking pockets. But men who propose to themselves a dignity of character, where will you find their inducement to this kind of game? For difficult indeed were it to determine, whether it ap-

pear more odious among sharpers, or more empty and ridiculous among persons of character.

Perhaps, replied I, your men of wit and fancy may favour this diversion, as giving occasion for the crop of jest and witticism, which naturally enough arises from the names and circumstances of the cards.

He said, he would allow this as a proper motive, in case the men of wit and humour would accept the excuse themselves.

In short, says he, as persons of ability are capable of furnishing out a much more agreeable entertainment; when a gentleman offers me cards, I shall esteem it as his private opinion that I have neither sense nor fancy.

I asked how much he had lost—His answer was, he did not much regard ten pieces; but that it hurt him to have squandered them away on cards; and that to the loss of conversation, for which he would have given twenty.

GREY CAPS FOR GREEN HEADS. No I.

Dialogue between a Father and a Son.

Father. **W**HAT made you out so late last night?

Son. Mr. — invited me to his club at the Noah's ark, where, in a low room, that stunk like a drunkard's morning breath, several sat round the fire, complaining of gout, dropsies, consumptions, pleurisies, palsies, rheumatisms, catarrhs, &c. till more company coming in, cry'd, to the table, to the table! where one began his right hand man's good health, over the left thumb, which having gone round the next was begun, and so they drank on till each one had pledg'd every man's health in the room.

Father. Many cups many diseases. Too much oil chokes the lamp.

Drinking healths, according to St. Austin, was invented by pagans and infidels, who in their sacrifices consecrated them to the honour, name, and memory of Beel-ze-bub. But

Supposing health-drinking only a well-wishing, custom not having made pledging a kind of affront, and wrong, to both toaster and toasted; and fear of offending carrying with it the force, though not the form, of a constraint. Health-drinking infringes king Ahasuerus's royal law, tends to excess, and is not expedient.

But what followed? for wine immoderately taken makes men think themselves wondrous wise.

Son. Most of them became like Solomon's fool; full of words.

Father. What was it they said?

Son. E'en what came uppermost; for as wine had laid reason asleep, each gave the reins to his vanity and folly. For instance

ANTIQUARY,

One affecting to be thought a mighty antiquary, declared himself an idolater of ages past, and told us,

That the Egyptians were fam'd for sublime thoughts—Chaldeans for sciences—Greeks for eloquence—and Romans for polite stile.

That he almost adored Marcilius Ficinus, for collecting out of many mouldy and wormeaten transcripts, the semi-divine labours of Plato—Copernicus for rescuing from the jaws of oblivion, the almost extinct astrology of Samius Aristarchus—Lucretius, for retrieving the lost physiology of Empedocles—Magenus, for raising the ghost of Democritus—Marsenius, for explaining many problems of Archimedes, and Gassendus for rebuilding Epicurus, &c. &c.

That he had observed, that philosophy, as well as nature, continually declined; and now the world was arrived at its dotage, the minds of men suffered a sensible decay of charity; wherefore he scorn'd to read any book less than an hundred years old.

That he was a great admirer of ancient coins, and manuscripts, which if effaced, or obliterated by time, in his opinion, were still the more valuable.

By the rest of his discourse he seem'd to esteem every thing as Dutchmen do cheese, the better for being mouldy.

Father. Affectation of any kind is lighting up a candle to our defects, and shews want of judgment or sincerity.

The great actions of the ancients, are apt to beget our veneration; those of the moderns, as the school and reproach us, excite our envy.

Learning and civility were indeed derived down to us from the eastern parts of the world; there it was mankind arose, and there they first discovered the ways of living with safety, convenience, and delight.

The original of astronomy, geometry, government, and many sorts of manufactures we now enjoy, are justly attributed to the Assyrians, Chaldeans, and Egyptians.

Orpheus, Linus, Muses, and Homer, first softened men's natural rudeness, and by the charms of their numbers allured them to be instructed by the severer doctrines of Solon, Thales, and Pythagoras.

In Greece, the city of Athens was the general school, and seat of education.

Socrates began to draw into some order the confused and obscure imaginations of those that went before him, and to adapt all parts of philosophy, to the immediate service of the affairs of men, and uses of life.

With the Grecian empire their arts also were transported to Rome, where the doctrines received from the Greeks were eloquently translated into the Latin tongue. Yet

“*Antiquitas seculi, juvenus mundi.*”

The ancients may have justice done them, without worshipping them, or despising the moderns.

The heroical Tycho Brache—The subtil Kepler—The most acute Galileus—The profound Scheinerus—The universally learned Kircherius—The most perspicuous Harvey—and the epitome of them all Des Cartes, by asserting philosophical liberty, have sufficiently vindicated the native privilege of our intellects, from the base villainage of prescription.

When Plato, Aristotle, and other wise Grecians, travelled into the East, they collected and brought home many useful arts and secrets, yet were so far from blindly assenting to all that was taught them by the priests of Isis and Osyris, as to ridicule their worshipping dogs, cats, onions and crocodiles.

Collect out of the Pythagorean, the Stoic, the Platonist, the Academic, Peripatetic, the Epicurean, the Pyrrhonian, or Sceptic, and all other sects, whatever of method, principles, positions, maxims, examples, &c. seem most consentaneous to verity; but refuse what will not endure the test of either right reason, or faithful experiment.

Antiquity can no more privilege an error, than novelty prejudice a truth.

“Wherefore fly no opinion, cause ’tis new,
“But strictly search, and after careful view,
“Reject if false, embrace if it be true.” }

Too servile a submission to the books and opinions of the ancients, has spoiled many an ingenious man, and plagued the world with abundance of pedants and coxcombs. But go on with your story.

BUFFOON.

Son. A Buffoon, skilled in making wry mouths, mimical gestures, and antic postures, was ever misconstruing and perverting others words to a preposterous or filthy meaning, or shewing his parts in flat, insipid quibbles and clinches, jingling of words or syllables, in scraps of verses, or senseless rhimes, and in all the dregs and refuse of wit.

His talk was obscene, his bantering too coarse, too rude, too bitter, or too pedantic, out of reason, or out of measure.

His jests were malicious, saucy, and ill-natured, full of slander and gall; striking even at magistrates, parents, friends, and cases, that deserved pity.

After speaking he always laughed first, and generally alone ; and whilst he droll'd and scoff'd at the false steps of others, wearied the company with his own.

At length he met with his match, which mortified him extremely : for Buffoon, forsooth, could no more endure to be out-fooled, than Nero to be out-fiddled.

Father. Some use their wits as Bravoes wear stilettoes, not for defence but mischief ; or like Solomon's madman, cast fire-brands, arrows, and death, and say, am not I in sport.

Few know how and when to throw out a pleasant word with such regard to modesty and respect, as not to transgress the bounds of wit, good nature, or good breeding.

“ All that's obscene, doth always give offence,
“ And want of decency, is want of sense.”

Liberties in conversation that pass the bounds of good nature, honesty, and respect, degenerate into scurrility, scandal, and ill manners.

Respect and complaisance forbid rallying the fair sex ; and for theirs to rally ours, is exposing themselves to blunt repartees.

Persons of merit ought not to be rallied, even though some defect should be perceived amongst their virtues, because no mortal is perfect.

Young people should be spared, lest they be discouraged from coming into the company of their betters. Want of experience pleads indulgence for our first slips.

Old age is too venerable for raillery, and should be reverenc'd.

To laugh at deformed persons is inhumane, if not impious ; we are not our own carvers ; what perfection the best have, is not the effect of their own care, but of divine goodness.

The unfortunate are subjects of compassion, not of raillery.

Raillery is only proper when it comes with a good grace, in a manner which both pleases and instructs.

That which stirs up our laughter, most commonly excites our contempt ; to please, and to make merry, are two very different talents.

Drolls and Buffoons, whilst they think to make sport for others, commonly become laughing-stocks themselves, to all but those who pity them.

He who thinks he is by his dignity above a jest, and will not take a repartee, ought not to banter others.

Scorn and derision unbridle fear, and make the peasant brave the prince.

Augustus seeing one like himself, asked him in scoff, if his mother was never at Rome ; the lad answered, no, but my father was.

Utter nothing that may leave any ungrateful impression, or give the least umbrage of a spiteful intent.

He whose jests make others afraid of his wit, had need be afraid of their memory.

It is more grievous to be ridiculed than beaten. Contempt pierces to the quick, and revenge stops at nothing; it hardens men into a brutal despising of death, so that they may see their enemies in company.

CRITIC.

Son. A Critic, wise enough, in his own conceit, to correct the magnificat, pretending to exquisite niceness, censured Cicero for being too verbose, and Virgil for using rustic language.

His large stock of ill-nature, and the malicious pleasure he took in fault-finding, made him never look upon any thing but with a design of passing sentence upon it.

Plato he told us, in a decisive tone, was neither fertile nor copious. Aristotle neither solid nor substantial—Theophrastus neither smooth nor agreeable.

That Voiture was dull—Corneille a stranger to the passions—Racine starched and affected—Moliere jejune—Boileau little better than a plagiarist.

That Shakespeare wanted manners—Ben. Johnson was a pedant—Congreve a laborious writer—Garth but an indifferent imitator of Boileau.

That Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel wanted vigour of thought, purity of language, and aptness and propriety of expression; nor were many of the elisions to be allowed, or accents and pauses duly observed.

An instance being required, Criticone, who had only dipped into that poem, scratched his head, and fell a cursing his memory.

Father. By a Critic was originally understood a good judge; but now, with us, it signifies no more than an unmerciful fault-finder two steps above a fool, and a great many below a wiseman.

The laws of civility oblige us to commend what, in reason, we cannot blame. Men should allow other excellencies, were it but to preserve a modest opinion of their own.

It is the distemper of would-be-thought-wits, with an envious curiosity to examine, censure, and vilify others works, as if they imagined it gave them an air of distinction and authority, to regard them with an air of contempt. But

Disparaging what is generally applauded, makes men looked upon as singular fops, or wretched judges.

The famous Boccacini, in his advertisements from Parnassus, tells us, a critic presenting Apollo with a very severe censure upon an excellent poem, was ask'd for the good things in that work; but the wretch answering, he minded only the errors, Apollo ordered a sack of unwinnowed wheat to be brought, and Critic to pick out, and take all the chaff for his pains.

Flies naturally seek for blotches and sores; but when men concern themselves about others why not, like Scutonius, of the twelve Cæsars, tell virtues as well as vices. Were our eyes made only for spots and blemishes?

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

SCRAPS, LITERARY, MISCELLANEOUS AND AMUSING.

No. I.

DR. GUILLOTIN.

IT is an error which deserves to be corrected that Dr. Guillotin, the inventor or reviver of that terrible instrument which bore his name, was one of the first victims of his own contrivance.—The Doctor, who is a man of remarkably mild and pleasant manners, at this time resides at No. 116, in the *Rue Neuve Roch*, in Paris, and enjoys very considerable practice and reputation as a physician.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IN the year 1800 the number of Books and Pamphlets published in Paris was 1172. On Natural History and Botany, there were 44; on Medicine and Physics, 271; on Morality, 41; on Legislation and Politics, 168; in Belles Lettres, 75; in Poetry and the Drama, 303; and of Novels, &c. 125.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

SOME letters in French, lately published in London, addressed to the Abbe Barruel, assert that nearly 8000 writers of all descriptions, devoted to the cause of the Sophists and Illuminati, are continually operating upon the public opinion in Germany. The Princes, says the author, are lulled into a false security, by seeing their literati constantly uniting licentiousness in their writings, with fervility in their conduct. How much we should avoid German literature, engaged in the cause of vice and infidelity!

PHYSIOGNOMY.

LAVATER, in his physiognomy, says that Lord Anson, from his countenance, must have been a very wise man. He was one of the most stupid men I ever knew, says Horace Walpole.

HISTORY.

NO man's opinion upon the veracity of historical narration can be more weighty, than Sir Robert Walpole's; a man, of whom history during his life time spoke much.

"Thinking to amuse my father once, after his retirement from the ministry," says Horace Walpole, "I offered to read a book of history. Any thing but history, said he, for history must be false."

GIBBON.

THE first volume of Gibbon's History is so highly finished, that it resembles a rich piece of painting in enamel. The second and third volumes are of inferior composition. The three last seem to be in a medium, between the first volume and the two next.

BOOK-MAKING.

NEVER was the noble art of book-making, said Horace Walpole, carried to such high perfection, as at present. These compilers seem to forget that people have libraries. One vamps up a new book of travels, consisting merely of disguised extracts from former publications. Another fills his pages with Greek and Latin extracts from Aristotle and Quintilian. A third, if possible, more insipid, gives us long quotations from our poets, while a reference was enough, the books being in the hands of every body. Another treats us with old French *ana* in masquerade; and by a singular fate, derives advantage from his very blunders, which make the things look new. Pah! I and an amanuensis could scribble one of these books in twenty-four hours.

FRENCH PHILOSOPHERS.

ROUSSEAU I never could like. Take much affectation, and a little spice of frenzy, and you compose his personal character. I found the French Philosophers so impudent, dogmatic, and intrusive, that I detested their conversation. Of all kinds of vice I hate reasoning vice. Unprincipled themselves, they affected to dictate morality and sentiment. Every Frenchman ought to be taught logic, such is their reasoning. Thus far the Walpoliana.

FACE PAINTING.

LADY Coventry, the celebrated beauty, killed herself with painting. She bedaubed herself with white so as to stop the perspiration.

CHRISTIANITY

ONE of the best reasons, why Christianity has been so much abused, is afforded by Mr. Gibbon himself in his "Essay upon the Study of literature." "The enemies of a religion, says he, never arrive at a just knowledge of it, because they hate it; and often hate it for that very reason, because they are ignorant of it. They eagerly adopt the most atrocious calumnies thrown

out against it. They impute to their adversaries even the dogmas they detest, and draw consequences which the accused never thought of."

MORAL PHENOMENA.

"THERE are persons, who love to do every good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants, who will serve every one more cheerfully than their masters. There are men who will distribute money to all, except their creditors. And there are wives, who will love any man better than their husbands. *Duty* is a familiar word, which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and as ordinary minds are in a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, valour, self denial, and bounty, when smaller pains would constitute greater virtues"—Mrs. Inchbald is correct.

MODERN DEGENERACY.

WE have grown as degenerate in the style of our expression as in our manners. Take an instance, or two. "Like the embodied rosy vapor of a half evaporated rainbow, Azemia entered."—"Sir Solomon once could smile, but it is not so now. Love, unhappy Love, has obscured all his prospects, and blighted the bloomy blossom of benevolent beauty." Nothing is more common than the "senseless suavity of sentimental simplicity, and the piping plaintiveness of parading pathos."

FANCY.

FANCY has a more important operation in life, than we are apt to believe. The enthusiasm which constitutes the grander passions is founded on *illusion*; stripped of the glowing colors in which fancy decks them, what are the objects for which ambition wades through seas of blood, for which martyrs, in all causes, for all opinions, braving destruction, press forward to the scaffold or the stake? The strength of the passion, Love, depends principally on the imagination of the person upon whom it operates, that sketching a grand, ideal picture, fondly attaches itself to fancied excellence, frequently associated by slight accidents to the real qualities of its object.

None are so Blind as those unwilling to See.

IT is strange with what obstinacy people are attached to the principles, they have once adopted. Mary Woolstoncraft, in a letter to her profligate and unfeeling paramour, Imlay, in the midst of a description of the severe sufferings she endured in consequence of following her pernicious, immoral, and irreligious opinions, declares, "Yes: I shall be happy—This heart is worthy of the bliss its feelings anticipate—*And I cannot even persuade myself, wretched as they have made me, that my principles and sentiments are not founded in nature and truth.*"

BEAUTY.

FEW ladies of the present day will subscribe to the definition of Beauty given by a late writer of distinguished reputation:—
"Beauty is perhaps founded only on USE."

THE AGE OF REASON.

THIS, they say, is the *Age of Reason*; this is an age, says a more correct writer, in which virtue is *praised* without being known; *known* without being felt; *felt* without being *practised*.

VOLTAIRE.

SOME one had teased Voltaire a long while by writing letters to him, in hopes of getting an answer to them. Voltaire sent him this short one:

SIR,

I have now been dead a great while. Dead men you know do not answer letters.

your humble Servant

VOLTAIRE.

LIFE.

HUMAN life is a game, which depends mostly upon good play, and partly on good fortune. If a man play well, if he is positive he could not play better, tho' fortune be against him and he be beaten, his defeat causes no mortification: he reposes upon the satisfaction of having done as well as possible. If a man knows he has played badly, and might have played better, tho' fortune give him the victory, he does not receive much pleasure from his success. Thus our happiness is in our own hands. Industry and attention will teach us the game, and if we be proficient, fortune cannot deprive us of our enjoyments.

PLEASURE.

THE follies of the world enervate the vigor of mind. Cæsar tore himself from the embraces of Cleopatra, and became Master of the Empire. Antony took her to his arms and lost the *World* and his life!

READING.

TOO much reading is injurious. A habit of receiving the ideas of others prevents original thinking. Hobbes said, that if he had read as much as the eruditi, he should have been as ignorant.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

RENAUDOT, a Physician, first published at Paris, in 1631, a Gazette, so called from Gazetta, a coin of Venice paid for the reading of manuscript news. In more early times the chief nobility of England had correspondents abroad on purpose to write what were called 'Letters of News.'

RHIME.

I believe, says Horace Walpole, rhyme was not known in Europe till about the year 800. We seem to have had it from the Saracens, who were then possessed of Spain and Sicily.

(*To be continued*)

ANECDOTES, &c.

A brave tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker's fleet in the engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies, (being a man of humour) he could not suppress his joke, saying, "*It was high time for him to leave off play, when his last pin was bowled down.*"

DOCTOR Johnson being asked his opinion of a certain nabob, better known by his riches than learning, "*A mere sheep, sir, with a golden fleece,*" observed the cynic.

A certain gentleman, more celebrated for his jollity than his religion, notwithstanding his chaplain was at table, introduced a baboon dressed up in the garb of a clergyman, in order to say grace; which conduct was very properly resented by the chaplain, who said to the gentleman, "*I did not know till now, that you had so near a relation in orders.*"

A lady being asked, how she liked a gentleman's fingering, who had an offensive breath? *The words are good, said she, but the air is intolerable.*

COLONEL Bond, who had been one of king Charles the first's judges, died a day or two before Cromwell, and it was strongly reported every where, that the protector was dead; "No," said a gentleman, who knew better, "*he has only given Bond to the devil for his future appearance.*"

PHILIPS, the noted harlequin, was taken up in London on suspicion of debt, and dealt with the officer in the following manner: He first called for liquor in abundance, and treated all about him, to the no small joy of the bailiff, who was rejoiced to have a calf that bled so well, (as they term it.) Harlequin made the honest bailiff believe he had six dozen of wine ready packed up, which he would send for, to drink while in custody, and likewise allow him six-pence a bottle for drinking it in his own chamber. Shoulderdab listened to the proposal with pleasure. The

bailiff went to the place, as directed, and returned with joy, to hear that it was to be sent in the morning early. Accordingly it came by a porter, sweating under his load; the turn-key called to his master, and told him the porter and hamper were come in; very well, said he, then let nothing but the porter and hamper out. The porter performed his part very well: came heavily in with an empty hamper, and seemed to go lightly out, with Philips on his back. He was dishampered at an ale-house on the water-side, crossed the Thames, and soon after embarked for Ireland. He was very fond of this trick, and would take pride in his project, which was contrived long before he was taken, to be ready on such an emergency.

THE most wonderful anecdote, perhaps, in the world of letters, is the following. Milton, that glory of British literature, received not above ten pounds, at two different payments, for the copy of *Paradise Lost*; yet Mr. Hoyle, author of the treatise on the game of whist, after having disposed of all the first impression, sold the copy to the booksellers for *two hundred guineas*.

MILTON was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughter in the different languages? To which he replied, 'no, sir, *one tongue* is sufficient for a woman.'

WILLIAM WHISTON dined with lady Jekyll, who, because she was sister to lord Somers, thought she must know more than other women. She asked him, 'why God Almighty made woman out of the rib?' Whiston scratched his head and said, 'indeed, madam, I don't know, except that the rib is the most crooked part of the body.'

THE late lord Courtney, who was of one of the oldest families in Britain, being married to a miss Clack, who was much inferior in point of birth, a conversation took place (at which the late bishop of Exeter was present) on the disparity of the match. 'What's your objection?' says the bishop to a lady who took the principal lead in the conversation. 'Want of family, my lord'—'Want of family,' echoed the bishop, 'why I'll prove her of a better family than his lordship.—He perhaps may trace his ancestors as far back as the conquest, but the family of the Clacks are as old as Eve.'

A famous punster, giving his opinion respecting the Stone Chapel, at Boston, observed it was superior to all the churches upon the globe; *they* boasted of their *cannons*—*this*, in addition had *port holes*—alluding to the smallness of the windows.

A REPRIMAND.

A rich gentleman of Venice, remarkable for his hospitality, being sent ambassador to a certain court of Europe, was on his public entry treated with marks of contempt on account of his deformity, by the populace; which observing, he told them, by way of reprimand, that they had little cause to wonder at what they saw; it being the custom of his court to send Ambassadors suitable to the places they went to: mean personages to mean and base cities; and men of excellent form, to places of reputation and dignity.

Anecdote of His Majesty and a Chimney-Sweeper.

IT is a common received opinion with the vulgar, that there is something in the person of Majesty that wants not the insignia to distinguish it. The fallacy of such a notion will be proved by the following story, which is absolutely fact:—As the King and the Prince of Wales, undressed and unattended, were walking in Richmond gardens, next the river, they saw at some distance a swan struggling in the water, as if entangled in some weeds; a chimney-sweeper coming by, the King desired him to go and see what was the matter with the swan. "Aye, sir, that I will," says he, (throwing his brush and foot-bag upon the ground) "but you'll be so good as to let little master have an eye to my things."

A CRUX.

Stand	You	Take	To	Takings
I	Heard	And	Throw	Our

To be read thus:—

I understand you overheard and undertake to overthrow our undertakings.

An Enigmatical representation of a Real Entertainment.

FIRST COURSE.

Melancholy Soup with
crooked Sarah.

Roasted Furrows.

Pride reversed
in a Fye.

Cutlets undress'd.

The divine Part of
a Man boiled.

A Blockhead
bashed.

The Leg of a Corn-cutter
boiled, with Diamond Weights.

SECOND COURSE.

Venus's Guides.

A Dutch Prince
in a Pudding.

An unruly Member
garnished with perpetual
Motion.

Moxe Jack.

Part of the Zodiack
buttered

The first Temptation
in a small Blast of Wind.

The Grand Seignor's
Dominions larded.

DESERT.

The Loss of a Wife, and the
Gain of a Husband, in Jelly.

Cow's Provender with
half Gooseberries.

Some hundred
Thousands.

Sorrowful Apples with
bad Wives round them.

Busy Bodies.

The Reward of a Soldier
in Cream.

Couples.

LIQUORS.

The Joke of a Puppet-Shew
made with Torture.

A Bottle of Hill-
Top.

A Bottle of Hyp,

A foldier's Habitation
with a pretty Girl in it.

A Bottle of Bag.

A Side Grace Cup, of
lameptable Cloathing.

A Bottle of Torbay.

*Captain WILLIAM MONTAGUE's Joke passed on the Captain
of a Dutch Man of War.*

THE late Captain William Montague was a commander in the navy, and brother to the Earl of S——h. He was remarkable for his humour, and went by the name of mad Montague. Being at Portsmouth, when he commanded one of the King's ships, and where a Dutch man of war then lay, an accident happened to the latter by losing her boat and all her people at Spithead in bad weather. Word therefore being brought to Montague, and that several of the dead bodies were driven ashore on the beach, he sent away his cockswain and several of his people, to put the dead mens hands in their pockets. At dinner this misfortune was the subject, the Dutch Captain being in company, when Captain Montague observed, that "they were drowned Dutchmen-like, with their hands in their pockets." It nettled Mynheer to such a degree that he threatened to call him to an account. Montague laughing at his taking offence, swore "he would be damned if it was not so," and offered to bet fifty guineas to five, which being accepted by Mynheer, all the company, by agreement, after dinner, posted away to the spot, where finding it to be as Montague had said, the Dutchman was so ashamed, that he went on board his ship and did not come on shore again, till they had convinced him it was only a piece of Montague's fun.

These may be read two or three ways.

Your face	Your tongue	Your wit
So fair	So smooth	So sharp
First drew	Then mov'd	Then knit
Mine eye	Mine ear	My heart
Mine eye	Mine ear	My heart
Thus drawn	Thus mov'd	Thus knit
Affects	Hangs on	Yields to
Your face	Your tongue	Your wit.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVERY circumstance relative to a distinguished character ought to be preserved. That Shakespeare was of an amorous constitution, has been repeatedly told us; but of his particular connections with the fair, we are almost wholly in the dark. The following adventure (says our correspondent) is authentic, and I believe, new to the world.

One evening, when the tragedy of Richard III. was to be acted, the poet observed a smart damsel trip behind the scenes, and slyly whisper to Burbidge (a favourite player, and an intimate of Shakespeare) who was to perform the part of Richard, that her master had gone out of town in the morning, that her mistress would be glad of his company after the play, and that she begged to know what signal he would use.

"Three taps on the door, my dear, and, 'Tis I, Richard the Third," was the answer of Burbidge.

The girl decamped; and Shakespeare, whose curiosity was sufficiently excited, followed her steps till he saw her enter a house in the city. On enquiry in the neighbourhood, he found that the owner of the mansion was a wealthy merchant, but superannuated, and exceedingly jealous of his young wife.

At length the hour of rendezvous approached; and the poet having given the appointed signal, &c. obtained instant admittance. Nothing could equal the indignation of the Lady when she found herself in the arms of a stranger. He flattered and vowed; she frowned and stormed. But it was not in woman to resist the soft eloquence of a Shakespeare. In a word, the bard supplanted the player. He had even obtained his utmost wishes before the representative of Richard appeared. No sooner had he given the appointed taps than Shakespeare, popping out his head from the window, demanded his business.

"'Tis I, 'tis I, Richard the Third," replied the impatient Burbidge.

"Richard; (rejoined the other) Knave, begone—Know, that William the Conqueror reigned before Richard the Third."

P O E T R Y.

A PARTY of young people having met together to celebrate the termination of the old century and the commencement of the new one, the two following Addresses were spoken in characters dressed and suited to the occasion.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

OLD MAN.

OLD as I am, and ready to expire,
 Propt on my staff, I come at your desire ;
 Some few last dying words you wish to hear,
 Few they *must* be—for my last hour is near.
 Alas! time was that I was young like you,
 My days began in peace and plenty too ;
 But e'en in infancy the storm of war,
 Came rushing o'er my cradle from afar :
 When *Blenheim's* hero filled the world with awe,
 And gallant *Bembow* gave the ocean law,
 The cannon's roar, the clash of hostile spears,
 Were sounds familiar to my youthful ears ;
 My eyes affrighted saw th' ensanguin'd plain,
 Where Death and Horror held united reign.
 When thirteen summers o'er my head had past,
 To bless the exhausted world, Peace came at last ;
 And had not fierce Rebellion broke my rest,
 My youth with tranquil pleasures had been blest :
 But what a chequer'd scene my life has been !
 Five dreadful wars these eyes fatigued have seen ;
 Five times, when *England* measured spears with *France*,
 I saw their hostile troops and fleets advance ;
 And, oh ! what joy as often have I seen !
 Peace, with her olive branch, step in between.
 But not with war alone my ears have rung,
 Music, for me, her sweetest strains has sung ;
 How oft with rapture have I list'ned long,
 When sweet *Corelli* chain'd th' attentive throng,
 When *Handel's* genius charmed the ravish'd ear
 With hallelujas, such as angels hear !
 Nor were the pow'rs of eloquence unknown,
 Not mightier shook the Macedonian's throne :
 Rouz'd by the people's wrongs, lo ! *Chatham* rose,
 And hurled his attic thunder on their foes ;
 Burke soar'd aloft on Fancy's daring wing,
 Now lash'd a venal court—and now a king—
 Then sunk ; while *Fox*, with Freedom boldly join'd,
 And claimed the boon of Heav'n for all mankind.

For me how many a bard has tun'd his lyre,
 And caught, like *Pope*, the true poetic fire :
Thomson, who sweetly sung the rolling year;
 And *Gray* and *Hammond* to the Muses dear ;
 Pride of her sex, what strains has *Aikin* sung,
 To age a solace, transport to the young !
 Art too, and science, held an equal pace,
 The pow'rs of man improving nature's face ;
 Through rocks deep bor'd, and over thirsty hills,
 He leads the ductile slow-collected rills ;
 From earth's low orb, he bids his car arise,
 And sails advent'rous through the trackless skies ;
 Divided provinces converse by fight,
 And fame flies swifter than the winged Night,
 But ah ! these latter days are filled with woe ;
 How sinks my heart, my tears how fast they flow !
 On ev'ry side distress that mocks relief,
 And famine fills the measure of my grief.
 Alas ! I faint—the pow'rs of life stand still,
 I've lived my time, and now to Heav'n's high will
 I sink resigned—and Oh ! when I am gone,
 And some young upstart fills my vacant throne,
 Forget me not, my friends—Oh ! spare my fame !
 Nor heap foul slanders on my hapless name :
 Let Candour tell the tale :—Who has not shar'd
 The num'rous festive joys which I prepar'd ?
 Who has not tasted benefits from me,
 Or found kind solace, e'en in misery ?
 I sink—farewell—my creeping sands are run—
 My sun is set—and Heaven's high will be done !

Enter NINETEENTH CENTURY.

YOUTH.

JUST twelve o'clock !—and now I take my turn ;
 Zounds ! what a merry thing 'tis to be born :
 Old Gaffer, who has hobbled just an age,
 Fell down in fits, they say, and left the stage :
 Upon my life ! this is a pretty place,
 This motley world, where I must run my race.
 Bless me ! what charming creatures have we here !
 I'll speak to one—Good morning, pretty dear !
 Thanks for that smile, it welcomes me to life ;
 They told me I was born midst care and strife,
 But here I neither woe nor strife can see,
 At least no strife but who should honour me :
 I'll take a turn around, and see what's doing,

What busy throngs, retreating and pursuing !
 What jostling bustling crowds obstruct the way,
 Eager to share the fortunes of the day :
 Hark ! what was there ! is that the cannon's roar ?
 Go—bid them give this monstrous folly o'er ;
 Tell them, that *Gaffer Gray* is dead and gone,
 And I am stepped into his vacant throne ;
 Tell them it is *my* will that discord cease,
 I come, to give the suffering nations peace :
 Peace they shall have, and he who breaks the rule,
 I'll chronicle a villain or a fool.
 Pray gentles, have we got a prophet here ?
 One who can peep thro' many a distant year ;
 Can stroke his beard, and tell what joy or care,
 What ups and downs in life shall be our share :
 Are *you* the cunning man ? or *you* ? or *you* ?
 Come tell *my* fortune first, and tell me true :
 Say, shall I live to see mankind grow wise,
 And know the dearest gifts of Heav'n to prize ?
 How long shall guilty passions poison life ?
 How long shall folly urge the savage strife ?
 How long shall man creation's boons survey,
 Then madly throw its richest pearls away ?
 How long shall modest worth be doom'd to mourn,
 Spurn'd by the proud, of impudence the scorn ?
 How long shall coxcomb pedants claim the prize,
 And learning starve, retired from vulgar eyes ?
 How long shall mystery for religion pass,
 And scoundrels cheat the world, as babes of grace ?
 And white-robed knaves, to sense and reason blind,
 Impose their own dark creed on all mankind ?
 [Rings a bell.]

O yes ! O yes ! if any one can tell,
 Where *Honour*, exil'd long from courts, does dwell ;
 Where stubborn British honesty stands by,
 Watching his country's fate with anxious eye ;
 Whoe'er can lead a patriot statesman forth,
 Replete with wisdom, fortitude, and worth ;
 Whoe'er shall teach my unskilled hands to raise
 A monument, not undeserv'd, of praise,
 To him this golden chain and scarf I give,
 His name engraved with mine shall ever live ;
 His eye the best delights of earth shall greet,
 Perennial flow'rs shall spring beneath his feet,
 And wit and beauty grace his happy seat. }

IMITATION OF HORACE.

By JOHN ARNOLD.

Qui sit Mæcenæ ut nemo.

SAT. I. lib. 1.

HAPPY the man who from the busy crowd
 "Lives far retir'd—who in some fertile vale
 "Feeds his own flocks, and tills paternal lands."
 Thus says the merchant—but the shepherd says
 "Happy the merchant in the busy throng,
 "Who oft with fancying eye stretches his view
 "To distant coasts, and there beholds his ships
 "Full fraught with riches just returning home:
 "How happy handles he the shining gold,
 "And slips it by into a secret purse,
 "A stock for future generations."
 "Happy the sailor," cries the old matros,
 War-worn, and sick of tedious long campaigns;
 "Happy the sailor—on the foamy deep,
 "Who, when the cheerful cann has pass'd around,
 "Steals to his drowfy nest, and sleeps profoundly.
 "He walks no farther than from stem to stern;
 "While I (poor soul) far o'er the dreary wild,
 "The barren mountain, and the burning land,
 "Travel, still wishing for an end of toil.
 "He twice perhaps or thrice a year returns,
 "And circles in his arms his joyful wife,
 "Receives his little offspring to his lap,
 "And fondles them, pleas'd with the name of dad.
 "But ah! such comforts are to me denied."
 When o'er the boisterous seas the storms arise,
 And the tempestuous north wind roars aloud,
 The cordage whistles, and the timbers crack,
 Now upward to the stars the ship is borne,
 And now she falleth in a dread abyfs.
 Now, says the sailor, sea-sick and affrighted,
 "Happy the soldier dwelling on firm ground;
 "No cares torment him, and no fears invade;
 "He, in his hut secure, nor feels the storms,
 "Nor minds rude Boreas' blasts; soundly he sleeps;
 "While we stand shivering on the slipping deck;
 "On every side grim death stands terrible,
 "Shaking his dart, and yawning to devour us.
 "O! happy soldier, free from all these terrors."

When Jove, the ruler of the universe,
 Smiling beholds the discontented men,
 He orders each to have his chief desire.
 "Thou merchant, hasten to a country life,
 "And live, thou shepherd, in the busy world;
 "Thou soldier, go and with the sailor change,

"And let him travel with the noisy camp."
 Thus orders Jove, and thus the change is made.
 But now, alas ! murmurs each one the more,
 And wishes for his former occupation.
 Ah ! silly mortals ! ignorant of their good,
 In their best situations still they grieve,
 And wish for others—blind to happiness,
 To every comfort that this life affords.
 Who dares assert—the Governor supreme
 Acts not on principles both just and kind,
 When he ordains to each his course—when he
 Distributes round to each with lib'ral hand
 His blessings ? There's no one so impious.
 Then why these murmurings and sad complaints ?
 True happiness does not consist in heaps
 Of shining gold. Whoever is content
 In his own sphere, feels and enjoys himself
 In perfect happiness—or rich or poor,
 Foolish or wise, it makes no difference.
 Bliss is the same, at fortune's lowest ebb,
 As 'tis in the full sea of boundless wealth.

ODE TO POPULARITY.

By R. Cumberland, Esquire.

O POPULARITY thou giddy thing !
 What grace or profit dost thou bring ?
 Thou art not honour, thou art not fame ;
 I cannot call thee by a worthy name
 To say I hate thee were not true ;
 Contempt is properly thy due ;
 I cannot love thee and despise thee too.
 Thou art no patriot, but the veriest cheat
 That ever traffick'd in deceit ;
 A state empiric, bellowing loud
 Freedom and phrenzy to the mobbing crowd ;
 And what can'st thou, if thou can'st raise
 Illuminations and huzzas
 Tho' half the city sunk in one bright blaze !
 A patriot ! no ; for thou dost hold in hate
 The very peace and welfare of the state ;
 When anarchy assaults the Sovereign's throne,
 Then is thy day, the night thy own ;
 Then is thy triumph when the foe
 Levels some dark insidious blow,
 Or strong rebellion lays thy country low.
 Thou can'st affect humility, to hide
 Some deep device of monstrous pride.

Conscience and Charity pretend,
 For compassing some private end ;
 And in a canting conventicle note
 Long scripture passages canst quote
 When persecution rankles in thy throat.
 Thou hast no sense of nature at thy heart,
 No ear for science, and no eye for art,
 Yet confidently dost decide at once
 This man a wit, and that a dunce ;
 And (strange to tell) how'er unjust,
 We take thy dictates upon trust,
 For if the world will be deceived, it must.
 In truth and justice thou hast no delight,
 Virtue thou dost not know by sight,
 But as the chymist by his skill,
 From dross and dregs a spirit can distill,
 So from the prisons, or the stews,
 Bullies, blasphemers, cheats, or jews
 Shall turn to heroes, if they serve thy views,
 Thou dost but make a ladder of the mob,
 Whereby to climb into some courtly job :
 There safe reposing warm and snug,
 Thou answer'st with a patient shrug
 Miscreants, begone ; who cares for you
 Ye base born brawling, clamorous crew ?
 You've serv'd my turn, and vagabonds, adieu.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A POOR friendless wanderer, the wide world before me,
 When the harsh din of war forc'd a parent to roam,
 With no friend, save kind heaven, to protect and watch o'er me
 I, a child of affliction, was robb'd of a home ;
 And thus with a sigh, I accosted each stranger—
 O look with compassion on poor orphan Bess,
 Your mite may relieve her from each threatening danger,
 And the soft tear of pity can sooth her distress.
 To the rich, by whom virtue's too often neglected,
 I tell my sad story, and crave their relief,
 But wealth seldom feels for a wretch unprotected,
 'Tis poverty only partakes of her grief ;
 Ah ! little they think, that the thousands they squander
 On the playthings of folly and fripp'ries of dress,
 Would relieve the keen wants of the wretched who wander,
 While the soft tear of pity would soothe their distress.
 Tho' bereft of each comfort, poor Bess will not languish,
 Since short is life's journey, 'tis vain to lament ;

And he who still marks the deep sigh of keen anguish,
Hath plac'd in this bosom the jewel, content.

Then, ye wealthy to-day, think, ah ! think ere to-morrow,
The frowns of misfortune upon you may press,
And turn not away from a poor orphan's sorrow,
When the soft tear of pity can soothe her distress,

ON THE PROSPECT OF ARTS AND SCIENCES IN AMERICA.

Written near sixty years ago, by the celebrated Dr. George Berkley, Dean of Derry, and afterwards Lord Bishop of Cloyne, while he was in America.

THE muse, disgusted at an age and clime,
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems out-done,
And fancied beauties by the true :

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides, and virtue rules—
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools :

There shall be seen another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts :

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay ;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heav'nly flame did animate her clay,
By future ages shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way ;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;
Time's noblest offspring is the last,

Verses occasioned by the burning of Mr. Wilberforce's Effigy at Bristol.

“ WHEN vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station :”
When Traffic's sordid sons their hate display,
'Tis, Wilberforce, thy glorious exaltation.

When on the pile the mimic body's laid,
 And vengeful torches light the unhallow'd fire,
 A sacrifice is to thy virtue made;
 The flames, tho' sprang from hell, to heav'n aspire,
 The mimic body soon returns to dust,
 Borne on the air, or scatter'd on the plain;
 Virtue herself shall form thy marble bust,
 Thy golden statue ages to remain.
 But guard the statue and the bust with care;
 Erect them not on Afric's grateful shore!
 Lest all her nations to the spot repair,
 And in thy symbols, thee their god adore.

ON LOVE AND THE AMERICAN FAIR.

Written by Col. HUMPHREYS.

O Thou sweet passion, whose blest charm connects
 In heav'n's own ties, the strong and feeble sex;
 Shed thy soft empire o'er the willing mind,
 Exalt, adorn, and purify mankind!
 All nature feels thy power, The vocal grove
 With air-borne melody awakes to love;
 To love the boldest tenants of the sky,
 To love the little birds, extatic, fly;
 To love submit the monsters of the main,
 And ev'ry beast that haunts the desert plain;
 But man, alone, the brightest flame inspires,
 A spark enkindled from celestial fires.
 Hail, hallow'd wedlock! purest, happiest state,
 Thy untry'd raptures let my song relate:
 Give me, ere long, thy mysteries to prove,
 And taste, as well as sing, the sweets of love!
 Ye blooming daughters of the western world,
 Whose graceful locks by artless hands are curl'd,
 Whose limbs of symmetry, and snowy breast,
 Allure to love, in simple neatness dress;
 Beneath the veil of modesty, who hide
 The boast of nature and of virgin pride—
 (For beauty needs no meretricious art
 To find a passage to the op'ning heart)
 Oh make your charms ev'n in my song admir'd,
 My song immortal by your charms inspir'd.
 Tho' lavish nature sheds each various grace,
 That forms the figure, or that decks the face—
 Though Health, with Innocence, and Glee, the while,
 Dance in their eye, and wanton in their smile—
 Tho' mid the lilly's white, unfolds the rose,
 As on their cheek the bud of Beauty blows,

Spontaneous blossom of the transient flush,
Which glows and reddens to a scarlet blush,
What time the maid, unread in flames and darts,
First feels of love the palpitating starts,
Feels from the heart, life's quicken'd currents glide,
Her bosom heaving with the bounding tide—
Though sweet their lips, their features more than fair—
Though curls luxuriant of untortur'd hair
Grow long, and add unutterable charms,
While ev'ry look enraptures and alarms;
Yet something still beyond th' exterior form,
With goodness fraught, with animation warm,
Inspires their actions; dignifies their mien;
Gilds ev'ry hour; and beautifies each scene.
'Tis these perfections of superior kind,
The moral beauties which adorn the mind;
'Tis those enchanting sounds mellifluous hung,
In words of truth and kindness on their tongue—
'Tis delicacy gives their charms new worth,
And calls the loveliness of beauty forth;
'Tis the mild influence beaming from their eyes,
Like vernal sun-beams, round coerulean skies;
Bright emanations of the spotless soul,
Which warm, and cheer, and vivify the whole!

Here the fair sex an equal honour claim,
Wakes chaste desire, nor burns with lawless flames;
No eastern manners, here, consign the charms
Of beauteous slaves to some loath'd master's arms;
No lovely maid in wedlock e'er was sold
By parents base, for mercenary gold;
Nor forc'd the hard alternative to try,
To live dishonour'd, or with hunger die.
Here, uncontroul'd, and follow'ing nature's voice,
The happy lovers make th' unchanging choice,
While mutual passions in their bosoms glow,
While soft confessions in their kisses flow,
While their free hands in plighted faith are giv'n,
Their vows, accordant, reach approving heav'n.
Nor here the wedded fair in splendor vie,
To shine the idols of the public eye;
Nor place their happiness, like Europe's dames,
In balls and masquerades, in plays and games;
Each home-felt bliss exchange'd for foreign sports,
A round of pleasures, or th' intrigues of courts;
Nor seek of government to guide the plan,
And wrest his bold prerogatives from man.
What though not form'd in Affectation's school,
Nor taught the wanton eye to roll by rule,
Nor how to prompt the glance, the frown, the smile,

Or practice all the little arts of guile—
 What though not taught the use of female arms,
 Nor cloth'd in panoply of conqu'ring charms,
 Like some fine garnish'd heads—th' exterior fair,
 In paints, cosmetics, powder, borrow'd hair :
 Yet theirs are pleasures of a diff'rent kind,
 Delights at home, more useful, more refin'd :
 Theirs are th' attentions, theirs the smiles that please,
 With hospitable cares and modest ease :
 Their youthful taste, improv'd by finer arts,
 Their minds embellish'd, and refin'd their hearts—
 'Tis theirs to act, in still, sequester'd life,
 The glorious parts of parent, friend, and wife :
 What nameless grace, what unknown charm is theirs,
 To soothe their partners, and divide their cares,
 Calm raging pain, delay the parting breath,
 And light a smile on the wan cheek of death !

FEMALE EXCELLENCE.

From 'Philosophic Solitude,' a Poem by LIVINGSTON.

RELATE, inspiring muse ! where shall I find
 A blooming virgin with an angel mind ?
 Unblemish'd as the white-rob'd virgin quire
 That fed, O Rome ! thy consecrated fire ?
 By reason aw'd, ambitious to be good,
 Averse to vice, and zealous for her God ?
 Relate, in what blest region can I find
 Such bright perfections in a female mind ?
 What phoenix-woman breathes the vital air
 So greatly good, and so divinely fair ?
 Sure not the gay and fashionable train,
 Licentious, proud, immoral, and profane ;
 Who spend their golden hours in antic-dress,
 Malicious whispers, and inglorious ease.—

Lo ! round the board a shining train appears
 In rosy beauty, and in prime of years !
 This hates a flounce, and this a flounce approves,
 This shows the trophies of her former loves ;
 Polly avers, that Sylvia dress'd in green,
 When last at church the gaudy nymph was seen ;
 Chloë condemns her optics ; and will lay
 'Twas azure sattin, interstreak'd with grey ;
 Lucy, invested with judicial pow'r,
 Awards 'twas neither—and the strife is o'er.
 Then parrots, lap-dogs, monkeys, squirrels, beaux,
 Fans, ribands, tuckers, patches, furbeloes,
 In quick succession, thro' their fancies run,

And dance incessant on the flippant tongue.
And when, fatigu'd with ev'ry other sport,
The belles prepare to grace the sacred court,
They marshal all their forces in array,
To kill with glances, and destroy in play.
Two skilful maids with reverential fear
In wanton wreaths collect their silken hair ;
Two paint their cheeks, and round their temples pour
The fragrant unguent, and th' ambrosial show'r ;
• One pulls the shape-creating stays ; and one
Encircles round her waist the golden zone ;
Not with more toil t' improve immortal charms,
Strove Juno, Venus, and the queen of arms,
When Priam's son adjudg'd the golden prize,
To the resistless beauty of the skies.
At length, equip'd in Love's enticing arms,
With all that glitters, and with all that charms,
Th' ideal goddesses to church repair,
Peep thro' the fan, and mutter o'er a pray'r,
Or listen to the organ's pompous sound,
Or eye the gilded images around ;
Or deeply studied in coquettish rules,
Aim wily glances at unthinking fools ;
• Or show the lily hand with graceful air,
Or wound the fopling with a lock of hair :
And when the hated discipline is o'er,
And misses tortur'd with repent, no more,
They mount the pictur'd coach ; and, to the play,
The celebrated idols hie away.

Not so the lass that should my joys improve,
With solid friendship, and connubial love :
A native bloom, with intermingled white,
Should set her features in a pleasing light ;
Like Helen flushing with unrival'd charms,
When raptur'd Paris darted in her arms.
But what, alas ! avails a ruby cheek,
A downy bosom, or a snowy neck !
Charms ill supply the want of innocence,
Nor beauty forms intrinsic excellence :
But in her breast let moral beauties shine,
Supernal grace and purity divine :
Sublime her reason, and her native wit
Unstrain'd with pedantry, and low conceit ;
Her fancy lively and her judgment free
From female prejudice and bigotry :
Averse to idol pomp, and outward show,
The flatt'ring coxcomb, and fantastic bean,
The fop's impertinence she should despise,
Tho' sorely wounded by her radiant eyes ;

But pay due rev'rence to th' exalted mind,
 By learning polish'd, and by wit refin'd,
 Who all her virtues, without guile, commends,
 And all her faults as freely reprehends.
 Soft Hymen's rites her passion should approve,
 And in her bosom glow the flames of love :
 To me her soul, by sacred friendship, turn,
 And I, for her, with equal friendship burn :
 In ev'ry stage of life afford relief,
 Partake my joys, and sympathize my grief ;
 Unshaken, walk in Virtue's peaceful road,
 Nor bribe her Reason to pursue the mode ;
 Mild as the saint whose errors are forgiv'n,
 Calm as a vestal, and compos'd as heav'n.
 This be the partner, this the lovely wife,
 That should embellish and prolong my life ;
 A nymph ! who might a second fall inspire,
 And fill a glowing cherub with desire !
 With her I'd spend the pleasurable day,
 While fleeting minutes gayly danc'd away :
 With her I'd walk, delighted, o'er the green,
 Thro' ev'ry blooming mead, and rural scene ;
 Or sit in open fields damask'd with flow'rs,
 Or where cool shades imbrown the noon-tide bow'rs,
 Imparadis'd within my eager arms,
 I'd reign the happy monarch of her charms ;
 Oft on her panting bosom would I lay,
 And, in dissolving raptures, melt away ;
 Then lull'd by nightingales, to balmy rest,
 My blooming fair should slumber at my breast.

RADIPOLE : *

A Familiar Ballad. Inscribed to Mrs. H— By William Holloway.

FAR shining down the deep-green vales,
 Methinks, the wand'ring *Wey* I trace,
 Beside whose willowy borders fair
 I oft have rovd with idling pace ;
 And still, upon the neighb'ring slope,
 Where, o'er the lane, the thick elms spread,
 I see a *long-remember'd cot*
 Present its unambitious head.

* A scatter'd, but romantic, little village, on the banks of the river *Wey*, about two miles from *Weymouth*. The *Dame*, here described, is a well known character at that place ; to whom the author does not, however, by what follows, mean to attribute the gift of *Fortune-telling*, for he believes her to be superior to the arts of dissimulation.

Ah! tell me, KIRRY, know not you
 Who owns that lone, obscure retreat—
 Where we have shar'd the sweetest hour
 That Love could give—with bliss replete?
 Yes! there the virtuous lover's friend,
Dame Ellis, spread her rural store
 On ev'ry "sunshine holiday,"
 And open set her cheerful door.
 In rustic style, hot cakes she brought,
 And, on a sturdy stool of oak,
 Her cleanly equipage would shine,
 Her tea, delightful bev'rage! smoke;
 And while each brimming cup she fill'd,
 And serv'd around her happy guest,
 Full many a tale she had to tell,
 Long stor'd and cherish'd in her breast—
 How such a youth and such a maid,
 Here first exchang'd their mutual vows;
 And how they shortly after prov'd
 A faithful wife and faithful spouse.
 And she, with penetrating skill,
 Could tell if suitors were sincere;
 Would rovers chide, with matron grace,
 And lecture the capricious fair.
 And had she—partner of my life!
 Think you, indeed, the Sybil's art,
 When she pronounced *our* passion pure,
 And read the language of the heart?
 Own you her skill?—For, many a year,
 Thro' many a varied scene the same,
 In brightest days, or darkest hours,
 Have we not felt Affection's flame?
 Sometimes the dame, to sadder themes,
 With retrospective view, would turn,
 And o'er her comforts, past and gone,
 With momentary anguish mourn.
 Full forty years are now elaps'd,
 Since in yon church, beside the hill,
 Her blithsome *ROBIN* heard her vows;—
 And dear she holds his mem'ry still!
 Tho' twenty summers now are flown,
 And twenty winters, long and drear,
 Since, on that churchyard's grassy sod,
 O'er him she shed the fun'ral tear.

And still, on bridal morns, when gay,

The happy, nuptial pairs pass by,

And the melodious bells strike out,

The big drop trickles from her eye :

Tho' oft, she says, have honest swains

Woo'd her to change her widow'd state—

But, no !—unmov'd, she heard their vows—

'Twas then too soon !—'tis now too late !

Nor would she that lov'd *name* forego

A husband gave—her boast and pride :

Tho' wealth, with all its gaudes, should sue,

Or pain, or poverty, betide.

The garden, fenc'd with rugged thorn,

Behind her mud-wall'd cot outspread,

Beneath her cultivating hand,

Affords the stores that give her bread :

Bright, on the bush, plump gooseberries shine ;

Like clust'ring grapes, her currants glow ;

With pears and codlins, bend her trees,

And pinks and lupines wave below.

Close shelter'd, in a sunny nook,

Rang'd in a row, her hives appear,

Where toil her bees—a favour'd race,

To form nectareous treasures there.

Here all her visitants she leads,

And guides their steps, with social pride,

Round her domain ; nor to their wish

Is choicest flower, or fruit, denied.

Fondly she shows the chicken-train,

Or waddling duck's amphibious brood ;

And, as of past success she tells,

Cries—" Providence, my friends, is good !"

In harvest months, she oft is seen

Gleaning the lane, where bearded corn,

Brush'd from the waggon's lofty load,

Dangles from ev'ry pilf'ring thorn ;

And oft she picks the scatter'd sprays,

Beneath the clam'rous rook'ry's shade,

To feed her little ev'ning fire,

And light her at her spinning trade.

Her tarts and custards long have been,

By rustics, deem'd a luscious treat ;

And even, at the daintier town,

Sure *sale* her delicacies meet.

Thither, when, cheerful as the morn,
 She trudges with her basket's load,
 Full many a well-known face she greets,
 And e'en to Fortune's proud abode,
 The dame is known,—and welcom'd too,
 For well her worth is understood ;
 And still, amid amid her toils and cares,
 She proves, that—*Providence is good !*

MODERN SONNETS.

*Containing more Morality, more Sublimity, and more Sympathy, than
 any Sonnets hitherto published.*

To an Old Wig.

HAIL thou ! who liest so snug in this old box !
 With sacred awe I bend before thy shrine !
 O 'tis not clos'd with glue, nor nails, nor locks,
 And hence the bliss of viewing thee is mine !
 Like my poor aunt, thou hast seen better days !
 Well curled and powdered, once it was thy lot,
 To frequent balls, and masquerades, and plays,
 And panorama's, and the Lord knows what !
 O thou hast heard e'en Madam Mara sing,
 And oft-times visited my Lord Mayor's treat ;
 And once, at Court, was noticed by the King,
 Thy form was so commodious, and so neat !
 Alas ! what art thou now ? a mere old mop !
 With which our house-maid Nan, who hates a broom,
 Dusts all the chambers in my little shop,
 Then hides thee, slyly, in this lumber-room !
 Such is the fate of *Wigs !* and *Mortals* too ! !
 After a few more years than thine are past,
 The Turk, the Christian, Pagan, and the Jew,
 Must all be shut up in a *box* at last !
 Vain *Man !* to talk so loud, and look so big !
 How small's the difference 'twixt thee and a *Wig !*
 How small indeed ! for speak the truth I must,
Wigs turn to *dusters*, and *man* turns to *dust*.

To a Mouse.

HAIL, little sleek and nimble fellow, hail !
 Thy sparkling eyes, and ears erect I see ;
 And eke thy whiskers, and thy pointed tail,
 And wish that I could run as fast as thee.

Thou nightly robber of my cheefe and bread,
 I grudge thee not thy thefts, thou art so small;
 And, even should'st thou bite my nose in bed,
 My heart's so soft, I should forgive thee all!

How sweet is pity! how it makes us weep!
 And how it makes us cling to one-another!
 We feel for dogs, for asses, calves, and sheep,
 Just as we feel for sister and for brother.

Yes! I can pity even thee, O Mouse!
 And smaller things than thee have made me cry;
 'Twas but last week I saved a wounded louse,
 Thrown from a beggar that was passing by!

Inhuman beggar! may'st thou vainly beg,
 For, O, the louse had broke its seventh leg!
 Hail *Sympathy*! hail *Pratt*, her darling son!
 Hail to them both!—and now my Sonnet's done.

THE VOICE OF HIM I LOVE.—By *Mrs. O'NEIL*.

HENCE far from me, ye senseless joys,
 That fade before ye reach the heart—
 The crowded dome's distracted noise,
 Where all is pomp and useless art!

Give me my home, to quiet dear,
 Where hours untold and peaceful move;
 So fate ordain I sometimes there
 May hear the voice of him I love.

I hate e'en music's pleasing power
 When giddy crowds my tones attend,
 But love to sing at evening's hour
 To sooth the sorrows of a friend.

I love to breathe the plaintive lays
 That Henry's heart and taste approve,
 For, oh! how sweet in tones of praise
 Appears the voice of him I love!

The praises I from others hear
 Some joy may to my pride impart,
 But Henry's wake the rapturous tear,
 For his applauses touch my heart.

From busy crowds o'erjoyed I fly,
 With him in lonely shades to rove,
 For e'en in gayest scenes I sigh
 To hear the voice of him I love,

I woo the drama's magic powers,
 Seek music's ever-crowded shrine,

In learning pass the studious hours,
Or try the Muse's wreath to twine ;
Yet still I feel a joy more dear,
Though I these pure delights approve,
When in retirement's scenes I hear
The soothing voice of him I love.

A CHARACTER.

By Mrs. BARBAULD.

O BORN to sooth distress, and lighten care,
Lively as soft, and innocent as fair !
Blest with that sweet simplicity of thought
So rarely found, and never to be taught ;
Of winning speech, endearing, artless, kind,
The loveliest pattern of a female mind ;
Like some fair spirit from the realms of rest
With all her native heaven within her breast ;
So pure, so good, she scarce can guess at sin,
But thinks the world without like that within ;
Such melting tenderness, so fond to bless,
Her charity almost becomes excess.
Wealth may be courted, wisdom be rever'd,
And beauty prais'd, and brutal strength be fear'd ;
But goodness only can affection move ;
And love must owe its origin to love.

TO MISS R—,

ON HER ATTENDANCE UPON HER MOTHER.

By the Same Lady.

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath.—POPE.

WHEN blooming beauty in the noon of power,
While offer'd joys demand each sprightly hour,
With all that pomp of charms and winning mien
Which sure to conquer needs but to be seen ;
When she, whose name the softest love inspires,
To the hush'd chamber of disease retires,
To watch and weep beside a parent's bed,
Catch the faint voice, and raise the languid head,
What mixt delight each feeling heart must warm !
An angel's office suits an angel's form.
Thus the tall column graceful rears its head

To prop some mould'ring tower with moss o'erspread,
 Whose stately piles and arches yet display
 The venerable graces of decay :
 Thus round the wither'd trunk fresh shoots are seen
 To shade their parent with a chearful green.
 More health, dear maid ! thy soothing presence brings
 Than purest skies, or salutary springs.
 That voice, those looks such healing virtues bear,
 Thy sweet reviving smiles might cheer despair ;
 On the pale lips detain the parting breath,
 And bid hope blossom in the shades of death.
 Beauty, like thine, could never reach a charm
 So powerful to subdue, so sure to warm.
 On her lov'd child behold the mother gaze,
 In weakness pleas'd and smiling thro' decays,
 And leaning on that breast her cares assuage ;
 How soft a pillow for declining age !

For this, when that fair frame must feel decay,
 (Ye fates protract it to a distant day)
 When thy approach no tumults shall impart,
 Nor that commanding glance strike thro' the heart,
 When meaner beauties shall have leave to shine,
 And crowds divide the homage lately thine,
 Not with the transient praise those charms can boast
 Shall thy fair fame and gentle deeds be lost :
 Some pious hand shall thy weak limbs sustain,
 And pay thee back these generous cares again ;
 Thy name shall flourish by the good approv'd,
 Thy memory honour'd, and thy dust belov'd.

FINIS.